



MONS.<sup>r</sup> VOITURE.





MONS.<sup>r</sup> VOITURE.

Familiar and Courtly  
**LETTERS,**

T O

Persons of Honour and Quality,

By *Monf. VOITURE,*

A Member of the Royal Academy at *Paris.*

---

V O L U M E I.

---

Made English by

*John Dryden, Esq;* } *Henry Cromwell, Esq;*  
*Tho. Cheek, Esq;* } *Mr. Raphson, F. R. S.*  
*Mr. Dennis,* } *Dr. ———, &c.*

W I T H

A Collection of Translations, and Original  
Letters on several Subjects. Written by  
*Mr. T. Brown,* and now much Improved.

---

**The Third Edition with Additions.**

---

*To which is added,*

A Collection of **LETTERS** of Friendship, and  
other Occasional **LETTERS**, written by

*Mr. Dryden,* } *Mr. Congreve,*  
*Mr. Wycherly,* } *Mr. Dennis, and*  
*Mr. ———* } *other Hands.*

---

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To the Honourable  
 Sir Cba. Duncanson, Kt.  
 Sheriff of

London and Middlesex.

I Ho. I am wholly a stranger to  
 your Person, I am not to your  
 Colledge; for who can live in  
 London and not see living Instan-  
 ces of your Charity and Munificence? You  
 have been the Sanctuary of the Distressed,  
 and even those unhappy Wretches who  
 found no Benefit in the Public Deliverance  
 of the Kingdom, have now betaken to your  
 your own proper Expenses, and by a  
 generosity peculiar to your self, you have  
 done that which has been reckon'd Pity  
 in the greatest Monarchs and Republicks,  
 and what Princes have sent Royal Fleets  
 and the Streets to perform. You have  
 rescued Numbers of Christian Captives out

To the Honourable

Sir *Cha. Duncomb*, Kt.

S H E R I F F of

*London and Middlesex.*

**T**Ho' I am wholly a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Character ; for who can live in *London* and not see living Instances of your Charity and Munificence? You have been the Sanctuary of the Distressed, and even those unhappy Wretches, who found no Benefit in the Public Deliverance of the Kingdom, have ow'd theirs to you. At your own proper Expence, and by a Generosity peculiar to your self, you have done that which has been reckon'd Piety in the greatest Monarchs and Republicks, and what Princes have sent Royal Fleets into the *Streights* to perform. You have rescued Numbers of Christian Captives out



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

of the cruel Hands of Tyrants, professing the same Religion, and breathing the same Air with themselves. You have redeem'd Slaves in a Country which abominates Servitude, but by a strange Fascination suffers its Natives to enslave one another: You have deliver'd them out of an unwholesome nasty Confinement, where they dragg'd a Life wretched to themselves, unserviceable to the Commonwealth, lamentable to their Relations, only to gratifie the Revenge or stupid Malice of their haughty Oppressors.

In the best constituted and most generous Government that ever appear'd in the World, to save the Life of a Citizen, was thought an Action that deserv'd nothing less than a Public Reward. You have restored the Lives of a hundred Citizens, by restoring them to their Health, their Liberty and Tranquility of Mind; for what is Life without those Blessings to make it supportable?

Charity, by what Stupidity it so happens I cannot imagine, has not that Incense paid it, nor makes that Figure in the World that Heroism does. To lay a whole Country in Ashes, to destroy Millions of poor Wretches, has for several Ages pass'd for a Royal Vertue, Mankind has been so set-

tish,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

As to Deifie those that have perform'd  
these noble Exploits, and advanced them-  
selves by the Slavery or Destruction of their  
fellow-creatures.

But tho' the present Age pays a servile  
adoration to Heroes, yet Posterity judges  
of them otherwise; and accordingly we  
find, that *Cæsar* and *Alexander*, who were  
deified as Gods when alive, are now, when  
on Occasions of Flattery to their Persons  
deified, treated as Robbers and Usurpers.

It is otherwise with Charity: What-  
ever Acknowledgements the Time it lives  
in pays it, Posterity is sure to reward and  
honour it; Age only serves to extend it the  
more, like a well-grown Tree that enlarges  
its Branches every Spring. 'Tis true, it  
does not delight in Noise and Ostentation;  
it flies from that Applause which Heroism  
courts; it values it self upon no mute In-  
scriptions and breathless Statues. It erects  
no it self living Images, and will be com-  
memorated with Gratitude, while there is  
such a Thing as Memory or Gratitude in  
the World. The Heroe may extort Flat-  
tery even from the Slaves he crushes, or  
purchase mercenary Praise: but a chari-  
table Man is sure to have the voluntary  
prayers and Blessings of those whom he  
relieves, and even Calumny it self dares

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

not attack him. Thus we see you have the general Acclamations and Applauses of the People, for having done those Actions which the greatest *Athenians* or *Spartans* wou'd have been proud of, in a City which in no respect is inferior to *Sparta* or *Athens*.

Pardon therefore an unhappy Man, who has laboured under Afflictions, which he might have prevented, if he wou'd have gone upon dishonest Methods, by which others have not only repaired, but improved their Fortunes, and whose little All, if it had not fallen into dilatory, I will not say malicious Hands might have afforded him a Retreat, if not a comfortable Support: Pardon him, I say, if having experienced hard Usage in the World, he cou'd not forbear to pay his Public Acknowledgment to the Patriot that has redeem'd so many Sufferers, if he endeavours to celebrate that Vertue which wou'd have kept him from sinking, and extols that Charity that may restore him when he is sunk.

For this Reason I have presumed to dedicate the following Volume of Letters to your self, which were given me by some of my Friends, who, in commiseration of my hard Circumstances, were willing to contribute something towards my Assistance.

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

nce. It does not become me, who pretend to be no Judge, to say any thing of the Performance. The Gentlemen who are concern'd in the Collection are too well known to want my Praises. I hope that they may serve to entertain you at your vacant Hours, when you can unbend yourself from the Hurry of Public Business. At last, I beg you to accept them as a Testimony of my Respect, which shall be ever paid you by

*Your most obedient*

*and most humble Servant,*

SAM. BRISCOE.



It does not become me, who pre-  
~~sume to lay any thing~~  
~~to the judgement of the~~  
~~concerned in the Collection are too well~~  
~~known to want any further~~ I hope that  
~~they may be to entertain you at your~~  
~~own table, which you can judge of~~  
~~from the purity of French~~ At  
~~the same time~~ I shall be ever  
 of my Respect, which shall be ever  
 Yours &c. L E T T E R 2

Made English by several eminent Hands

|                                                       |                  |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------------------|-----|
| TO my Lord Cardinal de la Valette                     | By               | 181 |
| To Monsieur de Candehonne                             | By the same Hand | 182 |
| To Monsieur de Godan                                  |                  | 183 |
| A Bill from Monsieur de Saintor                       | to Monsieur de   | 184 |
| Voiture                                               |                  | 185 |
| The Address of Monsieur de Voiture                    |                  | 186 |
| To his most noble Master                              | By Mr. Dennis    | 187 |
| To Monsieur de Ramboillet                             | By Mr. Dennis    | 188 |
| To the Ambassador of Ramboillet                       | in answer to a   | 189 |
| Letter of Thanks of him                               |                  | 190 |
| The Invitation of Monsieur de Voiture's Master to him |                  | 191 |
| Memoire de Ramboillet                                 |                  | 192 |
| To the Duke of Enguien upon the raising of his        |                  | 193 |
| to the Duke of Enguien upon the raising the Battle    |                  | 194 |
| of Rocroy                                             |                  | 195 |

THE

CONTENTS.

Monf. Voiture's LETTERS.

Made Engliſh by ſeveral eminent Hands.

|                                                                                |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <b>T</b> O my Lord Cardinal de la Valette. By<br>Mr. Dryden,                   | Pag. 1 |
| To Mademoiſelle Paulet. By Mr. Dennis,                                         | 10     |
| To Monſ. de Candebonne. By the ſame Hand,                                      | 13     |
| To Monſ. de Godeau,                                                            | 15     |
| A Billet from Madam de Saintot, to Monſ. de<br>Voiture,                        | 19     |
| The Answer of Monſ. de Voiture,                                                | 20     |
| To his unknown Miſtreſs. By Mr. Dennis,                                        | ibid.  |
| To Mademoiſelle Paulet. By Mr. Dennis,                                         | 22     |
| To the Marchioneſs of Rambouillet, in answer to a<br>Letter of Thanks of hers, | 24     |
| An Imitation of Monſ. de Voiture's Letter to Ma-<br>demoiſelle de Rambouillet, | 27     |
| To the Duke of Enguien, upon the taking of Dun-<br>kirk,                       | 31     |
| To the Duke of Enguien, upon his gaining the Battel<br>of Rocroy,              | 34     |
|                                                                                | To     |

# The CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                               |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| To <i>Monsf. de Balzac,</i>                                                                                   | 37 |
| To the <i>Marquess of Pisani, who had lost all his Money and Baggage at the Siege of Thionville,</i>          | 43 |
| To <i>Mademoiselle de Bourbon, a Relation of the Author's being toss'd in a Blanket. By Tho. Cheek, Esq;</i>  | 46 |
| To <i>Madam de Rambouillet. By Jos. Raphson,</i>                                                              | 50 |
| To the <i>Cardinal de la Valette. By the same,</i>                                                            | 57 |
| To a young Lady, Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness's Daughter. By Henry Cromwel, Esq;                      | 61 |
| To the <i>Marchioness de Rambouillet, on Absence. By the same,</i>                                            | 63 |
| To <i>Monsf. Costart. By Dr. —,</i>                                                                           | 66 |
| To <i>Madam —. By the same,</i>                                                                               | 67 |
| To the same Lady,                                                                                             | 69 |
| To Diana. By the same Hand,                                                                                   | 71 |
| To the President of the Household, By * * *                                                                   | 72 |
| To <i>Monsf. d' Emer, Comptroler - General of the King's Revenues. By the same Hand,</i>                      | 73 |
| An Abridgment of a Letter to <i>Monsf. d' Avaux. By the same Hand,</i>                                        | 74 |
| To <i>Madam —. By Henry Cromwel, Esq;</i>                                                                     | 77 |
| To <i>Monsf. de Chaudebonne. By Tho. Cheek, Esq;</i>                                                          | 80 |
| To my Lady-Abbeß, to thank her for a Cat, which she sent him. By Mr. Oldys,                                   | 85 |
| A Comical Letter out of the famous <i>Monsf. de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux. By Sir D. Clark, Kt.</i> | 87 |

*Arista-*

# The CONTENTS.

## Aristanetus's EPISTLES.

Translated from the Greek, by Mr. T. Brown.

|                                                                                                                                                             |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Two Ladies that were conquer'd by a Gentleman's singing,                                                                                                    | 1  |
| A Lawyer's Wife to her Friend, complaining that her Husband did not manage her Law-Case so well as he ought, and that she must be forced to employ another, | 4  |
| A Fisherman to his Friend; being a Description of a beautiful naked Lady that wash'd her self in the Sea whilst he was fishing,                             | 6  |
| An Adventure with a Harlot,                                                                                                                                 | 9  |
| A Cure for Love,                                                                                                                                            | 12 |
| From a Filt to her serenading Gallant, acquainting him that his Momy wou'd charm her more than his Musick,                                                  | 15 |
| A Relation of a Maid that fell in love with her Mistress's Gallant,                                                                                         | 16 |
| A Letter of Gallantry from a young Gentleman to his perjured Mistress,                                                                                      | 20 |
| A Love-Letter to his Mistress,                                                                                                                              | 22 |
| An Account of the ill Success of his Friend Damon in his Amour,                                                                                             | 24 |
| A Lady to a Gentlewoman to acquaint her, that she was in love with her Husband, and she with her Page,                                                      | 27 |
| A Relation of a Lady that satisfied her Longing with her Gallant before her Husband's Face,                                                                 | 29 |
| Some                                                                                                                                                        |    |



# The CONTENTS.

## Some Select EPISTLES out of Pliny, Jun.

*Made English by Mr. T. Brown.*

- T**O his dear Friend Romanus, Lib. 3. 31  
 To his dear Friend Geminus, Lib. 8. 32  
 To his Wife Calphurnia, Lib. 8. 36  
 To the same, Lib. 7. 37  
 To his dear Friend Ferox, Lib. 7. 38  
 To Cornelius Tacitus, Lib. 8. 39  
 To Cornelius Tacitus, Lib. 6. 41  
 To Sura, Lib. 7. 47

## LETTERS out of Mons. Fontenelle.

*By Mr. T. Brown.*

- T**O Mademoiselle de J——, upon sending her  
 Boar in a Pasty, who had liked to have wound-  
 ed him at the Chace, 52  
 To Mons. C—— on the Cartesian Philosophy, 54  
 To Madam D—— V—— upon sending her a Black  
 and a Monk, 57  
 To the same on the Death of the Monk, 60  
 To Mademoiselle de C—— upon sending her an Ex-  
 tract of the Church-register, 62

O R I

# THE CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

By Mr. T. Brown.

|    |                                                   |     |
|----|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 32 | TO Dr. Baynard at the Bath,                       | 68  |
| 33 | Melanissa to Alexis, being a Defence of           |     |
| 36 | Love against Drinking,                            | 70  |
| 37 | a Litigious Country-Attorney,                     | 80  |
| 38 | Mr. Moults,                                       | 84  |
| 39 | the same a News Letter,                           | 88  |
| 41 | the same, from the Gun Musick-booth in Bar-       |     |
| 47 | tholomew-fair,                                    | 97  |
|    | Consolatory Letter to my Lady — on the Death      |     |
|    | of her Husband,                                   | 111 |
|    | Mr. Moults, upon the breaking up of Bartholo-     |     |
|    | new-fair,                                         | 103 |
|    | W. Knight, Esq, being a Relation of a Journey to  |     |
|    | London,                                           | 150 |
|    | Love-Letter from an Officer in the Army to a      |     |
|    | Widow whom he was desperately in Love with before |     |
|    | he saw her,                                       | 123 |
|    | Exhortatory Letter to an old Lady that Smoked     |     |
|    | Tobacco,                                          | 176 |
|    | Sir W. S. on the two incomparable Pieces, The     |     |
|    | Satyr against Wit, and Poetica Britannici, by     |     |
|    | another Hand,                                     | 127 |
|    | a Physician in the Country, being a true State of |     |
|    | the Poetical-War between Cheapside and Covent-    |     |
|    | garden, by another Hand,                          | 136 |

LOVE.

# The CONTENTS.

## LOVE-LETTERS.

By Gentlemen and Ladies.

|                                                    |           |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>L</b> ove-Letters, written by Mr. ——— to Ma-    | 141 to 14 |
| dam ———                                            | 145 to 14 |
| Four Love-Letters to a young Lady by another Hand  |           |
| A Letter from a Lady to her Lover in the French    |           |
| Army, with a Tuft of Hair inclosed in it,          | 14        |
| To Madam C ——— ll,                                 | 15        |
| Madam C ——— ll's Answer,                           | 15        |
| His Answer to the foregoing Letter,                | 15        |
| Madam C ——— ll's Answer,                           | 15        |
| To Mrs. ———, by another Hand,                      | 15        |
| To my Lady ———, by the same Hand,                  | 15        |
| A Love-Letter to an old Lady,                      | 15        |
| To a Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes | 16        |
| Madam ——— to Mr. B ———, being an Account of        |           |
| a Journey to Exon, &c.                             | 16        |
| The Answer,                                        | 17        |
| To Dr. Garth,                                      | 17        |
| To his Poetical Friend, advising him to study the  |           |
| Mathematicks. Out of Quevedo. By Mr. Sa-           |           |
| vage,                                              | 17        |
| To W. Joy, the strong Kentish-man, from the Lady   |           |
| C ———, dropt out of her Foot-man's Pocket, and     |           |
| taken up by a Chair-man in the Pall-mall,          | 110       |

# THE CONTENTS.

## LETTERS of Friendship.

*By several eminent Hands.*

|                                                                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Mr. Dennis, to Walter Moyle, Esq;                                                               | 1  |
| Mr. Wycherley, at Cleave, near Shrewsbury. By the same Hand,                                    | 6  |
| Mr. Wycherley's Answer to Mr. Dennis,                                                           | 12 |
| Mr. Wycherley. By —                                                                             | 15 |
| Mr. Wycherley. By —                                                                             | 19 |
| Mr. Wycherley, to Mr. Dennis,                                                                   | 21 |
| Mr. Wycherley. By Mr. —                                                                         | 24 |
| Mr. Wycherley, to Mr. — on the Loss of his Mistress,                                            | 27 |
| Mr. —'s Answer to the foregoing Letter,                                                         | 29 |
| Mr. Wycherley to Mr. —                                                                          | 31 |
| Mr. Dennis to Mr. Wycherley,                                                                    | 34 |
| Mr. Wycherley, that a Blockhead is better qualified for Business than a Man of Wit,             | 36 |
| Mr. Dryden,                                                                                     | 40 |
| To the same,                                                                                    | 43 |
| Mr. Dryden to Mr. Dennis,                                                                       | 46 |
| Lady C — to her Cousin W. of the Temple, after she had receiv'd a Copy of Verses on her Beauty, | 52 |
| — at Will's Coffee-house,                                                                       | 56 |
| Walter Moyle, Esq;                                                                              | 61 |
| Mr. Congreve,                                                                                   | 64 |
| Mr. Congreve,                                                                                   | 66 |
| Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis, concerning Humour in Comedy,                                        | 69 |
| To                                                                                              |    |



# The CONTENTS.

|                                                      |           |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| To Mr. Congreve at Tunbridge,                        | 86        |
| Mr. Congreve's Answer                                | 87        |
| Six Love-Letters to his Charming but Cruel Mistress, |           |
| by Mr. _____                                         | 92 to 102 |
| To Walter Moyle, Esq; at the Back in Cornwall,       | 102       |
| Mr. _____ to Mr. Congreve,                           | 103       |
| Mr. Congreve to Mr. _____                            | 104       |
| To Mr. Congreve at Tunbridge,                        | 109       |
| Mr. _____ to Mr. Dennis,                             | 111       |
| To Mr. Dennis,                                       | 212       |
| To the same.                                         | 212       |

Familia

Familiar and Courtly

# LETTERS,

WRITTEN

By Mons. *VOITURE*,

TO

Persons of the greatest Wit, Honour and Quality of both Sex, in the Court of France.

---

*Made English by several Eminent Hands.*

---

*To my Lord Cardinal de la Valette.*

*A Description of a Country Journey.*

*By Mr. Dryden.*

*My Lord,*

I am satisfy'd, that you old Cardinals take more Authority upon you, than those of the last Promotion; because, having written many Letters to you, without receiving one from you, yet you complain of my Neglect. In the mean

B

time,

## 2 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

time, seeing so many well-bred Men, who assure me that you do me too much Honour to think of me at all; and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgements, I am resolved to take their Counsel, and to pass over all sorts of Difficulties and Considerations of my own Interest. This then will give you to understand, that six Days after the Eclipse, and a Fortnight after my Decease, Madam the Princess, Mademoiselle de Bourbon, Madam du Vigan, Madam Aubry, Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Mademoiselle Paulet, Monsieur de Chaudebonne, and my self, left Paris about six in the Evening, and went to La Barre, where Madam du Vigan was to give a Collation to the Princess. In our way thither we found nothing worth our Observation; but only that at Ormesson, an English Matiff came up to the Boot of the Coach, to make his Compliment to me. Be pleased to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I express my self in the Plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be understood, that I spake in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at La Barre, and enter'd a Hall where we trod upon nothing but Roses and Orange-flowers. Madam the Princess,

She had sufficiently admir'd this Magni-  
 fice, had a Mind to see the Walks be-  
 fore Supper: the Sun was then just sitting  
 in a Cloud of Gold and Assurance, and gave  
 no larger a share of his Beams, than to  
 supply a soft and pleasing Light: The Air  
 was not disturb'd either with Wind or  
 Heat; and it seem'd that Heav'n and Earth  
 were conspiring with Madam du Vigean,  
 in her Treating the fairest Princess upon  
 Earth. After she had passed through a  
 great Parterre and Gardens full of Orange-  
 trees, she arrived at the Entrance of an  
 enchanted Wood, so thick and shady, that  
 Authors conclude the Sun, since the Day of  
 his Birth, never enter'd it, till now that he  
 waited on her Highness thither. At the  
 end of an Alley, which carried the sight  
 to a great distance, we found a Fountain, which  
 cast up a greater Quantity of Water,  
 than all those of *Tivoli* together; about  
 it were plac'd four and twenty Violins,  
 which had much ado to make themselves  
 heard, for the rumbling of the Streams  
 falling: When we were got near e-  
 nough we discover'd, in a certain Nich,  
 within a Pallisade, a *Diana*, of about ele-  
 ven or twelve Years of Age, and fairer  
 than the Forests of *Greece* and *Thessaly* had  
 ever seen: she bore her Bow and Arrows



4 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

in her Eyes, and was encompass'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far distant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to pass for one of her Train: those who are not given to believe Fables, took them for Mademoiselles *de Bourbon* and *la Priande*; and, to confess the Truth, they resembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring so many different Objects, which at once astonish'd their Eyes and Ears when on a sudden the Goddess leapt down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impossible to be describ'd, began a Ball, which lasted for some time about the Fountain. 'Twas somewhat strange, my Lord, that in the midst of so many Pleasures, which were sufficient to engage the whole Attention of their Spirits, who enjoy'd them yet we could not forbear to think of you, and it was generally concluded, that something was wanting to our Happiness, since neither you, nor Madam *de Rambouille* were present. Then I took up a Harp and sung this Spanish Stanza,

*Pues quiso mi suerte dura,*

*Que saltando mi sennor*

*Tambien saltasse mi Dama.*

And continued the rest of the Song so very melodiously, and with such an Air of Sa-

nel

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 5

... confess, that there was not one of the Com-  
pany, but the Tears came into their Eyes,  
and they wept abundantly: Their Sorrow  
had endur'd much longer, had not the Vio-  
lons struck up a Sarabrand, with great  
speed and presence of Mind; upon which  
the Company got upon their Feet, with as  
much Gayety, as if nothing in the World  
had happen'd, and fell into the Dance;  
thus leaping, capring, turning round, and  
copping, we returned to the House, where  
we found a Table already spread, and  
serv'd as if it had been serv'd by Fairies.  
This, my Lord, is one Passage of the Ad-  
venture, which is so stupendous that no  
Words are capable of expressing it: For  
there are neither Colours of Speech, nor  
Figures in the Art of Rhetoric, which can  
describe six several sorts of Potages, which  
were at once presented to the Sight. And  
what was particularly remarkable, that  
there being none but Goddesses, and two  
Demi-Gods at the Table, (*viz.*) Monsieur  
*haudebonne* and I, yet every one eat as  
heartily, and with as good Appetites, as if  
we had been neither more nor less, than  
plain Mortals: And, to confess the truth,  
no better Treat could not have been pro-  
vided. Amongst other things, there were  
twelve Dishes, besides other Eatables in

6 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

disguise, which were never seen before on any Human Table: and whose very Names have never been so much as mention'd in any History. This Circumstance, my Lord, by some disastrous Accident, has been related to Madam *la Marechalle* —, and though, immediately upon it, she took twelve Drams of *Opium*, beyond her ordinary Dose, yet she has never been able to close her Eyes, from that fatal Moment. During the first Course, there was not so much as one single Cup went round to your Health; the Company was so intent upon the present Affair; and at the Desert we quite forgot it. I beg your Permission, my Lord, to relate all things as they pass'd like a Faithful Historian as I am, and without Flattery; for I would not for the World, that Posterity should mistake one thing for another; and that at the end of two thousand Years hence, or thereabouts, Posterity should imagine your Health was drunk, when really there was no such thing in Nature. Yet I must give this Testimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Memory; For, during all Supper-time, you were often mention'd; all the Ladies wish'd you there, and some of them very heartily, or I am much mistaken. As we rose from Table, the sound of the Vi  
lin

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 7

He summon'd us up Stairs, where we found  
Chamber so gloriously lighted up, that  
look'd as if the Day, which was now be-  
w the Earth, had retired hither, and was  
sembled in one Body of Light. Here the  
all began again, in better Order and with  
ore Grace, than it had been danc'd about  
e Fountain: And the most Magnificent  
rt of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it  
re in Person. Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*,  
must confess, was of opinion, that I danc'd  
ckwardly; but she concluded, to my  
vantage, that I must be allowed to Fence  
all; because, that at the end of every  
dence, I put my self upon my Guard:  
e Ball continued with much Pleasure till  
of a sudden a great Noise, which was  
ard without Doors, caused the Company  
ook out at the Windows; where, from  
reat Wood, which was about three hun-  
d Paces from the House, we beheld so  
t a Number of Fire-works issuing out,  
t we verily believ'd all the Branches and  
unks of the Trees had been metamor-  
os'd into Guns; that all the Stars were  
ing from the Firmament, and that the  
ment of Fire was descending into the  
dle Region of the Air. Here, my Lord,  
three Hyperboles tack'd together, which  
ng valued at a moderate Price, are worth



## 8 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

three Dozen of Fufees at the least. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Extasie, into which so many Miracles had plung'd us, we resolv'd on our Departure and took the Way to *Paris* by the Light of twenty Flámbeaux: We pass'd through the *Ormessonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Espinay*, without Resistance, and went through the middle of *St. Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach by the side of Madam ——— I said a whole *Miserere* to her on your behalf; to which she replied, with much Gallantry, and no less Civility. We sung in our Journey a World of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundelays, Lampoons, and Ballads; and were now half a League beyond *St. Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning precisely; the Fatigue of the Journey, Watching, Walking, and the painful Exercise of the Ball, having made me somewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd would have been my total Ruine: There is a certain little Village, situate, say the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and *St. Dennis*, and vulgarly call'd, *La Valette*: At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches in which were those Numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon Satan entring into the Spirit of Mademoiselle

le, she commanded them to follow us,  
 d to give Serenades all Night long to the  
 or innocent People of *Paris*, who were  
 eep and dreamt not of her Malice: This  
 abolical Proposition made my Hair rise  
 end upon my Head; yet all the Compa-  
 pass'd a Vote in Favour of it; and the  
 ord was just ready to be given, but by a  
 nal Providence, they had left their Vio-  
 s behind them at *la Barre*; for which the  
 rd reward them. From hence, my Lord,  
 u may reasonably conclude, that Made-  
 iselle is a dangerous Person in the Night,  
 ever there was any in the World: and  
 at I had great reason at Madam ——'s  
 ouse to say, that the Violins ought to be  
 n'd out of Doors, when that pestilent  
 dy was in Company. Well, we conti-  
 ued our Way happily enough, but only  
 at as we enter'd the *Fauxbourg*, we met  
 luffy Fellows, as naked as ever they  
 re born, who pass'd directly by the  
 ach, to the terror of the Ladies. In fine,  
 e arrived at *Paris*; and what I am now  
 ng to relate, is indeed prodigious: Cou'd  
 u imagine it, my Lord? the Obscurity  
 s so great, that it cover'd all that vast  
 y; and, instead of what we left it, not  
 seven Hours before, fill'd with Noise,  
 d with a Crowd of Men, Women, Hor-  
 ses,

10 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

ses, and Coaches; we now found nothing but a deep Silence, a dismal Desert, a frightful Solitude, dispeopled Streets, not meeting with any Mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Lustre of our Torches. But the remaining part of the Adventure, you shall have, my Lord another time. As *Boyando*, tells you,

*Qui e il fin del Canto; e torno ad Orlando  
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.*

---

To Mademoiselle Paulet.

By Mr. Dennis.

*Madam,*

SO great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no less Consolation than that which I lately received from you; and I look'd on your Letter, as a Pardon which Heaven granted me after my Sentence: I can call by no other name, the News which oblig'd me to return to this Place, and I can assure you that the Sentence of Death is oftentimes less rigorous. But since, in the midst of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour

Voiture's Familiar Letters. 11

be remember'd by you, to complain  
ould be ill-becoming of me: for methinks  
may dispence with the Favours of For-  
e, who is happy enough to obtain yours.  
is is the Reason that I shall make use of  
comfort my self, for the Necessity of re-  
ining here, and not that which you urg'd  
yours, That it is better to be an Exile  
Foreign Land, than to be a Prisoner in  
s own Country: For, alas! you know  
one half of my Misery, if you are not  
vinc'd that I am both together; and if  
judge of the Matter rightly, you will  
d that a thing, which seems very incon-  
ent, is to be found in me, which is to  
banish'd from the same Person by whom  
I am kept a Prisoner. You will find it diffi-  
cult to interpret this Riddle, unless you call  
to mind, that I have always been us'd to  
single a Dram of Love in my Letters:  
er if, as you say, I am allow'd some Li-  
erty here, of which I should be depriv'd  
France; I beseech you let it be that of  
uring you, that there is a great deal of  
sion mix'd with the Affection which I  
press for your Service. I should indeed  
Ungrateful, if I should discover but an  
inary Friendship for a Person who does  
h extraordinary Things for me; and I  
a obliged to fall in love at least with your  
Gene-



## 12 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

Generosity. I have been acquainted with  
 Care a Gentleman and a Lady has taken  
 enquire of my Welfare, which is an addi-  
 tional Obligation to one whom they have  
 extremely oblig'd before. For all the reason  
 they have seem'd buried in so profound  
 Silence, that for six Months together I have  
 heard not the least mention of them. Whether  
 this comes from their Forgetfulness  
 from their Prudence, I am unable to deter-  
 mine: Yet Forgetfulness may be allow'd  
 an Excuse for Silence, but a dumb Remem-  
 brance is without Defence. I leave you to  
 conclude, Madam, how much Lustre this  
 reflects upon what you have done for me  
 and how much I am oblig'd to you for this  
 long Letter at a time, when others have  
 been afraid to send me their Service. There-  
 fore let me assure you, that tho' I am unable  
 to make suitable Returns to such Goodness  
 I esteem it at least, and extol it as it deserves  
 and that I am as much as a Man can possibly  
 be,

*Madam, Yours, &c.*

*To Monsieur de Chaudebonne.*

Writ to you ten or twelve Days ago,  
and return'd you Thanks for the two  
letters, which I have at length received  
from you. If you were but sensible of the  
satisfaction they brought with them, you  
would be sorry for not having writ to me  
sooner, and for not frequently repeating the  
consolation, of which I had so much need.  
Madrid, which is the agreeablest Place in  
the World, for those who at once are Lusty  
and Libertines, is the most disconsolate, for  
those who are Regular, or those who are  
disposed. And in Lent, which is the  
Lovers Vacation, I do not know so much  
of one Pleasure that a Man can enjoy with  
a clear Conscience. My Melancholy here, and my  
want of Company, have produc'd a good  
effect in me; for they have reconcil'd me  
to Books, which I had for a time forsaken;  
and being able to meet with no other Plea-  
sures, I have been forc'd to taste and to re-  
lish that of Reading: Prepare then to see  
in me a Philosopher as great as your self; and  
consider how fast a Man must come on,  
who for seven whole Months has studied,  
and has been sick: For if one of the chief  
Things that Philosophy aims at, is a Con-  
tempt

#### 14 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

tempt of Life; the Stone-cholic is certainly the best of Masters, and *Plato* and *Socrates* persuades us less efficaciously. It has lately read me a Lecture, that lasted seventen Days, and which I shall not quickly forget, and which has often made me consider how very feeble we are, since three grains of sand are sufficient to cast us down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it shall not at least be that which maintains that Pain is not an Evil; and that he who is Wise, is at times Happy. But whatever befalls me, can neither be Happy nor Wise, without being near to you, and nothing can make me one or the other, so much as your Presence or your Example. Yet am I very uncertain when I shall be able to leave this Place, and expecting both Money and Men, which are coming by Sea, and which are two things that do not always keep touch with us; I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wish; therefore I make it my humble Request to you, That you would not forget me so long as you have done, and that you would testify, by doing me the Honour of Writing to me, that you are convinc'd of the real Affection with which

*I am yours, &c.*

To Monsieur de Godeau.

Sir,

You ought to give me time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me to write to you: For it appears to me to be something absurd, that I, who have been so long a Foreigner, and but just come in breathing the Air of *Barbary*, should presume to expose my Letters, to one of the most eloquent Men in *France*. This consideration has kept me silent till now. tho' I forbear to answer your Challenge. I cannot refuse to return your Civilities: By these you have found a way to conquer me, in spite of all my Evasions: In my present Condition it is more reputable to you, to Conquer me this way, than to overcome me by Force; You would have achiev'd but small Glory by vigorously attacking a Man, who is already driven to extremity, and to whom Fortune has given so many Blows, that the least may suffice to over-whelm him. Amidst the weakness in which she hath plac'd us, we have no Defence; but here all our Art and our Skill in Parring are useless. The one perhaps might be otherwise, if you had set before my Eyes the Sun of which you



16 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

you make mention ; and, as dejected as you see me now, I should grow daring enough to enter the Lists against you, if the Lights of that were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to have that alone on your side than all the rest of Heav'n. The Beauties which sparkle in all that you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the Influence of her Rays on you, which produces so many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more lively, than those which you scatter on every thing that comes from you. I have seen them upon the Ocean's extreame Shores, and in Places where Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Grass. I have receiv'd Nosegays of them, which have made me meet in Desarts, with the choicest Delicacies of *Greece* and of fruitful *Italy*. And tho' they had been carried four hundred Leagues, neither the length of Way nor of Time had in the least diminished their Lustre. They are indeed Immortal and cannot decay, and so vastly different from all Terrestrial Productions, that it is with great deal of Justice, that you have offered them up to Heaven ; for Altars alone are worthy of them. Believe me, Sir, in what I am saying, I speak but my real Sentiments ; when my Curiosity, as you have had oblig'd me to pass the Bounds of

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 17

gent World, to find out rare and surpris-  
ing Objects, your Works were the wonder-  
fullest things that I saw, and *Africa* could  
show me nothing more new, and no more  
extraordinary Sight. Reading them under  
the Shade of its Palms, I wish'd you  
were crown'd with them all; and at the very  
time that I saw, that I had gone beyond  
my *circles*, I found I came short of you. All  
which was capable of producing Envy  
in any Man's Soul, but mine, fill'd mine  
with so much Esteem and Affection, that  
it then took the place there, which you  
are now desiring, and perfectly finish'd  
what you think you are still to begin. Af-  
ter the Knowledge which I have had of you,  
how can I form such an Image of you, as  
you are willing to give me? How can I  
wonder you to be that little Creature you  
say you are? How could I comprehend  
what Heaven could place such mighty things  
in so small a space? When I give my Imagination  
a Loose, it gives you four Yards at  
least, and represents you of the Stature of  
one engendered by Angels. Yet I shall  
be very glad to find that it is as you would  
have me believe. Amongst the rest of the  
Advantages, which I expect to derive from  
you, I am in hopes that you will bring our  
Stature into some Credit, and that it is ours  
which

## 18 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

which henceforward will be accounted the noblest ; and that by you, we shall be exalted above those who believe themselves higher than we. As we pour the most exquisite Essences into the smallest Bottle, Nature infuseth the divinest Souls into the smallest Bodies, and mixes more or less Matter with them, as they have more or less in them of their Almighty Origin. She seems to place the most shining Souls as Jewellers set the most sparkling Stones, who make use of as little Gold as they need with them, and no more than just sufficient to bind them. By you the World will be undeceiv'd of that sottish Error of valuing Men by their Weight, and my Littleness with which I have been so often upbraided by *Madamoiselle de Rambouillet*, for the same figure may recommend me to her. For what remains, the Affection is very Just, what you tell me, she has for you, and with her six more of the loveliest Creatures that illustrate the Light. But I wonder that you should think to get mine by such a Discourse very ; and to gain it by the very Means which were sufficient to make you lose it. You had need to have a high Opinion of my Goodness, to believe that I can love a Man who enjoys my Right, and who has obtained the Confiscation of my most valuable

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 19

essions: But yet I am so Just, that even  
shall be no Impediment, and I believe  
to have so much Justice on your side,  
I do not despair but that we may ac-  
comodate ev'n this matter between us:  
y may very well have given you my  
e without your putting me out of it,  
my room in their Hearts was but very  
l, if it cannot contain us both. As for  
part, I shall do my utmost, that I may  
incommode you there; and shall take  
to take up my Station so that we may  
clash, since so powerful an Interest can-  
not make me cease to be yours, you may  
believe, that in spite of the worst of Ac-  
cidents, I shall be eternally

*Tours, &c.*

---

*LETTER, from Madam de Saintot, to Mon-  
sieur de Voiture.*

I have Promis'd to bestow you, for a  
Gallant, upon two fine Women, my  
friends. I am confident that you will not  
the Exploit too many for you, and do  
doubt but that you will confirm my  
promise, as soon as you have but seen them.



## 20 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

### *The Answer of Monsieur de Voiture.*

**L** Et me see what I love as soon as you can: For I die with Impatience at that happy Moment. And since, at your Command, I have fallen in Love, it behoves you to take some care that I am belov'd to you. I have thought all Night upon the two Ladies that—— In short, upon you know whom. I write this Billet to one of them to deliver it, I beseech you, to her, whom you believe that I love the more passionately of the two. In Acknowledgment of the great Offices which I receive from you, I assure you, that you shall always dispose of my Affections; and that I will never love any one so much as your self, till I am convinc'd that you have in good earnest a Mistress that I should.

---

### *To his unknown Mistress.*

**W** As there ever so extraordinary a Passion, as that which I have for you? For my part, I do not know any thing of you; and to my knowledge I never so much as heard of you: And yet, Gad, I am desperately in Love with you.

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 21

it is now a whole Day, since I have  
d, and look'd filly, and languish'd, and  
, and all that for you. Without ha-  
even seen your Face, I am taken with  
beauty; and am charm'd with your Wit,  
I never have heard one Syllable of it.  
ravish'd with your every Action, and  
cy in you a kind of I know not what,  
makes me passionately in Love with I  
know not whom. Sometimes I fancy you  
and at other times Black; Now you  
ar Tall to me, by and by Short; Now  
a Nose of the Roman shape, and a-  
good with a Nose turn'd up: But in what-  
ever Form I describe you, you appear the  
of loveliest of Creatures to me; and though  
am ignorant what sort of Beauty yours  
is, I am ready to pawn my Soul, that it  
is the most Bewitching of all of them. If  
it be your Luck to know me as little, and to  
Love me as much, then thanks be to Love,  
and the Stars. But lest you should a little  
impose upon your self, in fancying me a tall  
Fellow, and so be surpriz'd at the Sight  
of me, I care not for once, if I venture to  
send you my Picture: My Stature is three  
inches below the middle one; my Head  
appears tolerable enough, and is decently  
set off with a large grey Head of Hair; then  
my Eyes that languish a little, yet are

## 22 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

something Hagard? I have a sort of a cud-  
den cast of a Face: But in Requitall, one  
your Friends will tell you, that I am the  
honestest Fellow in the World; and that  
for Loving faithfully in five or six places  
a time, there is no Man alive comes ne  
me. If you think that all this will accom  
modate you, it shall be at your Service  
soon as I see you: Till that long long'd  
time, I shall think of you; that is, of I know  
not whom. But if any one should chance  
to ask me for whom I sigh, don't be afraid  
I warrant to keep the Secret; I would fain  
see any one catch me at naming you to him

---

*To Mademoiselle Paulet.*

*Madam,*

**T**Here was only one thing wanting  
your Adventures, and that was to  
a Prisoner of State; I have given you hence  
the happy occasion of being such: Fortune  
who has omitted no Opportunity of bring  
ing you into Play, will, in all probability  
make her Advantage of this. I know ve  
ry well, that I bring you into Danger in  
writing to you; yet cannot even that re  
flection restrain me. From whence you

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 23

conclude, that there is no Risk which  
ould refuse to run, to refresh your Re-  
embrance of me, since I can resolve to  
anger even you, you who are dear and  
able above all the rest of the World to  
I tell you this, Madam, at a time,  
I would not lye, no, not in a Com-  
ment : For I would have you to know,  
I am much the better for the Distemper  
h I have lately had : It has caused me  
sume such good Resolutions, that if I  
them not, I could be contented to pur-  
e them with all my Health. I plainly  
see, that this will but divert you, you  
that are conscious to so much of my Weak-  
ness; and who will never believe that I  
can keep single Resolutions, I who have  
broken so many Vows ; yet nothing is more  
certain than that I have hitherto beheld the  
Spanish Beauties with as much indifference,  
I did the Flemish at *Brussels* ; and I hope  
to grow a Convert in the very Place of the  
old in which the Tempter is strongest,  
where the Devil resumes as glorious  
as what he put off when he fell.  
Reformation is so great in me, that  
I have but one Scruple remaining, which  
is, that I think too often of you ; and that  
at times I desire to see you again with a little too  
much Impatience. I who have moderated



## 24 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

the rest of my Passions, have been unable to reduce that which I have for you, to the Measure with which we are permitted to love our Neighbours; that is to say, as much as we do our selves; and I fear you have a larger share in my Soul, than I ought to allow a Creature. Look out, I beseech you for a Remedy for this, or rather for an Excuse for it; for as for a Remedy, I believe there is none, and that I must be always with utmost Passion,

*Madam, Your*

---

*To the Marchioness of Rambouillet; in Answer to a Letter of Thanks of hers.*

*Madam,*

**T**HO' my Liberality should, as you think me, surpass the Bounty of *Alexander*, it would nevertheless be richly recompensed by the Thanks which you have return'd for it. He himself as boundless as his Ambition was, would have confin'd it to a rare Favour. He would have set more value upon this Honour, than he did on the Persian Diadem; and he would never have envied *Achilles* the Praise which he received from *Homer*, if he could but him

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 25

have obtain'd Yours. Thus, Madam, this Pinnacle of Glory on which I stand, I bear any Envy to his, 'tis not so much that which he acquir'd himself, as to that which you have bestow'd upon him, and he received no Honours, which I do not hold inferior to mine, unless it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Son. Neither his Vanity, nor the rest of his Flatterers, could ever perswade him to believe any thing that was so advantageous to him, and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon*, was by much less glorious to him than this. But if any thing comforts me for the Jealousie which it has rais'd in me, 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well assur'd, that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not so much upon the account of his having been the Greatest of Mankind, as of his having been now these two thousand years no more. However, we here find cause to admire the greatness of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forsake him so many years after his Death, has added to his Conquests a Person that gives him more Lustre than the Daughters and Wives of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a mind more great than the World he conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, after

## 26 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

ter your Example of Writing, in too lofty  
a Style: But how can the Writer be too  
Sublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander*? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to  
believe that I have equal Passion for you  
with that which you shew for him; and  
that the Admiration of your Vertues will  
oblige me to be always,

*Madam,*

*Tours, &*

---

## Voiture's Familiar Letters. 27

*Imitation of Monsieur de Voiture's Letter to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet: Being an Answer to that by which she had inform'd him, who was then with Monsieur in Exile, that the Academy designed to abolish the Particle Car, [For.]*

*That the Reader may be diverted with this Letter, he is desir'd to suppose, that there is a Club of Wits erected in London, for the Regulation of the Tongue, who have a Design to abolish it.*

*Madam,*

FOR, being of so great Importance in our Tongue as it is, I extreamly approve of the Resentment you shew for the Wrong they design to do it; and I must needs declare, that I expect no good from this Club of Wits, which you mention, since they are resolved to establish themselves by so great an Oppression: Even at home like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all *Europe*. I can behold nothing so deserving of Pity, as when I see they are ready to arraign and to banish a Word, which has so faithfully served this Monarchy; and which, amidst  
all



## 28 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

all our English Confusions, has always been of the side of those who were truly English. For my part, I cannot for my Heart comprehend what Reason they can alledge against a Word, whose only Business is to go before Reason, and which has no other Employment than to usher it in. I cannot imagine what Interest can oblige them, to take away that which belongs to *for*, and give it to *Because that*; nor why they have a mind to say with three Syllables, that which they say with three Letters. The thing which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, That after they have been guilty of this one injustice, they will not scruple at more; perhaps they may have the Impudence to attack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be any longer secure. So that after they have depriv'd us of all those Words, whose business it is to bring others together, the World will reduce us to the Language of Angels; or, if they cannot do that, they will at least oblige us to speak only by Signs. And here I must confess, that your Observation is true, *viz.* That no Example can more clearly shew us the Instability of Humane Affairs. He who had told me some Years ago, that I should have outliv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd me a longer Life than the Patriarchs. And

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 29

we see, that after he has maintain'd himself for some hundreds of Years, in full Power and Authority, after he has been employ'd in the most important Treaties, and assisted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a sudden fallen into Disgrace, and threatned with a violent End. I now expect nothing less, than to see terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the Streets, declaring to the World, that the Great *Monarch* is Dead: for the Death of the Great *Monarch*, or of the Great *Pan*, was, in my Opinion, less important. I know if we consult one of the finest Wits of the Age, and one whom I esteem with Passion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn an Innovation like this, that we ought to use the *For* of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their Soil, and that we should by no Means banish a Word, which was in the Mouths of our *Edwards* and of our *Henries*. You, Madam, are the Person, who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Proposition: For, since the Supreme Grace, and the Sovereign Beauty of the English Language lies in yours, you ought to command here with an absolute Sway, and with a Smile or a Frown, give Life or give Death to Syllables, as uncontroul'd as you do to Men. For this, I believe you have

### 30 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

have already secur'd it, from the imminent Danger which threatned it, and by vouchsafing it a Place in your Letter, have fix'd it in a Sanctuary and a Mansion of Glory to which neither Envy nor Time can reach. But here, Madam, I beg leave to assure you, that I could not but be surpriz'd to see how fantastick your Favours are, I could not but think it strange, that you, without Compassion could see a thousand Lovers expire, should not have a Heart see a Syllable die. If you had but had the Care of me, which you have shewn of *For*, I should then have been happy to escape the spight of ill Fortune: Then Poverty, Sickness, and Grief, would scarce have had force to come near me. If you had not deliver'd me from these Evils themselves, you had freed me at least from the Sence of them. But at a time that I expected to receive Consolation from yours, I found that your Kindness was only design'd to *For*, and that your Banishment troubled you more than I must confess, Madam, it is but just, you should undertake his Defence; but you ought to have taken some care of me that People might not object to you, that you forsake your Friends for a Word. You make no Answer at all to that which I writ about; you take not the least Notice

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 31

which so much concerns me ; In three or Pages you scarce remember me once ; the Reason of this is *For* : Be pleas'd consider me a little more for the future, when you undertake the Defence of the *Acted*, remember that I am of the Num- I shall always make use of him him- to oblige you to grant me this Favour, to convince you that it is but my Due ;

*I am, &c.*

---

*To the Duke of Enguien, upon his Taking of Dunkirk.*

I Am so far from wondring that you have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you cou'd take the Moon by the Teeth, if you did once attempt it. Nothing can be im- possible to you : I am only uneasie about I shall say to your Highness on this occasion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, that height of Glory, to which you have attain'd, the Honour of your Favour a singular Happines ; but it is a troublesome thing to us Writers, who are obliged to



### 32 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

to Congratulate you upon every good Success, to be perpetually upon the Hunt of Words whose Force may answer your Actions, and to be every day inventing of new Panegyricks. If you would but have the Goodness to suffer your self to be beat sometimes, or to rise from before some Town, or variety of the Matter might help to support us, and we should find out something or other to say to you, upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory that is gotten by bearing her Malice bravely. But having, from the very first of your Actions, rank'd you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you rising upon us continually upon my Word, my Lord, we are at a loss what to do, either with you or our self. Nothing that we can say, can come up to that which you do, and the very Flight of our Fancy, flag below you. Eloquence which Magnifies smallest things, cannot reach the Height of those which you do, no, not by its boldest Figures. And that which is call'd Hyperbole on other occasions, is but a cold way of speaking when it comes to be applied to you. Indeed it is different to comprehend, how your Highness each Summer has still found means to augment that Glory, which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection.

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 33

that having begun so greatly, and gone  
more greatly, still your last Actions  
and crown the rest, and be found the  
Amazing. For my own part, my  
I congratulate your Success, as I am  
Duty oblig'd; but I plainly foresee, the  
nothing that augments your Reputation  
us, may prejudice that which you ex-  
from after Ages; and that so many  
and important Actions, done in so  
a space, may render your Life incre-  
to future Times, and make your Hi-  
be thought a Romance by Posterity.  
pleas'd then, my Lord, to set some  
ounds to your Victories, if it be only to  
accommodate your self to the Capacity of  
human Reason, and not to go further than  
common Belief can follow you. Be con-  
tented to be quiet and secure, at least for  
time, and suffer *France*, which is eternally  
and for your Safety, to enjoy serenely,  
a few Months, the Glory which you  
acquir'd for her. In the mean time,  
teach you to believe, that among so  
Millions of Men who admire you,  
who continually pray for you, there  
is one who does it, with so much Joy,  
so much Zeal and Veneration, as I,  
am,

*My Lord, your Highness's &c.*

D

To

## 34 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

*To the Duke of Enguien (afterwards the Great Prince of Conde) upon his gaining the Battle of Rocroy.*

*My Lord,*

**A**T a time that I am so far remov'd from your Highness, that you cannot possibly lay your Commands upon me, I am fully resolv'd to speak freely my Mind to you, which I have so long been oblig'd to disguise, lest it should bring me into the same Inconvenience, with those, who before me have taken the like Liberties with you. But let me tell you, my Lord, you have done too much, to let it pass without taking Notice of it; and you are unreasonable if you think to behave your self as you do, without being loudly told of it. If you did but know how strangely all the World talks of you, I am very confident that you would be asham'd of it; and you cannot without Confusion hear, with how little Respect, and how little Fear of displeasing you, all the World presumes to discourse of what you have done. I must confess, my Lord, I wonder what you could mean: You have shewn your self bold with a Vengeance, and Violent to the last Degree, in putting such an Affront

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 35

two or three old Captains, whom you ought to have respected, if it had been only for their Antiquity: in Killing the poor Count *de la Fontaine*, who was the very best Man in the *Low-Countries*; in Taking sixteen Pieces of Cannon, the proper Goods of the King's Uncle, and the Queen's Brother; and in Confounding the Spanish Troops, after they had shewn so much Goodness in letting you Pass. I heard indeed, you are obstinate as a Devil, and that it was not to much purpose to dispute about any thing with you: But yet I never thought, that your Heart wou'd have transported you so far. If you go on at the rate you have begun, you will shortly grow Intolerable, I assure you, to all *Europe*; and neither the Emperor nor the King of *Spain* will either of them be able to endure you. But now, my Lord, laying the Law of Conscience aside, and resuming the Man of State: I felicitate your Highness for the Victory I hear you have gain'd, the most compleat, and the most important, which has happen'd in our Age. *France*, which you have shelter'd from all the Storms it dreaded, is amaz'd to see that you have begun your Life with an Action, in which *Cæsar* would gladly have drown'd his own, and which alone re-



### 36 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

flects more Lustre upon the Kings your Progenitors, than all theirs have transferred to you. Well, my Lord, you have verified what has been formerly said, That Vertue comes to the *Cæsars* preventing Time: For you, who are a true *Cæsar*, both in Wit and in Knowledge; *Cæsar* in Diligence and in Vigilance; in Courage *Cæsar*, and *per omnes Casus Cæsar*; you have out-run the Hopes, and surpass'd the Expectation of Men; you have clearly shewn, that Experience is necessary to none but ordinary Souls; that the Vertue of Heroes comes by a more compendious way, and that the Works of Heaven are finish'd when but begun. After this, I leave you to judge how you are like to be receiv'd and caress'd by the Lords of the Court, and with what Pleasure the Ladies heard that whom they had seen Triumphant in Battles had been Victorious in Armies; and that the finest Head of all *France*, was likewise the best and the strongest. There is not a Man even to Monsieur *Beaumont*, who does not declaim in your Praise. Those who had revolted against you, are now reduced; and they who complain'd that you were always Laughing, have been forced to confess, that you have shown your seriousness now in good Earnest; and ev'ry one's

fra

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 37

aid of being of the Number of your Enemies, since you have defeated such Multitudes of them. Pardon, O *Cæsar*, the Liberty which I have taken; receive the praise that is due to you; and permit us to render to *Cæsar*, that which is due to *Cæsar*.

---

*To Monsieur de Balzac.*

*Sir,*

If it be true that I have always kept the Rank, which you tell me I have held in your Memory, methinks you have shown but an indifferent Concern for my Satisfaction, in delaying so long to impart the pleasing News to me, and in suffering me so long to be the happiest of Men, without dreaming I was so. But perhaps you were of opinion, that this very good fortune, was so infinitely above any thing that I could in reason hope for, that it was necessary you should take time to invent Arguments, which might render it Credible, and that you had an occasion to employ all the Power of Rhetorick to perswade me, that you had not forgot me. And thus far at least I must needs confess, that

### 38 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

you have been very Just, that resolving to let me have nothing but Words for all the Affection you owe me, the Choice which you have made of them, has been so rich and so beautiful, that, let me die, if I believe the thing they assure me of would be of greater Value: This, at least, I'm sure of that they would suffice to Counterbalance any Friendship but mine. I am only discontented at one thing, and that is, that so much Artifice and so much Eloquence should not be able to Disguise the Truth from me; and that in this I should resemble your own Shepherdesses, who are too silly to be beguiled by a Man of Wit. But indeed, you must excuse me if I am something inclin'd to suspect an Art, which could invent Commendations for a Quaker's Ague, and an Art which you have more command, than ever Man had before you. All those Graces, and that Air of the Court, which I much admire in you, convince me rather of the Excellence of your Wit, than of the Goodness of your Will. And from all the fine things which you have said in my Favour, all that I can conclude ev'n when I am inclin'd to flatter my self, is That Fortune has been pleas'd to give me a place in your Dreams: Nay, I know not if the very Extravagancies of a Soul

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 39

galted as yours, are not too serious, and  
so reasonable, to descend so low as to me.  
and I shall esteem my self too obligingly  
?d by you, if you have but so much as  
dream'd that you Love me. For to ima-  
ne that you have reserv'd a Place for me  
midst those sublime Thoughts, which are,  
present, employed in Recompensing the  
vertues of all the World, and Distributing  
shares of Glory to Mankind; to imagine  
is, would be extream Presumption in me.  
have too great an Opinion of your Under-  
standing, to believe that you could be guil-  
of any thing that is so much below you;  
and I should be unwilling, that your Ene-  
ies should have that to object to you.  
I am perfectly satisfied, that the only Af-  
fection which you can have justly for any  
me, is that which you owe to your self;  
and that Precept of Studying One's self,  
which is a Lesson of Humility to all besides  
you, ought to have a contrary Effect in  
relation to you, and oblige you to contemn,  
whatever you find without you. And there-  
fore here let me swear to you, That with-  
out pretending to any Share in your Affe-  
ction, I should have been very well satisfi-  
d, if you had preserv'd with never so lit-  
tle Care, the Friendship which I have vow-  
d eternally to have for you, and to have



40 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

placed it, if not amongst the things which you value, at least amongst those which you are not forward to lose. But in leaving me here with that lovely Rival, of whom you made mention in yours, you have shew'd let me tell you, too little Jealousie, and you have suffer'd her to gain so much Advantage of you, that I have reason to suspect that you have conspir'd with her, to do me a Mischief. And therefore I have more reason than you to complain, that she has enrich'd her self by your Loss, and that you have suffer'd her to get into her Power, that which I thought to have secur'd from her Tyranny, by entrusting it in your Hands. If you had been willing to have made never so little Defence of the better part of my self, had yet been our own; but you, by your Negligence, have suffer'd her to surprize it; and to advance her Conquest at such a rate over me, that tho' I shou'd surrender to you, all the remains of me, you wou'd not have so much as one half of that which you have lost. Nevertheless, let me assure you, That you have gain'd in my Esteem, as much as you have lost in my Affection; and that at the very time that I was beginning to Love you less, I was forced to Honour you more. I have seen nothing of yours since you

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 41

parture, which does not go beyond all  
that you had done before: And by your  
Works, you have the Honour of Excel-  
ling him who surpass'd all others. It can-  
therefore but appear strange, that when  
you have so much reason to be contented,  
you should yet be complaining, and that  
your self should be the only great Man  
who remains dissatisfied with you. At  
present all *France* is listening to you, and  
you are indifferent to no Man who has  
learn'd to Read. All who are concern'd  
in the Honour of their Country, are not  
so inquisitive after what the *Mareschal*  
*Trequi* is doing, than they are after what  
you are doing by you. And you are the Person  
who can make more Noise in your Solitude,  
than the most Happy and most Renown'd  
Generals, at the Head of Forty  
thousand Men. Can you wonder then,  
that with so much Glory you should be ob-  
noxious to Envy; and that the very same  
Men, with whom *Scipio* was Criminal,  
who condemn'd *Aristides* and *Socrates*,  
should not unanimously do Justice to your  
merits? The People can plead prescription  
against the very Qualities which they  
Love in any one. Every thing which  
honours 'em, they think affronts 'em;  
and they can better bear with a common  
Vice,

## 42 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

Vice, than an extraordinary Vertue. that if that Law was in force amongst of Banishing the most Powerful for Authority or Reputation, I make no doubt, that you would stand the Mark of the publick Envy: and I believe ev'n Cardinal *Richlieu* would not run greater Hazard. But, for God sake, have a care of calling that your Misfortune, which is but of the Age: And complain no more of Injustice of Men, since all who have Wrong are of your side; and that amongst them you have found a Friend, whom yet, perhaps, you may lose once more: At least I shall do my utmost to put you into a condition of doing so. For every Man's losing Vanity, at present, is to be accounted yours. For my own part, I have always so publick a manner profess'd my friendship that if through ill Fortune I should not be able to Love you so much as I have done yet here let me swear to you, That you be the only Man to whom I will dare declare it; and that I will always own myself to the rest of the World, to be as much as ever,

*Tours, &c*

## *Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 43

*the Marquess of Pisani, who had lost all his Money and his Baggage, at the Siege of Thionville.*

*Character of the Marquess of Pisani, was a Man of Honour, Generosity, and Courage; but an Extravagant, Ignorant, Obstinate, disputing Gamester.*

THE Man would be to blame, or I have been very much misinform'd, should upbraid you with having had Mules to keep, at your Camp of *Thionville*: The Devil a Mule have you kept, Sir. They tell me, that upon the plenty Consideration, that several Artillery have been formerly lost by their Baggage; you have made all possible haste to encumber'd of yours. And that has often read in the Roman Histories, that it is to be such a Man of Reading, (you) that the greatest Exploits that were done by their Cavalry, were done on foot, after having voluntarily dismounted at the Extremity of the most doubtful Battle: you took a Resolution to dispatch away your Horses, and have manag'd Matters unwisely, that you have not so much as



#### 44 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

as one Left. And now, *the important Person stands on his own Legs.*

Perhaps, you may receive some small convenience from this: But let me desire it be not much for your Honour, that as well as *Bias*, honest old *Bias*, I warrant you know him so wondrous well, should be able to say, that you carry all is yours about you. No great quantity must confess of Foppish Accoutrements, nor a long Train of Led-horses, nor abundance of that which they call the Reason, but Probity, Generosity, Magnanimity, Constancy in Dangers, Obstinacy in disputes, a Contempt of all Foreign Languages, Ignorance of False Dice, and a surprising Tranquility upon the Loss of Transitory Things: Qualities, Sir, which are properly and essentially yours; and of which neither Time nor Fortune can ever deprive you. Now as *Euripides*, who was, as you know, or as you know not, one of the gravest Authors of *Greece*, writes in one of his Tragedies, that Money was one of the Evils, and one of the most pernicious ones that flew from *Pandora's Box*; I admire as a Divine Quality in you, the compatibility which you shew for it, look upon it to be a distinguishing Mark of a Great and Extraordinary Soul,

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 45

are uneasie till you are rid of this Corner of Reason, this Pois'ner of Souls, Author of so much Disorder, of so much Injustice, and of so many Violences. I could heartily wish, that your Virgins were not arriv'd at such an extraordinary Pitch, that you could be brought to an Accommodation with this Enemy of an Kind, and that you might be persuaded to make Peace with it, as we do with the Great Turk for Politick Reasons, for the Advantage of Commerce. Now in Consideration, that it is a difficult Matter to be much at one's Ease without it, fancying, that as I play'd for you at Narbonne, you threw for me at Thionville; and that it is perhaps in my Name, that you pack'd off your Baggage, I here send you a hundred Pistols at present in part of Payment; and, that these may not meet the same Fate which befel their Precursors, I desire you not to defile your Hands with them, but to deliver them to French Gentlemen who are with you, whose sake I chiefly remit them.

*I am, &c.*

*The End of Mr. Dennis's Translation.*

*To*

46 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

*To Mademoiselle de Bourbon,*

*A Relation of the Author's being to*  
*in a Blanket.*

*By Tho. Cheek, Esq;*

*Madam,*

**I** Aft *Friday* in the Afternoon I was  
in a Blanket; because I failed of  
ing you Laugh in the time that was given  
*Madam de Rambouillet* pronounc'd the  
tence, at the request of her Daughter,  
*Mademoiselle Paulet*. They had deferr'd  
the Execution till the return of the Prince  
and your self; but they bethought them-  
selves afterwards, not to delay it any longer  
and that it was very improper to put off  
Punishment to a time, which ought to be  
wholly devoted to Pleasure. 'Twas in  
to cry out and make Resistance; the Blanket  
was brought, and four of the lustiest Fellows  
they cou'd get, were pick'd out for this  
vice. I may venture to affirm to you, Ma-  
dam, that no Man was ever yet in a  
altered a Condition as I was, and I cou'd  
have believed that Fortune wou'd ever  
rais'd me so high. At every Toss they

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 47

out of Sight, and sent me higher than a  
ing Eagle. I saw the Mountains crouch-  
ar below me, the Winds and Clouds  
ling beneath my Feet. I discover'd  
tries that I never had seen, and Seas  
er had thought of. Certainly nothing  
be more diverting, than to see so ma-  
ings all at once, and to discover half  
Globe at one View: But I assure you,  
am, all this cannot be seen without some  
rbance; when one is in the Air, and  
in of falling down again. That which  
ted me the most was, That, when I was  
high, looking downwards, the Blan-  
appear'd so small, that I thought it im-  
le to fall into it; and that I confess was  
trouble to me: But, among so many  
ent Objects, which at the same time  
my Sight, there was one which for  
Moments took away my Fear, and  
d me with real Pleasure: 'Twas this,  
am, Being desirous to look towards *Pi-*  
t to see what pass'd there, I saw you at  
as you cross'd the *Saone*; at least, I saw  
at Light upon the Water, and abun-  
e of Rays about the most charming Face  
e World: I could not well discern who  
with you, because at that time my  
was lower-most; and I believe you did  
see me, for you look'd another way; I  
made



#### 48 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

made Signs to you as well as I could : but as you began to look up, I fell down again and one of the Tops of the Mountain *Taras* hindered you from seeing me : As soon as I came down, I told 'em that I had seen you, and, as I was going to tell 'em how you did, they all fell a Laughing as if it had been a thing impossible, and immediately began to make me leap higher than before. There happen'd to me a very strange Accident, which will seem incredible to those who have not seen it : One time when they had toss'd me to a very great height, coming down, I found my self in a Cloud, which being very thick, and I extremely light, was a great while intangled in it, before I could fall down again ; so that they stay'd a long time below, spreading the Blanket and looking up without being able to imagine what was become of me. By good Luck there was no Wind stirring, for if there had, the Cloud in Marching would have carried me off one side or t'other and so I must have inevitably fallen to the Ground, which could not have happened without hurting me very much. But this more dangerous Accident succeeded this. The last time they threw me into the Air, I found my self amongst a Flock of Cranes, who at first were mightily surpris'd to

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 49

so high; but when they came near me, took me for a Pigmy, with whom, you w, Madam, they have perpetual War, thought I came to 'em as a Spy into the le Region; immediately they fell upon with great stroaks of their Beaks, and such Violence, that I imagin'd myself k with a hundred Daggers. And one hem that had taken me by the Leg, d me so furiously, that she did not e me till I was in the Blanket. This e my Tormentors afraid to send me to the Mercy of my Enemies; who now got together in great numbers, hover'd in the Air, expecting me again. st they carried me home again in the ket, but so dispirited as never Man To tell you the truth, this Exercise little too violent for one of my ten- Constitution. I leave it to you, Ma- to judge, how cruelly I have been with, and for how many Reasons are obliged to condemn this Action; to deal plainly with you, you that orn with so many commanding Quali- should think it highly concerns you to n betimes to hate Injustice, and to take e that are oppress'd into your Protection: I beseech you then, Madam, in the first e, to declare this an Outrage you by no

E

means

50 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

means approve; and for Reparation of my Honour, and my Strength, to order a great Canopy of Gauze, to be set up for me in the blew Chamber of the House of *Rambouillet*, where I shall be waited on, and magnificently entertain'd for a whole Week by the two Ladies who were the cause of this Misfortune; that at one Corner of the Room they shall be continually making Sweet-meats; one of 'em shall blow the Fire, and t'other shall do nothing else but put Syrup upon Plates to cool, and bring it me as often as I have occasion. Thus Madam, you will do a deed of Justice worthy of so great and beautiful a Princess, and I shall be obliged to be with the utmost Sincerity and Respect,

*Madam, Your,*

---

*To Madam de Rambouillet.*

*By Mr. Raphson, Fellow of the Royal Society.*

*Madam,*

**H**OW threatening soever your Letter I could not chuse but admire its Beauty, and wonder how you could join the raging and the terrible Stile with so much Affection together. You make me think of

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 51

ld and Azure we find on the Skins of our  
akes; you do as it were enamel the sharp-  
Reflections, with the liveliest Colours of  
quence; and, in reading them, I cannot  
bear to be pleased with those very things  
ch most Affright me. You soon began to  
s good as your Word, when you told me  
you would no longer smile, than For-  
e frown'd on me: In the same Minute  
seems to have granted me a little Repose,  
begin to disquiet me, and shew me, that  
I have escaped the Dangers of the Seas  
Pirates, I am not yet in Safety, and  
you are more dreadful than they. I  
d not have thought, Madam, that for  
ng refused a Quarrel with your Dwarf,  
ould have contracted one with yourself,  
that I should be obliged to answer a  
Challenge, because I did a Complement: If  
you think I fail'd in that, you ought rather  
ll it Respect and Fear, than Contempt;  
believe that the same Creature who dis-  
d Monsieur *de M*—— of his Sword,  
e my Pen fall from my Hand. Altho'  
ight have some reason to complain,  
you had none to take his part against  
and if you wish me Ill for his sake, I  
justly say you quarrel with me on the  
Occasion in the World.

you are resolved to Persecute me, all



## 52 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

the Excuses I can alledge, will signifie nothing; and I can only wonder you take so much pains to find a Pretence for it. It will be no Advantage to me, to have come so far thro' so many Dangers; I shall find *Algiers* where-ever you are; and tho' I am in *Brussels*, yet I never was so near Captivity, or being Shipwrack'd. However I don't perswade your self, Madam, that the Flames of those Animals wherewith you threaten me, can make me afraid. I have long since learn'd to defend my self from those sorts of Mischiefs; and whatever you can say, I am more apprehensive of Danger from your Eyes, than your Hands. Among all the Passages of your Letter, which seem to be admirable in all its parts, I took particular notice of that, where you tell me how great a pleasure it wou'd have been to you if I had been taken by the Pyrates; I can but attribute it to your extraordinary Goodness, that you cou'd wish I had been two or three Years chain'd to an Oar in the *Turkish Gallies*, that so my Voyage might have been more diversified. 'Twas a Curiosity I can never enough commend in you, to desire to know how I could look after and dress the Camels of *Barbary*, and with what unshaken Constancy I could bear *Bastinado*. After the rate you talk, I suppose you wou

Voiture's Familiar Letters. 53

ve been glad, if I had been *empa'd* for half  
Hour, to have fatisfied you how it felt,  
what I thought of it: But that which is  
more surprizing, these kind Wishes, you  
bestow'd upon me, after you had re-  
m'd the mild Form of Woman, and were  
newhat appeas'd; neither can I any more  
concile to Justice the Quarrel you would  
k with me about *Alcidalis*: Judge, Ma-  
n, if being embark'd in the same Seas with  
y, and in the same Dangers, I could forget  
se Perils which I suffer'd, to recount those  
had gone through; and while I lay under  
own Misfortunes, if I was at leisure to  
e a History of his? Notwithstanding, I  
not omit it in the midst of my Troubles;  
it above a hundred Sheets of his History,  
took a particular care of his Life, at a  
when I can swear to you, I took none  
my own. But, Madam, don't make an  
mate from hence of the Care I take to  
se my Female Acquaintance. After I  
render'd you all the Services I can,  
e Shadows can only shew you the  
part of the Passion I have for your  
cerns. If you would know that,  
sider it rather in the Cause than in  
Effects. But your Imagination,  
lively and wonderful soever it is,  
short of that; and if there is any  
E 3 thing

54 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

thing in the whole World greater than your Soul, and which is beyond its Comprehension, it is the Respect, Affection, and Esteem it has bred in mine. Being less sensible to acknowledge the Obligations I owe to other excellent Persons you'll think that the Letter I receiv'd at the same time with yours, brought me infinite Satisfaction, as well as an extreme Honour. You knew better than any of the Inclination and Respect I have always had for the Merits of the Person who wrote it, and you may remember in the time of the Civil Wars between you two, I have sometimes left your part to take his. But this last Goodness of his, has gain'd my Heart; and since I have received pardon me if you please, that I at certain intervals esteem him above any other Person in the World: But that you may not think, Madam, that it is you who have procured me all the Favours I receive from him, I assure you that on another Occasion very lately he has done me a piece of Service, without your being privy to it. Altho' it is none of those I take the most Pleasure in receiving, and it has given me a new Subject of reflecting on my ill Fortune, yet I esteem it a great Honour to have Obligations to him, which I should be  
sham

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 55

med to do to any other, and I am proud  
receive any Marks of his Generosity.  
I swear, when you speak to him of it,  
knows not what you mean; and me-  
eks I now see him telling you so: but  
know his Humour and Temper, never  
forget to do a good Action, and never  
remember it when it is done. Since  
Honour of your Esteem for me has  
the first Motive to establish me in  
Favour, I humbly beg your Assistance,  
am, to return him those Thanks I  
him, and that way to pay him at  
as far as I can at present. I kiss a thou-  
times the Feet of that incomparable Per-  
who was pleased to write with her own  
d the Superscription of the Letter you  
me, and with four or five Words, ren-  
that Present inestimable, which was  
most invaluable before. You have a great  
of Reason to call her the most charm-  
and agreeable Person in the World,  
can relieve the Distressed at such a  
ance. I wish that she, who so well  
ws how to manage her Favours, may  
e all the Happiness due to so much Good-  
Beauty and Vertue together, tho' I know  
Wish is very Extensive. I hear that  
Lady whom I used to call the Mornīng-  
, is become Greater and more Admirable



## 56 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

than ever, and that it at the same time enlightens and burns all *France*; although its Beams scarce reach the dark Shade where we live, yet its Reputation does, and as far as I can understand, the Sun is not brighter as it. I am glad the Intelligence that animates it, has lost nothing of Force and Light, and that there is nothing but the Soul of *Mademoiselle de Bourb* that can make us doubt whether her Beauty is not the most perfect thing in the World. The manner as I have seen in one of your Letters she condoles me in, appears, admirably fine: indeed so many Crosses I have met with, ought to stir up Pity in her; in which I say, who is so well acquainted with my Weakness, and who knows that from my Cradle, I have not had one day of Repose. It has been disturbed at the Postscript of your Letter, addressed to King *Chiquito*. In the Hell of *Anastarax*, I found mine, and have wandered in it three Nights and Days, yet could not see at all. This was a most sensible Affliction to me, for I desired above anything in the World, to have the Comb of King *Georgia*; I have had a mind to have it above these two Years. But since you pretend to so much Guessing, imagine if I please, Madam, all I would farther say, I durst make my Letter longer. Guess not

much

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 57

more I honour and esteem you than I  
two Years ago ; and think with how  
a Passion I am,

*Madamoiselle,*

*Tours, &c.*

*s, Jan. 4.*

34.

---

*To the Cardinal de la Valette.*

*Answer to a kind Letter he sent him.*

*By the same Hand.*

*My Lord,*

It is not apt to believe, when you writ me the  
last Letter, you were pleased to Honour  
me with, that you thought the Esteem I  
always had for you, had acquired you  
a Reputation in the World: That on  
several Occasions, I had given you infinite Te-  
stimonies of the Honour of my Friendship,  
and had for that reason lent you two thou-  
sand Crowns on an extraordinary Occasion ;  
that at such a time when all your Cre-  
dits were sunk else-where ; and at such a Jun-  
cture too, that otherwise your Reputation  
would have for ever sunk. At least, after the  
you return your Thanks, and speak of  
myself and me, I have reason to believe,  
that in a Dream you have mistaken the one  
for the other, and put your self in my Place.  
Otherwise, my Lord, you would not write  
after

58 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

after that manner you do, unless, perhaps you are of Opinion, that there is no greater Good in the World, than to do so to others, and think those oblige you, who give you an Opportunity of obliging them, and imagine you receive the Pleasures they give: Certainly if it be so, there is no Man in the World to whom you are more oblig'd than to me; and I deserve all the Thanks you return me, since I have given you more occasions, than any one else, exercising your Generosity, and doing Actions of Goodness, which without doubt are to be esteemed beyond all the Wealth you have, or can ever bestow on me. Among the great Number of good Offices I have received from you, and among so many Favours\* you have been pleas'd to bestow upon me, I assure you, my Lord, I esteem nothing so much as the Letter you have vouchsafed to Write to me; and if among so many Things which affected me with your Letter, there is any one thing that did so above the rest, I must needs beg your leave to tell you, it is that, where you mention the two Persons who deserve all the respect we can pay them, and to whom we compare them not one to another, there is nothing under the whole Heavens, even they can be compared to. \* What

that I am in their Memory, for  
Moment my Pains cease; and when-  
er, I represent to my self the Image  
either the one or the other, the very  
of my Fortune seems to be changed,  
that Imagination chases from my Spi-  
rit the Darkness which oppressed it, and  
fills it with Light: But that which is still  
greater Happiness, though I am so far  
from ever having deserved the Honour of  
your Favour, yet I flatter my self that I  
have some share in it; and I am so happy  
to believe what you tell me concerning  
yourself, I know one, my Lord, who would  
be so easily persuaded, if he were in  
your place, and who after two Years Sepa-  
ration could not live in so much Tranqui-  
lity nor with so great Assurance. In the  
satisfaction which that Belief gives me, be-  
lieved to judge if I am much to be la-  
mented, and if there are not many whom  
the World calls Happy, that don't deserve  
to be so well as I. Without this, I could  
not defend my self from the general Sorrow  
which invades us on all sides, nor resist the  
Melancholy of Monsieur *de C—*, whom I  
am forced every day to contend with, and  
who is in Truth much above what is com-  
monly imagined of him. Besides the Fancy  
which is taken to let his Beard grow, which  
is already



60 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

already reaches down to his Middle, he affects a Tone more severe than ever, which comes very near the sound of *Amphus's* Horn: Unless he were to treat of Immortality of the Soul, the Supreme Good or one of the most Important Questions of Moral Philosophy, he could not Bawl louder than he does in his Ordinary Confutation. Should *Democritus* come again, he was so great and celebrated a Philosopher, he would not bear with him, because he was given to the horrid Sin of Laughing; nay, he has undertaken to Reform the Doctrine of *Zeno*, as not rigid enough, and going to Institute a new Order, called *Capuchins*. So that, my Lord, wish no extraordinary Blessing for that People, wish only that you may be Governor you wish him to be.

*Young Lady, Maid of Honour  
His Royal Highness's Daughter.*

By Henry Cromwell, *Esq;*

*dam,*

Having been ever sensible of the Power of your Eloquence, assist me, I beseech you, in returning my acknowledgments to the fairest, and most generous Princess of the World: For, I Swear, I have been Opprest with her Bounties, and I declare, that there is not any thing in Heaven, so Lovely and so Charismatic as the Mistress whom you serve; I had almost said, whom we serve: And, indeed what would I not give, that I might thus express it? From the first Moment that I heard her, I presently concluded, that there was not in the World so great a Princess as hers; but the Care she has been oblig'd to take of me, above all things amiable to me, and I cannot sufficiently admire, that among such elevated Thoughts, she should have room for any so trivial; and how she should in all things else so high, can descend so low. The Pastils which were sent me this Morning, have had a  
won-

62 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

wondrous Effect upon me, and I can imagine from whence this Miracle proceeds, unless from a Touch of her Royal Highness's Hand; for I find my self infinitely better, by having kiss'd the Paper only that inclosed 'em: This as long as I live shall be my Antidote against all Sort of Ills, and there is but one, for which I have found a pleasing a Remedy as this can have: Cure: But lest you should too curiously inquire, what this is I mean, 'tis much better that I should explain my self, and let you know, that 'tis the Trouble, to have so near the Sight of her, and to be destin'd to live far from the only Person who deserves to be Adored: if you reflect upon this, you will appear the greatest of Misfortun'd Men, and 'tis very hard to be a Man of Honour, and survive it.

*the Marchioness de Rambouillet,  
upon Absence.*

*By the same Hand.*

Madam,

MY Lady, your Mother, must excuse  
me; but never any thing was so  
dear to me as *Rome*: Not a day passes,  
but I see something that's wonderful; Ma-  
jestic pieces of the greatest Artists that ever  
lived; Gardens where there is an everlast-  
ing Spring; Buildings that are not to be e-  
qualled in the World, and Ruins yet more  
beautiful than they: But all this that I tell  
you hath no power to divert me, and at the  
same time that I see 'em, I wish my self  
far from 'em: The most excellent Paintings,  
Statues, and Portraits of *Apelles*,  
*Phidias*, *Papardelle*, have no Charms for  
me. I shou'd be amaz'd at this, were I not  
in the middle of the Cause, and did not well know  
my self a Person who has been accusom'd to  
be without sight of you, cou'd never be easie when  
I did not enjoy it: For to tell you the  
truth, Madam, I have the same Sense of  
the Value of Health; I never so well knew  
the Value, as when I have lost you: and  
al-



## 64 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

although, when I am near you, I manage not always so well as to maintain my with you, yet from the Moment that behold you no more, I seek you with thousand Wishes. I call to mind that you are the most precious of World Things, and I find by Experience, that the Delights of the Earth, are harshly disagreeable without you : I had more Pleasure some time ago in two or three turns at *Ruel* with you, than I have since, in seeing all the Vine-yards of Rome or that I shou'd have to see the *Capitol* tho in all its ancient Splendor, with *Jupiter Capitolinus* there in Person ; that you may know that this is no Rail and that I am really as Ill as I express 'tis but eight Days since, that walking the Morning with the Chevalier *de J* I had fallen all along if he had not rescued me in his Arms ; and the next Evening I swoon'd once more in the Apartment of the Marshall *de Estree's*. The Physicians say that those are Melancholy Vapours, that these Accidents are not to be neglected as for me, since this has taken me two times successively, and that I was threaten'd with something worse, I have neither been stupid nor insensible ; but have taken some Assistance which Monsieur *Nerli* gave me

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 65

has done me some good, and I'll bring  
Doses with me, which I will perswade  
Dutchess *d' Ainguillon* to take; for there  
is a Volatile Salt which can have so good  
Effect: and this we must be contented with,  
and he that hath given me it, shall find the  
Receipt of the *Aurum Potabile*, which Se-  
neca as he says, he shall attain to in a Year  
at least. I hope to leave this place in a  
Week; you will be amaz'd that I can con-  
tinue so long in a Place which I tell you I  
have been so tyr'd with; but I have been  
here till now, by some things which  
I acquaint you with, and which I have  
yet been able to dispatch; but I assure  
you once more, that I never in my Life was  
so uneasy and so impatient to see you;  
I humbly beseech you to do me the Ho-  
nour to believe me, and to be assur'd that I  
can say much more than I can here express,

I am,  
Your humble  
servant,  
F

*Madam yours.*

To

66 Voiture's Familiar Letters.

To Monsieur Costart, Desiring  
to Write a Latin Letter for him.

By——

Monsieur,

**Y**OU will be surprized that I solicit your Assistance in an Affair on the side the Mountains; that I beg your Succour against the *Romans*: It is not the time as you know, that they have disturbed the Quiet of those that troubled themselves not with them. But I think they are never so unjust to any body as to me; they never gave *Hannibal* more Vexation than they will me, if you do not help me. *Quorsum hæc*, I'll tell you; They have among them an *Academy* of Men, that call themselves *Humourists*, that is as much as to say fantastical; and indeed, they must be so to take a fancy to admit me into their Number, and to advise me of it by a Letter from one of their Society. I must write him an Answer of Thanks in Latin; and this troubles me in such pain. But I have been so since from the Moment that I thought of it for this methinks is your true Talent, a Man that lives in *Poitou*, and writes Latin Letters out of Wantonness, can't refuse

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 67

Their Device is a Sun raising Vapours  
in the Sea, which falls back again in  
it, with this *Motto* out of *Lucretius*, *Fluit  
ine dulci*: Pray try what you can say  
in this, and upon the Honour which  
I have done me, and my want of merit.  
*Monsieur Pauquet* will be sure not to fail  
and he knows more than either you or  
I leave this matter wholly to you two;  
I am no way capable of it, whereas you  
do it if you please.

*De dulcis dominæ Musa Lycimniæ,  
tantus, me voluit dicere lucidum  
fulgentes oculos, & bene mutuis,  
Fidum Pectus amoribus.*

has been gone this nine Days: Poor *Ly-*  
*a*! Without Lying, I love her better  
my self, but not better than you,

*I am, Monsieur, &c.*

---

*To Madam*——

NO acquaint me with your Sufferings,  
is the way to redouble mine: and I  
have supported my own with so much  
force, doubt whether I shall be able to



68 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

bear up under yours. But whatever happens, I can't indure too much, since for Love of you, and the two Words which you have put in your Billet, out of Rank from the rest, are enough to render any thing portable, and make me cheerfully embrace Martyrdom. I suppose you have no doubt of it, and that you are assur'd of my Resolution, since after having warned me of the Mischief you intend me, you expect that I should come and meet you: that after Dinner, I should voluntarily appear in a place where my Pains are to be increas'd. These Menaces would terrify any one but my self, and make a braver Man than I, provide for his Security: whatsoever Danger I foresee, it's impossible for me to disobey you: Or having the Honour of knowing you, so well as I do, to be able to bear being,

*Madam, Yours*

*To the same.*

Have forgot all that I shou'd say to——  
to whom you wou'd reconcile me and I  
are you 'tis not because I have slept since ;  
I'm sorry to have so little Concern for a Per-  
son so well recommended to me, and that  
being able to afford her any room in my  
affection, she had no more in my Memory.  
the part of my Soul in which I may  
with most Justice allow her a place, being  
that which is most opposite to the Judg-  
ment, and wherein things past are laid up.  
if I say any thing obliging to her after  
this manner, she shall not be able to complain  
that I talk to her by heart ; for I find that I'm  
as much a Stranger to all that I have to say  
to her, that if you do not quickly relieve  
me, you shall see that I know no more than  
I, either the Words or Time : I wish  
I knew no better that of your departure.  
without lying. I have not Courage to  
endure the bare thought of it, which stifles  
me all others. When I think that to-  
morrow you will be no longer here, I am  
surpris'd that I am to Day in the World,  
and I am ready to confess to you that there  
is some Faction in this Love, which I  
justify, when I consider that I yet breathe,

70 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

and that my Displeasure has not yet finish'd my Days. Others have lost their Speech and confin'd themselves to inaccessible Solitudes for less Misfortunes than mine. I own that I could not go so far from you, to vent my Grief, but I am methinks to be excused for not seeking a Cell in the Desarts of *Ægypt*, since I hope for a place in that which you are making. It is this Hope only, which keeps me in the World, and my Life hangs only on this Expectation. I know not whether all that I here say be within the bounds of a passionate Friendship, but you cannot accuse me of speaking too intelligibly, since all my words will bear a double Construction; I complain that I do not write to you in the Terms as you desire, since I never met with the Person that shou'd inform me what those are: So long as some Allowance is made for my Failings, and that I may send you some part of my thoughts, I swear to you by the same Affection that I did Yesterday that the only Folly I shall ever be guilty of, shall be always to love the most amiable Person that ever was, and that I will be content to be hated by you, when ever you offer you my Friendship.

*To Diana.*

*By the same Hand.*

*Madam,*

If you are as sensible of the Uneasiness of not seeing what you love, as I am; If you suffer, during this Absence, any thing what I endure; What Considerations, forming *Diana*, could prevail upon you, to be two Days without seeing me? Why do we rather hazard the other Extremity, in this which our Misfortune reduces us to? Is it reasonable, to hinder four or five Days from prating and observing our Satisfaction we should sacrifice it, and to prevent a little Noise, endure so much Misery? No, my dear *Diana*, the greatest Misfortune that can befall us, is to be separated from one another; I know nothing that I ought so much to fear: Do not think that our Love is a whit the more private, because the pains we take to conceal it; the Demonstration which is visible in my Countenance, speaks plainer than any body can do. Let me then, lay aside a Discretion which cost us dear, and give me, after Dinner, an Opportunity of seeing you, if you would have me live.



*To the President of the Household*

By \* \*

Sir,

**M** Adam *de Marfilly* believes that I have some Int'rest in you ; and I, who am vain enough to be thought to have it, have not inform'd her to the contrary, She is a Lady esteem'd at Court, and that may influence the Parliament ; and if she succeeds in a Cause to be heard before you, believe that I have contributed to her Success, I cannot imagine the Credit it will do amongst the better part of the World : I propose nothing to byass you farther than by putting you in mind of my Interest, because I know your own can never engage you. To serve a Friend, and to do Justice which is all we demand, are things the severest Judges may be solicited for ; and I shall be sensible you do 'em both to me. You continue loving me as much as you have done hitherto, and if you believe that I

pol Monsieur d'Emer, Comptroller  
General of the King's Revenues.

By the same Hand.

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nce you won't permit me to mention  
some of your Letters, pray give me  
e to take notice of that you writ to Mon-  
x d' Arses upon my Account, and to tell  
there are very few in France, that can  
e in such a Manner, particularly where  
say that to accommodate my Affair you'll  
ance a Sum of Money; you must pardon  
if I am of Opinion that to offer twenty  
usand Livers to do a Friend a Service,  
o gallant a way of Writing, that there  
few capable of expressing themselves in  
n a Stile. Even we of the Academy  
the *Beaux Esprits*, are not able to boast  
ny Turn of Thought equal to this.

7  
The

*The Abridgment of a Letter to Monsieur D' Avaux.**By the same Hand.*

**V** *Is ergo inter nos, quid possit uterq; cissim, Experiamur:* No, I beg your Pardon, Sir, *Apollo* tells me I am overmatch'd and I am resolv'd to take his Advice: nor I concern'd that you have so far exceed'd me in your last Letter, because there have even exceeded your self: I must tell you, I am jealous of the very Praises you give me; they are so artful and ingenious, that I shou'd be prouder of being capable of giving them than receiving them; and the very Words wherein you tell me how much I am above others, shew me how much more you value that Compliment; every Line of your Letter is extraordinary, especially the Picture You draw of *Madam de Longueville* which is so ravishing, that the sight of the Original cou'd not have transported me more. You say 'tis wonderfull, that at the Treaty for Peace, you cannot be safe at *Munster*, notwithstanding the Pass-ports from the Emperour and the King of Spain: that is, Sir, you cannot be secure in *Munster* because *Madam de Longueville* is there.

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 75

When you upbraid me, that you have had  
one Letter from me in a whole Year,  
that I cannot hold out to Write twice  
effectively with the same Force, I cannot  
acknowledge that even your reprimands  
not less obliging than your Praise, ex-  
cept where you tell me I am fifty Years  
old and where you upbraid me with my  
wrinkles and grey Hairs. Before I make  
end of this Letter, I must send you the  
compliment of *Madam de Sable*, and *Ma-  
dame Montbausier* : I have shown them both  
the Passages of your Letter, where you  
speak of *Madam de Longueville* ; for the rest,  
I must not that any shall see it, especially that  
where you speak of fifty Year old.  
You must know, that here I am but forty  
years, therefore pray let me be no more  
old than *Munster*. I had almost forgot to tell  
you, those Ladies commanded me to say,  
that if you speak but as well as you write,  
*Madam de Longueville* cannot be tedious in  
any place where you are. They swear there  
is no Person upon Earth has Wit enough but  
your self, and I tell them that I have thought  
the same thing these five and twenty Years ;  
I must detain you no longer,

—*Ne me Crispini Scrinia lippi,  
opilasse putes. Verbum non amplius addam.*

To



*To Madam-----**By Henry Cromwell, Esq;**Madam,*

**T**He Letter which you desired to  
 is not worth the least Line of that  
 which you command it; but you, who were  
 Yesterday so devout, do you make no scruple  
 to write such Things in the Holy-week  
 and do you not apprehend the Consequence  
 of 'em, and what Effect they may have  
 I had set my Conscience at rest, and  
 that reason had resolved never to see  
 more. But your Letter has given me a  
 Disorder; and as well as another, I have  
 suffer'd my self to be overcome by your  
 Pearls, and your four thousand Livres.  
 I could not have thought, that you would  
 ever have made use of such Means, to  
 gain a Lover, or that these sort of Things  
 cou'd have had any Power over me: And  
 assure you, 'tis the first time that I have  
 my self be dazled with Riches. So tell  
 you the Truth, the Pearls were never so  
 set as they are in your Letter; and your  
 thousand Franks as you have manag'd  
 are worth more than three hundred thousand

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 77

d: You are an incomprehensible Person,  
I cannot sufficiently Admire, how,  
without reading *Herodotus*, and making  
of the *Saturnalia*, you can write such  
cate Letters: As for me, Madam, I be-  
to imagine that you have deceiv'd us,  
believe you are acquainted with the source  
*Nilus*, and that Spring from whence  
you draw all these fine Things, which you  
is much more secret and unknown: in  
whatsoever your Steward says, 'tis not  
*Marchioness d' Sable*, who is the finest  
Person in the World: you have more  
arms in a corner of an Eye, than there  
in all the rest of the Earth: Nor have  
the Charms of Magick a Power com-  
table to those you write.

---

*To Madam—*

*By the same Hand.*

**Y**OU may be assur'd that neither Grief  
nor Love will ever be the Death of  
any Person, since neither the one nor the  
other have yet kill'd me; and that having  
been too Days without the Honour of see-  
ing you, I have some appearance of Life  
re-

78 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

remaining: If any thing cou'd have made me resolve upon a Distance from you, 'twas the Belief I had that Death wou'd have been the only Consequence, and that as great a Pain as that wou'd not suffer me long to have languished: Notwithstanding, I find, beyond all my Hopes, that I last much longer than I imagine; and whatsoever Mortal Wounds I have, I believe, my Soul cannot detach its self from my Heart, because it sees your Image there. This is the only Pretence that I find not to tax it with Cowardice, and the only Reason that shou'd detain it so long in a Place where its Sufferings are so great. From the Hour when you saw me dragg'd by four Horfes, and tore in pieces at my Separation from you: I swear to you, that I have not yet dryed my Eyes, and although they can no longer distinguish Colours, or discern the Light, yet will they serve me as faithfully than ever, in assisting me to Weep for your Absence: Tormented and Languishing as I am, methinks I am left alone upon the Earth, or that I have been transported into that corner of the world where the Sun is not much oftner seen, than Comets here with us, and where the shortest Night is three Months long: But this Misfortune wou'd not be the worst if I might

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 79

ht befall me, if this present Night of mine  
d no longer; but I doubt if after so long  
I shall see the Light again; Judge, I  
ech you to what Extremity I am re-  
d, that being only at the Entrance of  
ng and melancholy a Night, I already  
n to count the Hours, and every linger-  
Moment with Impatience. Oh! that  
d the Darkness that overwhelms me,  
e were at least some Intervals of Repose,  
that I cou'd sometimes have pleasing  
ams, but what ever my waking Dreams  
they are never so Extravagant as to  
ose to me any thing agreeable: and  
Thoughts are only reasonable in this,  
they never promise me any good in this  
dition; I believe that I may swear to  
that the most unfortunate Man this Day  
ne World, is he who Honours you the  
t; and it were impossible that I cou'd  
e lived so long, had I not hoped that it  
ld have soon dispatched me: I plainly  
that I have but fifteen Days more to de-  
e your Absence; and that my Life and  
Misfortunes can endure no longer:  
s Hope alone has made me suffer both,  
n less Impatience; and I believe you  
not displeas'd at it, since all that I ought  
ope, you are willing to indulge me; at  
I cannot explain the last Words you  
said



80 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

said to me, more advantageously to  
 self ; and whatsoever way I take it, I can  
 see, what better I have ever to expect  
 nevertheless, you, who are more discerning  
 and see much farther than I can, I beseech  
 you tell me, if my Passion ought not  
 have an Event more fortunate than this,  
 what might have become of me if I  
 longer surviv'd it.

---

*To Mons. de Chaudebonne.*

*By Thomas Cheek Esq ;*

*Sir,*

**I** Write to you in sight of the Coast  
*Barbary* : There is but a Channel  
 between us of about three Leagues over ;  
 it is the Ocean, and the Mediterranean  
 together : You would be surprized to find  
 Man so far off, who takes so little Pleasure  
 in Rambling, and who was in such haste to  
 turn to you. But the Advice I received  
 that this Season was very improper for  
 navigation, by reason of the great Calms,  
 that I should find it very difficult to  
 bark before *September*, has given me at  
 an Inclination, and Leisure to pursue  
 Voy

*Voitûre's Familiar Letters.* 81

age, for I chose rather to suffer the Fatigue of Travelling, than the Laziness of *id.* So that after having seen at *Gre-*  
all that remains of the Magnificence  
the *Moorish* King's *El Alhambra*, the  
*atin*, and that famous Place the *Vi-*  
*mbra*, where I had formerly imagin'd  
many Tilts and Tournaments, I am  
come to the Point of *Gibraltar*: From  
ce, as soon as they shall have equipp'd  
Frigot, I hope to pass the *Streights*, and  
*Ceuta*, and coming back from thence,  
ke the Road of *Cales*, *St. Lucar*, and  
, and so to *Lisbon*. Hitherto, Sir, I  
not repented of this Enterprize, which  
is time of the Year has seem'd rash to  
the World: *Andalousia* has reconcil'd  
to all the rest of *Spain*, and having pass'd  
so many other Parts, I should be for-  
got to have seen it in the only Place  
e it appears Beautiful. You'll think it  
ge, that I praise a Country, where it  
ever Cold, and where Sugar-canes  
: But in Recompence, I can assure you,  
have such Melons, that 'twere worth  
ng four hundred Leagues to tast them;  
that Country, for which a whole Peo-  
wander'd so long in the Wilderness,  
not be, in my Opinion, much more  
ous than this is. I am attended here  
G by

## 82 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

by Slaves, who are handsome enough to my Mistresses, and I may gather *Palm* wherever I think fit, without the trouble and expence of a Victory. This Tree, for which all ancient *Greece* has fought, and is now to be found in *France*, but in our Poets, is no scarcer than the Olive-trees; and there is not an Inhabitant of this country who has more of them, than all the *Cæsars*. You may behold at one View the Mountains charged with Snow, and Vallies cover'd with Flowers. They have Ice in *August*, and Grapes in *January*: Summer and Winter here are always mixt together, and when the Year is grown old in other Countries, and whitens all the Earth, here it is ever green with Lawns, Orange-trees and Mirtles. I confess, Sir, I endeavour to make it seem as beautiful to you as it can; and having complained to you formerly of the Ill I have met with in *Spain*, if I do retract what I have said, I think I am obliged at least, to represent to the best Advantage whatever I find that's Good in it: In the mean time you'll wonder, that a Man so much a Libertine as I am, should be inclin'd to quit all this, to go and find his Master. I'll swear ours is such a One, that there can be no Pleasure, that ought to be preferred to the Honour and Satisfaction of Serving his Master. Liberty, which is esteemed the most charming

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 83

Thing in Nature, is not so desirable as  
Highness: You know how little I am  
seduced to Flattery; and one of the most  
remarkable Qualities which distinguishes  
Lord, is that he cannot suffer it. But  
must be acknowledged, that besides the  
great Virtues which are owing to the  
nobility of his Birth; his Affability, his  
gentle Nature, the Beauty and Vivacity of  
his Wit, the Pleasure he takes in hearing  
of new Things, and the Grace with which  
he speaks them himself, are Qualities which  
are hardly to be found any where in that  
excellent degree, as they appear in him; and  
were only to see something extraor-  
dinary, that I ramble about the World,  
I need I give my self the trouble to go so  
far when I should do much better to keep  
near his Person. I examine every thing I see  
with more Curiosity than I naturally have,  
when the time serves I may give a sa-  
tisfactory Account to his Highness: And I  
am well assur'd that when I shall have once  
the Honour to discourse with him about  
these Matters, he will know 'em ever af-  
ter better than I do. The prodigious Me-  
rit of this Prince, has been a mighty Com-  
fort to me during my Absence; for having  
the Honour to be in it some time ago, I  
have no question but I have a place there still,



# 84 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

because I can hardly imagine, that I am  
 unfortunate as to be the only thing he  
 forgot. His Highness, who never for  
 a Tribune nor an *Ædile*, nor even a  
 gionary Soldier, who has once been nam  
 in History, will not, I believe, forget  
 of his humble Servants; and the w  
 Globe being in his Imagination better  
 presented than in any Map, let me go  
 so far, I need not fear for that to go out o  
 Honour of his Remembrance. Neverthe  
 I humbly intreat you, Sir, (you who  
 so much Goodness, procure me all for  
 Honours and Advantages) to find an  
 portunity to tell my Lord, how much  
 fire to have the Honour to kiss his H  
 and the Prayers I make continually  
 Life of so great Consequence to all  
 kind. If after this I desire any thing  
 of you, 'tis only that you would be ple  
 to take care that time shall diminish no  
 of what you have so liberally given m  
 your Affection: But see, how far the  
 cess of mine has carried me, that it m  
 me doubt the most generous Man a  
 You who know, Sir, that in all those  
 love much, there are always some Mot  
 that are not conformable to Reason, part  
 I beseech you, this Fear, and consider th  
 am excusable, being with so much Passi

*Tours,*

*Voiture's Familiar Letters.* 85

*my Lady Abbess, to thank her for  
the Cat which she sent him.*

*By Mr. Oldys.*

*Madam,*

Was so perfectly yours before, that I imagin'd you ought to have believ'd there was no need of Presents to secure me you, nor that you shou'd have contriv'd to catch me like a Rat, with a Cat. However I must needs own, that your Liberty has created in me some new Affection for you; and if there had been yet nothing in my Soul that was stragling in your Service, the Cat you sent me caught it, and now it is intirely your own. 'Tis certainly the most beautiful and best Cat that e're was seen: The greatest Cat of *Spain*, is but a dirty Puss compar'd to him; and *Rominagrobis* himself, as you know, Madam, is Prince of the Cats, has no better a Mein, nor can better out his Interest. I can only say, that 'twas very hard to keep him in, and that of all that brought up in Religion, he is the most easie to be confin'd to a Cloyster. He never sees a Window open, but im-

## 86 Voiture's *Familiar Letters*.

mediately he is for jumping out of it; had e're this leap'd twenty times over Walls, had he not been prevented; there is no Secular Cat in Christendom is more a Libertine, or more head-struck than he. I am in hopes, however, that I shall perswade him to stay by the Entertainment I give him; for I treat him with nothing but good Cheese & Naples-Biskets; and perhaps (Madam) was not so well treated by you: For I fear the Ladies of——don't suffer their Cats to go into their Cupboards, and that the Austerity of the Convent won't afford 'em such good Chear. He begins to grow tame already; Yesterday I thought very much he had torn off one of my Hands in wanton Addresses. 'Tis doubtless, one of the most playful Creatures in the World; there's neither Man, Woman nor Child in my Lodging, that wears not some Mark of his Favour. But however lovely he is in his own Person, it shall always be for your sake that I esteem him; and I love him so well, for the Love I have for you, that I hope to give occasion to all the Proverb, and that hereafter it shall be said, *Who Loves me, Loves my Cat*. If I besides this Present you will give me the same, even that you promis'd me; and if you will

*Voiture's Familiar Letters. 87*

me the little Dog in a Hand-basket  
of these Days, you may as proudly say  
you have given me all the sorts of  
things that I love, and ev'ry way oblig'd  
to be, all the Days of my Life,

*Tours &c.*

---

*Comical Letter, out of the famous  
Monsieur de Colletier, to Mada-  
moiselle de Choux.*

*By Sir D. Clark, Kt.*

*Madam,*

Id you ever see an Almanack in your  
Life? You'll say this is an odd Que-  
stion. I'll give you the Reason then, why  
I ask'd it: There's an odd sort of a Fellow  
very pictur'd in it, Madam, with the  
devil knows how many Darts in his Body.  
What of him? cry you. Why Madam,  
only a Type of your humble Servant,  
that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has so pink'd  
all over with his confounded Arrows,  
by my Troth, I look like—— let me  
ask, like what; —— like your Ladiship's  
Pin-



## 88 *Voiture's Familiar Letters.*

Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; Madam, while I was Star-gazing 't'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropped plumb into your Fish-pond, by the false Token, that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny, but I had been drown'd, for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for my self, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish, that were plentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. So of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Lordship, as well as of, Madam,

*Your most devoted Slave,*

COLLETT

---

*The End of the first Volume of Voiture's Letters*

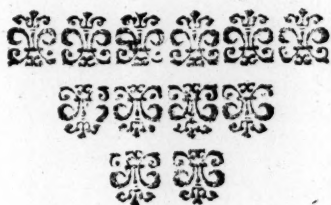
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*Translated*

TRANSLATIONS  
AND  
ORIGINAL  
Letters.

By Mr. *T. Brown.*

Part the Second.



L O N D O N,

Printed for S. B. and Sold by *J. Nutt*  
near *Stationers-Hall*, 1701.



---

Twelve Select

P I S T L E S,

O U T O F

R I S T Æ N E T U S,

Epist. 2. Lib. 1.

---

*Translated from the GREEK, by Mr. Brown.*

---

Was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferiour to the Graces in nothing but their Numbers, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me in the following manner :

A a

What-



2      *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

Whatever you may think of the matter, Sir, you have made two Conquests to-night by your Voice: Love has found a way to our Souls thro' our Ears; we are both subdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a long Debate with our selves, which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion however is as positive that the Compliment was designed for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controversie among our selves, which had like to have engaged us in a civil War, we both agreed to have it determined by your self.

Why, faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to whom you are both of you very Handsome; the Duce take me if I am in love with either of you: therefore I wou'd advise you as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarrel about such an insignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Actions of Hostility cease, and live like good Neighbours together. Not but that I believe I cou'd be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other time, but at present my Heart is engaged else-where; and I am confident I shall never have more Generosity and Justice than to usurp the Property of another, or to take away with the Leavings of Love.

# Aristænetus's *Epistles*. 3

h! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham.  
 re is not one handsome Woman in this  
 ter of the Town, yet you pretend to  
 Love; 'tis plain we have caught you  
 Story, therefore you shall swear that  
 ove neither of us.

cou'd not but laugh at the Proposal:  
 , Ladies, said I, every thing about  
 at your Service; but I have a tender  
 cience, and wou'd not willingly be  
 r'd.

hat is as we would have it, said one  
 n; we knew the Truth wou'd come  
 ne way or other, therefore resolve to  
 along with us, for we won't lose so  
 n Opportunity. With that both the  
 ofels fell a tugging and hawling me for-  
 ; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt  
 er; but you know the Proverb, *Two*  
*is odds at Foot-ball*; so I was forc'd to  
 it to my Destiny, and go along with  
 whither they were pleas'd to lead me.  
 t the Story may be read or heard by  
 e World, but what follows is a Secret:  
 ort, not to set your Mouth a Water-  
 with a Description of every Particular,  
 s carried to a Room, where we made  
 temporary Bed of Chairs and Stools;  
 ingenious is Love when it is put to its  
 s. The two good natur'd Nymphs

A a 3

were

4 *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

were not disappointed ; and your humble  
 Servant went off well satisfied with his good  
 Fortune.

---

*Glycera to Philinna.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 3. Lib. 2.*

SOME ill Demon certainly ow'd me  
 Spite, (by the same Token he more  
 than got out of my Debt) when I was  
 seduced to marry this dull Plegmatick Lawyer  
 of mine ; for I'll tell you after what  
 horrid rate he uses me : Every Night, with  
 other Husbands, as in Duty bound, for  
 their poor Wives a Bed, my Man of Law  
 sits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to  
 draw for my Lord —— and then, says  
 I'm to make a Speech in the Court to morrow  
 for my Client Sir *John* —— and  
 have it not by heart, there will be the Devil  
 and all to do ; with that he walks about  
 his Room in a meditating Posture, to make  
 believe he is in earnest, mumbling I know  
 not what unintelligible Stuff to himself  
 Since he has not Assets enough, as far as I  
 can perceive, to discharge the Debt of Mar-  
 trimony, why should he marry, I wonder

*Aristanetus's Epistles.* 5

flame his Reckoning? Why shou'd a  
 that doth not want a Wife to humble  
 Constitution, pretend to Monopolize a  
 ing Virgin to himself, especially when he  
 ts either Will or Ability to do her Ju-  
 ? Did he chuse to make me his Spouse,  
 to deafen me with impertinent Stories  
 executions, Answers, Ejectments, and  
 ertinent Decrees? Did he think I cou'd  
 prove such a supple Slave, as to sit up  
 ight to hear him? Since I find he puts  
 Bed-chamber to no other use, than to  
 hane it with nasty Petty-fogging, I  
 resolv'd for the future to have a separate  
 by my Self: If this won't reform him,  
 he still continues an incorrigible Sot,  
 lging in other Peoples Business, and  
 ecting mine, I am resolv'd to give him  
 owland for his *Oliver*, and to speak to  
 e more able Council to manage my  
 y-case. This I hope is enough to make  
 comprehend my Meaning: you are a  
 ble Woman, experienc'd in these Af-  
 , and therefore a Hint is sufficient.  
 sider then, my dear Friend, and tell  
 how I must play this Game. You are  
 Woman, and understand the Necessities  
 ur Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my  
 ase to you in down-right Terms, (for  
 Modesty wou'd not give me leave to



do that) yet since you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctress, and prescribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reason I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and besides have a good Talent in Composing of Differences, shou'd assist my Friend at this Juncture: Besides you had a great hand in making this wedded Match, you are obliged in Honour to make it supportable to me. But above all it will be requisite to be very secret, shou'd my litigious Blade come to hear of this. I apply my self to other Council, he may reject me for good and all, and so when I get in the Hundred, I must expect to be in the County.

---

*Cyrion to Dictys.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 1.*

**D**istracted between Joy and Grief I write the following Lines to you. Yesterday I was at my old Recreation Fishing by the Sea-side, and as I was drawing a thundring Fish out of the Water, very large that it made my Rod crack in gain, behold there comes to up me a pre

osel, with a lovely mixture of Roses  
Lilies in her Cheeks, tall and straight as  
a Cedar that likes the Ground it grows in.  
I thought I to my self, I'm a lucky Dog to  
see Fortune favours me in both Elements,  
now I am like to get a better Prize at  
sea than I drew just now out of the Water.  
My Honest Friend, cries she, I conjure you  
Neptune, to look after my Cloaths a little,  
that I wash my self in the Sea. This Re-  
quest, you may imagine, was not unwel-  
come to me, because it wou'd give me an  
opportunity to see something. She had no  
sooner thrown off her Rigging; but, good  
Heavens! there was a sight enough to have  
defeated the most Virtuous Resolutions of the  
wisest Philosopher: From between her  
Hair, which was of a lovely Black, and  
which had down her Shoulders in great Quanti-  
ties, I discover'd a pair of Rosie Cheeks, and  
a Ivory Neck, that wholly possess'd me with  
Admiration and Surprise: both these Co-  
lours were in the highest perfection, but  
they deriv'd no little agreement from the  
Neighbourhood of the Black. To return to  
my Nymph, she had no sooner undress'd,  
but she plung'd foremost into the Waves.  
The Sea was as smooth as a Bowling-green,  
when she appeared above the Water,  
I not seen her before, I durst have sworn  
she

she had been one of the *Nereids*, of which the Poets tell us so many Stories. When she had washed as long as she thought fit, out she came; and from such a figure this, our Painters, I suppose, were instructed how to draw *Venus* rising out of the Sea. I immediately ran to my lovely *Damocles* to deliver her her Cloaths, and when she was so near me, cou'd not forbear to touch her Bubbles, and so forth. But to see what Fate attends me! The young Gipsie blushed and frown'd at me: But even her very anger became her; it gave a fresh Lustre to her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Light at me. Then in her Indignation she broke my Rod, flung my Fish into the Sea, and ran away from me, as fast as her Legs would carry her. Imagine in what a Confusion I was left me. I lamented the loss of what I had taken with so much Pains; but the loss of her, whom I had as it were in my Hand, afflicted me infinitely more. This disappointment, in short, so mortifies me, that I dare no longer trust my self with the Idea of it.

## Philochorus to Polyænus.

*Out of the same, Epist. 4. Lib. 1.*

last Week *Hippias* and I were taking  
a turn in the Park, when on a sudden  
he accosted me: Friend, says he, prithee  
show me that Lady yonder that leans upon her  
Friend's Arm. How tall! how straight! how  
well featur'd she is! By Heavens, She's a  
specimen of a Woman: Let us e'en cross  
the Park and accost her. Why, replied  
he, you're mad I think: Unless I  
am mistaken in her Outside, she's a Wo-  
man of Vertue, and consequently no Game  
for such as you and I: But if you resolve  
to proceed, let us view her a little more di-  
stantly before we board her, for I love to  
speak about me before I leap. My Compa-  
ny fell a Laughing, as if he had been di-  
vided, and striking me gently on the  
shoulder, Thou'rt a Novice, said he, I find  
thy Case Affairs. Take it from me, all the  
Women in the World are made of sinful  
materials. One may have more Hypocrisie  
than another, but if you put it home to her,  
I engage you'll find her made of true Flesh  
& Blood. But alas, you are a perfect  
Stranger



Stranger to the Town-intrigues, other how cou'd you imagine that any Woman of Honour wou'd be walking here at this time of the Day, and dart her Glances so fully on all she meets? Prithee observe how she plays with her Necklace, how she steals her pretty Hand out of her Glove, and as if she went to reform some Disorder in her Dress, how dexterously she discovers her Breasts? From these and a thousand other Indications I conclude this Lady won't let a Man sigh at her in vain: but what is more convincing now tipt the Wink at her, and she as kind return'd it; therefore let us go and board the Vessel, for I dare engage she'll make Resistance. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he makes directly to the Place above mentioned, and finding a fit Opportunity, he thus made his Addresses to her. I swear by your Beauty, the most sacred Oath to me that can be, you have made your self in a Moment the absolute Sovereign of my Heart; and if you please to order that Eves-dropping Maid of yours, retire to some distance, I have something to communicate to you, which perhaps you will not be displeas'd to hear. She accordingly commanded her Attendant to go off, when the other in this manner pursu'd

*Aristænetus's Epistles.*      **II**

discourse, As I know that Love is no  
elion to live upon Air, I am not so un-  
nable as to demand any Favours of you  
: And, on the other hand, Madam, I  
re you are too conscientious to put too  
Price on 'em. Gold, you know, may  
o dearly bought; but I hope you'll  
ly with the running Market-Price; I  
Madam, two things to plead for me,  
ur and Wealth, but I wou'd by my  
Will husband both of 'em so, as to  
'em hold out: Come give me your  
er. The Lady's Eyes sufficiently de-  
the Consent of her Heart; she stood  
nd blush'd, and such a beautiful Red  
'd her Cheeks, as we find in the Hea-  
when the Sun is just a setting. When  
riend found the Bargain was now as  
as struck, he turn'd about to me; And  
do you think now of my Skill in these  
s? you would have dissuaded me  
th, from this Expedition, but now  
e how I have succeeded; for, at the  
ce of a few Words and a little Time  
e brought the Nymph to surrender.  
las! are such a Heretick, as to believe  
are Women in the World above Flat-  
Corruption and Bribery, but you are  
amn'd Mistake; follow me, and I'll  
you some Sport: but in the mean  
time

12      *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

time take this for granted, That there  
Garrison so strong, and no Woman  
stinately vertuous, but by one Practi  
other, both may be brought to take a  
Master.

---

*Lamprias to Philippides.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 16. Lib.*

**Y**OU remember me troubl'd with  
the Symptoms of Love, and desirous  
to know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd to  
certify my Passion in the Fields and Forests  
Groves, which instead of abating, grew  
every Day fiercer, and rag'd more violent  
in my Breast. As I walk'd by the pure  
Streams, May *Cupid*, said I, and his  
companions, (for they, and only they, know  
the Torments I languish under) give me  
rage enough to make a Declaration of my  
Passion, which hitherto I have stifl'd  
in me. As Love has transfixt with his  
arrow this tender Breast of mine, so I hope he  
will in the same manner, treat the fair  
Lamprias, who has given me so many cruel  
quietudes. One Day it happened that

amused my self with these Contem-  
ns in the Woods, I found I had Re-  
on enough to venture an Interview  
my Mistress. I went accordingly to  
house, and had a long Conversation  
her, wherein I found the Beauties of  
kind, to be not at all inferior to those  
Face: Her Looks wore all the be-  
ing Marks of the most agreeable In-  
ce; I admir'd her Hand, the whitest  
oftest in the World: I viewed with  
Horror, those killing Eyes, that pe-  
e quicker and deeper than Lightning.  
ompleat my Ruin, she show'd me a  
ous pair of Breasts as it were by acci-  
on which the God of love himself,  
be proud to recline his Head. All  
hile my Tongue was tied with a re-  
Awe, and I had not Assurance  
n to acquaint her with my Pain.  
ver, I was very intent on my mental  
ion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that since  
w my Imbecillity so well (which I  
y imputed to himself) he would so  
ally touch my Mistress's Heart that  
her own accord, should own her Af-  
for me. I had no sooner concluded  
ious Ejaculations, but I found the  
ad heard my Prayers; for my Mi-  
who look'd so Coy and Demure at  
my



## 14      Aristænetus's *Epistles*.

my first coming into the Room, on the  
den, smiled very graciously upon me,  
gently squeez'd me by the Hand; and  
no longer able to conceal the Vehement  
of her Desires, she imprest so warm  
on my Lips, that I was in good hopes,  
Seal wou'd never have parted from  
Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the Happy*  
all the fragrant Odours of the East  
World, all the blooming Beauties of  
Spring, and the Wealth of Summer  
short, all the Incense that is offer'd on  
Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely  
of the natural Sweetness of her Breath.  
here I will stop my Narration, for  
need I trouble my self to send every Particular  
to you, who are old enough to imagine  
'em of your self. Only this I will  
That we strove all Night long, which  
us should express their Love in the  
Emphatical Manner; and that, that fatal  
Intruder, sleep found us too well employ'd  
to offer to interrupt us.

## Philomatia to Eumusus.

*Out of the same, Epist. 14. Lib. i.*

HIS comes to let you know that we are not so bewitched to Musick as imagine, and that the best Lute and Harp in the World will make but little Pleasure, unless it comes attended with the powerful Harmony of Money. Why do you give your self and me the unnecessary trouble of so many Serenades? Why do you imploy your Hands to shew the Motion of your Heart? Why do you perfume your Rooms with your Sonnets, and sing under your Windows?

*Since Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,  
And 'tis a Shame to be a Maid;  
Let not Love's Pleasures be delay'd.*

}  
}

We are old enough, one wou'd think, to know that Money atones for all Defects in us Women, and that Beauty and Virtue have no Merit with us, if they have not Money to recommend 'em: But you think it is too easy, foolish, good-natur'd Creatures who are so easily imposed on by any flattering Stories. You fancy'd, I sup-

B b

pose,

16 *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

pose, that I never had been initiated in the Mysteries of our Profession, and that I wou'd immediately surrender to you, at the first stroak of your Violin, and the touch of the Lute; but to undeceive you, know that I was bred up under the experienc'd Mistress of her time; who form'd my tender Mind with whole Precepts; telling me, that nothing under the Sun was sincere or desirable but Modesty, and teaching me to despise every thing but that. Under her Instructions, and by her virtuous Example, I have profited so far, that I now measure Love, not by empty Compliments, that signify nothing, but by the Presents that are made, and by the Almighty Rhetorick of Conscience, which will stand my Friend, when all other stand such fluttering Weather-cocks as have left me in the Lurch.

---

*Terpsion to Polycles.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 2.*

**T**O convince you how insensibly Love gets Admission into the most decent Hearts, be pleas'd to read over  
 follow

ving Story : A young Country Girl,  
 desperately in Love with her Mistress's  
 nt, and took Fire herself, while she  
 buted to extinguish that of others.  
 obliged to keep Watch upon the  
 lest the Lovers shou'd be surpriz'd,  
 ou'd not but often hear their Mur-  
 g and Sighing : She saw 'em too  
 in one anothers Embraces, perform-  
 the Ceremony of Love; and thus  
 gh the Eyes and Ears of this tender  
 the God of Love, with his Torch  
 Arrows plung'd himself over Head  
 ars in her panting Breast. She be-  
 d the Unhappiness of her Condition,  
 ccus'd her Destiny for giving her a  
 susceptible of the most tender Im-  
 ons, yet, denying her the Means to  
 them : Why shou'd not I, said she,  
 pte Pleasure with my Mistress,  
 I have a Soul as sensible as hers?  
 shou'd Love, that tramples over all  
 ctions of Rank and Quality, shew  
 t faint hearted only in my Quarrel?  
 he did not long afflict herself with  
 unprofitable Complaints. *Venus* wou'd  
 offer her to lose the Time in lazy  
 es, for being sent one Afternoon to  
 the Gallant to her Mistress's Lodg-  
 without any farther Preamble or Pre-



face, she accosted him in this manner  
said she, *I believe you to be a Gentleman  
willing to ease the Longing of a young Woman.  
If my Face will go down with you, that  
the rest of my Body are at your Service,  
know well enough what it is to Love,  
therefore will have Compassion, I hope,  
that languishes under that Distemper.*

Gentleman without farther ado, tooke  
at her word, and was so courteous  
play the Priest, since she was so willing  
be the Sacrifice. He soon eased her  
that Burden she complain'd of, and  
that he ne'er received more pleasure  
Life. The Kisses of married Women  
generally insipid; the Kisses of mer-  
Harlots are fallacious and deceitful;  
those of an innocent, uninstructed  
are sincere, and consequently the most  
licious. Our Lovers had like to  
fainted away under the Violence of  
Agitation; their Souls kept hovering  
their Mouths, but their uninter-  
Kisses denied them a Passage: While  
golden Minutes pass'd away in these  
sports, the Mistress, who was seized  
a Fit of Jealousy to see them stay so  
stole softly into the Room, and  
zed them in very criminal Circumstances.  
The unhappy Maid found the first

Indignation, whom she thump'd  
 at, and dragg'd by the Hair, but the  
 Wench intreated her to consider, that  
 her ill Stars had sent her a Slave into  
 this World, which was none of her Fault,  
 and as strong Inclinations as the best  
 Sex: that Love was an Imperious  
 ; and when he had once got En-  
 into a Heart, wou'd not throw up  
 possession, as she her self cou'd not but  
 by Experience. Wherefore, Madam,  
 she, in consideration of Love, who is  
 common Master, and whose Yoak both  
 carry, be pleased to forgive this In-  
 cision in me: which, after the worst  
 you can put upon it, was only the  
 effect of a foolish Curiosity, from which  
 most of Women are not exempt. These  
 complaints so innocently deliver'd, soon  
 assuag'd her Mistress's Fury, who, taking  
 her by the Hand, thus rallied him;  
 she, *you are of the Humour of*  
*People, who had rather gather sour*  
*fruits, than stay till they are Ripe. What*  
*make you so foolishly trifle your time with*  
*raw Baggage, that is so far from know-*  
*ing how to perform her part in the Chorus of*  
*that she does not yet understand how to*  
*offer Kisses aright. A Virgin is dull and*  
*and unacquainted with the true Ma-*

nagement of a Passion; whereas such a man, as I am, that has tried many a Fall many a Man in her time, needs not the instructions of any one, but gives the utmost satisfaction: In short, a Woman gives, but a Virgin only receives Kisses, which makes a sensible Difference between them; And this, continued she to her Spark, you know me enough; but, if you want to have your Me refresh'd, come to me to Night, and I will make you own I am in the right.

What happen'd upon this, I can't tell; neither am I curious to know, because Men affect to Govern themselves by their own peculiar Palates, but especially in the Business of Love.

*A Letter of Gallantry, from a young Gentleman, to his Perjured Mistress.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 2.*

**I**F you consider, Madam, what ill Treatment I have had from your Hands, you are in the right on't to believe that I love you most mortally; but then if you re-

an absolute Empire your Beauty has  
over my Soul, you can't but be sen-  
sible that it is impossible for me to harbour  
the least injurious Thought of you. To  
show you how far I interest my self in  
anything that concerns you, I swear to  
you by that adorable Face, which hath  
achieved so perfect a Conquest of me, That  
if to the Grief of losing you, I am in the  
place concern'd to think what Punish-  
ment Heaven has in store for you, for af-  
fording it by so open, so bare-fac'd a Per-  
jury. Love has so effectually stiff'd all Re-  
pentments within me, that I dare not en-  
tertain the least disadvantageous Wishes  
against you. But tho' I am ready to for-  
give you, I am afraid lest the Powers a-  
bove shou'd call you to an account for vio-  
lating their Majesty by a Crime so pro-  
fane. If the thing wholly depended on  
you might safely stare Heaven in the  
face after you have so often called down  
vengeance on your Head ; but my Fear  
and my Concern for you, obliges me  
(to tell you so much) that the Gods will  
be so ready to pardon you, as I have  
been ; and any Misfortune of yours wou'd  
hurt me more, than to find my self neg-  
lected and forgotten by you. I impute my  
sorrows to Destiny, not to you, (you see



Madam, I would rather judge injuries of Heaven than of your self) and I never cease to pray, that Justice it self be blind, that so you may escape the punishment you deserve, rather than that bright Eyes should suffer any thing, they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, should be your chance to trespass more, and offend Heaven again, I hope will have a due Regard to the Weakness of your Youth. I am content to sacrifice my Pretensions to you; I, who would sooner part with the *Indies* than your self, provided that you be no Sufferer. Farewel charming Creature, farewell; and may Fate be as indulgent to you, as I have been: Show me now if you can, a Letter like me, who after such cruel Usage, writ so humble a Letter.

---

*Abrocomas to his dear Delphi*

*Out of the same, Epist. 21. Lib. 2.*

**Y**ou'll be angry perhaps at the first Confession, I am going to make you. I examine with curious Eyes all  
 Words

When I see, I go to all the places of public  
 Resort, and no Female escapes me;  
 Madam, don't think I do this to carry  
 any Intrigue with 'em (for I wou'd  
 have you put so unjust a Construction  
 on my Expressions) 'tis only to see how  
 your Beauty surpasses theirs, and to  
 be able to do the more Justice to your Merits.  
 Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I swear it,  
 I never had a devouter Votary than  
 myself, you surpass the rest of your Sex in  
 your Beauty, and all other Agreements:  
 Your Charms are so conspicuous and shining  
 that they need no Artifice to set em  
 off; a natural Red adorns your Cheeks;  
 I never do you lye under any necessity to  
 cover your Head with that cumbersome At-  
 trament which other Women take a Pride in. You  
 have the loveliest Hair in the Universe;  
 Who can behold so black a pair of Eyes,  
 and in so fair and white a Forehead,  
 but not own himself your Slave? I dare  
 trust my Invention, as fertile as it is,  
 is not venturing upon more Particulars. In  
 short, Madam, all the Perfections of your  
 Person center in you; and your Empire is never  
 more complete, as when you appear amongst our  
 celebrated Beauties. Your sight alone,  
 creates our Astonishment, so it com-  
 mends our Love; and to make a new Tri-  
 umph,

24 *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

umph, you need only appear to a new holder: Since my Life is intirely wrapped up in yours, I wish you may live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earnestly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy the Conquest therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlastingly carry Love's Golden Dart in my Breast. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out, besides that, you are not able to do it, I don't desire to part with it, for I take pleasure in nothing so much as in my Passion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be my Fate to be beloved by her, to be subdued by her Beauty, and charmed by her Conversation.

---

*Oceanius to Aristobulus.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 20. Lib. 2.*

**Y**OU desire to know what Progress your Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he has

besieg'd, and I am sorry I cannot send  
 so good News as I cou'd wish: He  
 lay himself down at her Feet, and in the  
 non strain of Lovers; will you not,  
 she, take compassion on my Youth?  
 you not pity one that dies every Mo-  
 for you? Show at least some Ten-  
 ess to the Man, who never was con-  
 d-by any Beauty but yours? But she  
 n'd him a Compliment, as cold as if  
 d come out of the midst of *Tartary*:  
 e persecuting me, says she, with idle  
 es of your Passion, with your preten-  
 Darts, and your Romantick Flames,  
 ou do but lose your Time and Labour.  
 Youth was reduc'd to the last Despair,  
 he found himself thus slighted, and  
 nger on these Occasions generally suc-  
 s to Love, he said the most reproach-  
 bitter things to her, that his Indignati-  
 ou'd inspire him with. When his Fu-  
 d spent it self, looking upon him with  
 fainful Air, I know, says she, how to  
 with the Insolences of your Tongue:  
 ll your Sex are perfidious and false; You  
 . 2. devour us, nay, you devour one another.  
 he most savage Beasts in the Woods, un-  
 ompell'd by Hunger, seldom attack  
 the Travellers, but when they are taken  
 ha you, and have been debauch'd with a  
 Domestic



26 *Aristænetus's Epistles.*

Domestic Education, they prove errant Brutes than any in the Forest; to be shamed with you, your Perjury and Inconstancy teach us to lay aside all pity, and treat you as you deserve: for in the first Ardours of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can say the most submissive things in the World; you can whine and cry, and make us your Goddesses of us; you have Oaths perpetually at command, and with those Counters you deceive us; but no sooner have you granted the last Favours to you, but you grow insolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Manners, and you disdainfully reject her, whom the day before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself about the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Lycó*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invective.

## Chrysis to Myrina.

*Out of the same, Epist. 15. Lib. 11.*

You and I, my dearest *Myrina*, have  
 long languish'd under the Tyranny of  
*Id*, who is the most Fantastical of all the  
 ries. You are in Love with my Husband,  
 'tis my unhappy Destiny, (But who  
 resist the God who commands all the  
 ?) to doat on your Page. What Expe-  
 ct will Love, who uses to be no Block-  
 ed when he is put to his shifts, what Ex-  
 tent, I say, will Love find out to put  
 end to our present Sufferings? You know  
 n a constant Woman at Prayers, and  
 Woman ever prays for any thing in  
 d earnest, you likewise know, 'tis when  
 prays for a kind Gallant. Now to be  
 n with you, I put up a fervent Petition  
 Heaven this Morning, that it wou'd  
 ish a Remedy for both our Passions;  
 en immediately the following Thought  
 e into my Head: I won't be positive,  
 our Priests generally are, that this  
 imsie of mine is of Heaven's inspiring;  
 it seems so easie, so pretty, and so fea-  
 e, that I am resolv'd with your help to  
 it put in Execution.

The

The Stratagem in short is this: Do pretend to be very angry with your Page upon what Occasion you think most proper, whether for tearing your Fan, beating your Squirrel, or so forth, but be sure to turn him out of your House. The better to colour your Business, I will give you leave to strike him a Blow or two, but I article before-hand with you, that you sha'n't hurt him. Upon this I know he will immediately run to me, as being your greatest Acquaintance, and I will take care to dispatch my Servant on an Errand to you, under pretence of interceding for the Boy, that you would be so kind as to take him into your Service again. By this Means both of us will have a fair Opportunity to satisfy our Longings, which, for my part, I will see punctually perform'd, unless your Page is a very ignorant Devil indeed; and I suppose you will not be wanting to your self. But, my dear *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husband with you as long as you can, for that I know will be for our mutual Interest. I can tell you before-hand, that you will be disappointed in my Spark; I that have so often experienc'd how well he performs upon Duty, am satisfi'd he'll do a Heroe, when Wickedness spurs him on. *Farewel.*

## Stesichorus to Eratosthenes.

*Out of the same*, Epist. 9. Lib. 1.

O see now what cunning Gipsies these  
 Women are! T'other Day a certain  
 man of my Acquaintance, walking in  
 Market-place with her Husband by her  
 and a Train of Servants at her heels,  
 a Gallant of hers at some distance off,  
 whom she used to be familiar. She  
 mighty longing to whisper something  
 in his Ear, and if possible to steal a Kiss  
 from him before her Husband's Face; so to  
 get the matter about, she pretends to  
 fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who as  
 soon as he m'd, understood her Design, charita-  
 bly lent her his Hand to help her up: Then  
 she tumbles again, and our Gentle-  
 man was forced the second time to give her  
 Assistance. Oh! my poor wife, cries  
 the Cuckold, in a strange Consternation,  
 how thou hast not hurt thy self. Trou-  
 ble with such cruel Fits, cry'd she; and  
 she made the third Stumble. The  
 Gallant on one side, and the Husband  
 on the other did what in 'em lay to set her  
 on her Legs again, but as her Fits still in-  
 creas'd, the Husband, with the help of the  
 Gentleman, was obliged to carry her  
 to



to the next Tavern: The Gallant ch  
her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and a  
while the Fellow thank'd him for the  
Pains he took with his Wife: but fin  
her Indisposition still increase, he ran  
Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Phys  
of his Acquaintance to her, not darin  
trust his Servants with so important a  
sage. In the mean time, our Lovers  
not wanting to administer mutual C  
lation to each other: So by that time  
Husband came back with his Doctor  
Wife was exceedingly refreshed. The  
lant was complimented a thousand time  
his Civilities on this Occasion: Sir, say  
Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for  
Trouble my Wife has given you. Lon  
answer'd he, if it was to do ten times a  
it would be no trouble. But indeed 'tw  
much, Sir. I'faith, cries the other, I  
think I can ever do too much for her  
swear but you have, says the Husband  
find she hath put you into a Sweat  
helping her. In short they drank a l  
Glas together; the Wife pretended she  
twenty *per Cent.* better than when she  
out in the Morning, the Gallant was h  
satisfy'd with what he had done, and  
Husband the merriest Man alive, to  
Wife so miraculously recover'd

*The End of Aristænetus's Epistles.*

Some Select  
**E T T E R S**  
 O U T O F  
**L I N Y, Junior.**

*By the same Hand.*

to inform the Reader, that in the following Letters, I have not confined myself to a literal Version. Where I found me so perplexed that no certain Sense cou'd be made of it, or where it cou'd not be understood without a Comment, (which wou'd have been ridiculous in such a Collection as this.) I have fairly omitted it, and sometimes made bold to alter a Word or two to make the Author more palatable to the English Reader. As for the Choice I have made of the Letters, if they are not the best I hope they will please.

C c

To

*To his Friend Romanus.*

Lib. 3. Epist. 13.

**A**T your Request, I have sent you  
*Panegyric* I lately deliver'd before  
most incomparable \* *Prince*,  
\* *Trajan.* tho' I had sent it to you, w  
ther you had desired it or no. Now  
have it before you, I must beg you to  
flect upon the Difficulty, as well as  
Nobleness of the Subject. Upon o  
Occasions, the Newness of the Argum  
generally draws our Attention, but he  
was impossible for me to say any th  
which all the World did not know be  
for which Reason, the Reader, ha  
nothing else to employ him, will only m  
the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard ma  
for a man to succeed well, when that,  
only that, is taken notice of. I cou'd  
that the Order, Transitions, and Fig  
cou'd be consider'd at the same time: b  
the most Barbarous Nations, you  
find many that are able to invent be  
somerely, and to express themselves mag  
cently enough; whereas to dispose of th  
in their proper Order, and to vary the  
gures with Art and Judgment, is only  
T

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 33

ent of the Learned. I am of Opinion  
ed, that the sublime and pompous Stile  
ot alway to be used ; for as in a Picture  
ning sets off the Light so well as an art-  
Disposition of the Shades, so an Oration  
o less recommended by the Simplicity  
n Majesty of the Diction. But why  
uld I trouble you with these things, who  
w them so much better than my self?  
he mean time I beg the favour of you,  
mark what places you think want Cor-  
ion; for I shall be the easier inclin'd to  
eve that the rest of the Oration pleases  
when I find you dislike some Passages  
. *Farewel.*

---

*To his Dear Caninius.*

Lib. 8. Epist. 4:

Was the noblest thing you ever at-  
tempted in your Life, to relate the  
*ilian* War in Verse: For, besides the new-  
of the Subject, what can be more Ce-  
s and Fertile, what more Poetical; and,  
ugh we all know it to be true, what  
e seemingly Fabulous? You will have  
ble Occasion to employ all the Stores of

C c 2

your



### 34 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

your Invention: when you talk of Rivers commanded to take a new Course, or bridled by new Bridges, that before were hard to be pass'd in Boats; when you talk of Armies encamp'd on the tops of Precipices, as a mighty King who had grasped the whole Universe in his Imagination, not only deprived of his Kingdom but his Life: In short, when you come to describe two magnificent Triumphs, both of which were celebrated for the Reduction of a Nation held Invincible before: The only and greatest Difficulty will be, to express all this in a Style equal to the Dignity of the Subject; which even you, my Friend, well find to be no easy Task, altho' you have a towering, elevated Genius, capable of the highest undertaking. Some little Trouble too you'll find it, to soften the Names of these Barbarous People, and particularly of their Towns, so as they shall not shock our Ears, when they come into Verse; but there is nothing so harsh and dissonant but what may be made harmonious, or at least tolerable with a little Care and Alteration. Besides, if it were lawful for *Homer* to contract, to extend, and turn Words, even of *Grecian* Extraction, for the better Cadence of his Verse, why shou'd not the same Privilege be allow'd you, especially since it is not affect-

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 35

necessary? Therefore, when after the  
tom of the Poets, you have invoked the  
p of the Muses, and especially of your  
oe, their greatest Patron, whose noble  
nievements and Actions you are going  
ing, weigh Anchor, put up all your  
, and, if ever you did it upon any Occa-  
so now more particularly hoist your  
, display your Colours, and bear down  
all the Force of Wit. These Meta-  
s perhaps may seem too daring for  
e; but why may I not be indulg'd to  
k in the Poetical Language to a Poet?  
this I bargain with you before hand,  
you shall send me your Poem in pieces  
as you finish it: Nay, even before  
have finish'd it, by which means it will  
e the more fresh, like Fruit newly ga-  
d from the Tree. You will tell me 'tis  
ossible that small Fragments shou'd  
e so well as an entire Work, or that a  
ch should be so well liked as a finish'd  
re: I confess it, and therefore I will  
der it as such, and you shall bestow  
st hand upon it at your leisure in my  
ary. To your other Favours give me,  
each you, this farther Mark of your  
dship, as to communicate to me what  
vou'd let no body else see: For tho' I  
the more commend and value your

36 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

Writings, as I see them come out more slowly and more correct, yet I shall be more Love and Honour your self infinitely the more, as you send me these things with most dispatch, in their Undress.

---

*To his Wife Calphurnia.*

Lib. 6. Epist. 7.

**Y**OU send me word, that my Absence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote against your Melancholy but my Letters: 'Tis no finite Satisfaction to me, that I am always in your Thoughts, and that such Trifles contribute to your Diversion. For my purpose to let you see my Case is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours, and the oftner I read them, the more new they seem to me, and I still discover some fresh Beauties in 'em, which I did not observe before. Tho' this in some measure alleviates my Pain, yet it sets me a longing more for your Company; for if your Letters are so sweet and entertaining, what Pleasures may I not expect from your Conversation? Therefore let me conjure you to

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 37

opportunities of Writing to me, tho',  
hinted before, at the same time this  
commerce delights me, it gives me some  
business.

---

*To the Same.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 5.

It is impossible for me to tell you how  
much I regret the want of your  
Company, and I have several good  
reasons for it: In the first place, there is  
none in the case. Then 'tis to be consider'd  
that you and I never lived asunder, which  
is the reason why I pass the greatest part  
of the Night in thinking on you. From  
the same Cause it proceeds, that even in  
Day-time, at those Hours when I used  
to visit you in your Chamber, my Feet of  
their own accord carry me thither, and  
when I miss you, I come back no  
less melancholy and sorrowful, than if you  
had turn'd me out of your Room. The  
only time that I am free from these Inqui-  
ries, is when I am pleading in the *Forum*,  
or drudging for my Friends. Judge then,  
what a mortified Life I lead, when I am



38 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*  
forced to find Relaxation in Labour,  
Comfort in Care and Misery.

---

*To his Friend Ferox.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 13.

**Y**Our last Letter is a convincing Argument that you Study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to you, and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my Meaning is. In the Letter you sent me, shows you did not study for it, so easie and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so difficult, that 'tis impossible that any one should write it, who did not weigh every word, or else you are certainly the happiest Man in the World, if you can write Letters just and exact, without Care and Preparation.

*To Cornelius Tacitus.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 20.

return you your Book which I read  
over very carefully, having marked all  
in the Margin what places I thought  
to be alter'd, and what struck out; For  
no less inclin'd to tell the Truth, than  
willing to hear it. 'Tis a plain Case I be-  
lieve that no Man suffers himself to be so  
easily found fault with, as he that de-  
serves the highest Commendation. And  
I expect my own Book from you  
your Corrections and Amendments.  
The reciprocal Offices of Friendship that  
between us give me no little Satisfac-  
tion, for if Posterity will have any Concern  
in me, I am pleas'd to think that it will  
be with what Amity, and Integrity, you  
and I have lived together. It will be a re-  
markable, and perhaps the only Instance  
in History, that two Men almost of the  
same Age and Quality, and of some Reputa-  
tion for Learning, (I am oblig'd to speak  
more sparingly of you, because at the  
same time I speak of my self) should pro-  
mote one another's Studies so unanimously.  
When

40 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

When I was but young, and you had ly acquir'd a high Character in the World, even then it was my greatest Ambition to imitate and follow you, tho' at new great a Distance. We had then at several Persons of Wit and Learning, were deservedly admired; yet so great a Similitude was there between our Temper and Dispositions, that even then I endeavour'd to Copy after you. For this Reason 'tis no small Satisfaction to me, that wherever there is any Discourse about Learned and Learned Men, you and I are still together; that when your Name is mention'd, the Company immediately mention mine; and that when they prefer a Man to one of us, they mean it of me. But 'tis no matter to me, whether you are mention'd first, for if I am first, only because I am the next to you. It is no question too, but you have observ'd, in the last Wills of the Deceas'd, that there was some particular Difference in Case, you and I have Legacies of the same Value generally bequeathed us. The Conclusion I draw from all this is, That we have the greatest Obligations that can be to entertain the strictest Amity; since our Studies, our Manners, our Repre- sentations; in short, the united Testimony of

*select Letters out of Pliny.* 41

are so many Arguments why the  
Friendship between us shou'd still  
Farewel.

---

*To the same.*

Lib. 6. Epist. 16.

I desire me to send you an Account  
of my Uncle's Death, that you may  
be better able to relate it in your Histo-  
ry. I am obliged to you for this Favour,  
and I see my Uncle's Name will be im-  
mortal, if it has the Honour to be preserv'd  
in your Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die,  
in those great Cities memorable for their Cala-  
mities, in the Universal Desolation of the  
Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himself  
wrote several learned Volumes, which  
will propagate his Memory to future Ages,  
yet Eternity which seems to be intail'd  
on every thing you write, will not a little  
contribute to perpetuate his Name: For  
I reckon those Men happy, who  
by the particular Indulgence of Heaven are  
enabled to do things fit to be transmitted  
to Posterity, or of writing Works, that de-  
serve to be read; but I reckon those the hap-  
piest



42 *Select Letters out of Pliny*

piest of all, who possess both these Advantages: Amongst the Number of these I reckon my Uncle, by means of your well as his own Writings, upon which count I am proud to comply with your fires. My Uncle was then at *Misenum*, the Fleet under his Command in the hour, on the 24th Day of *August*, about of the Clock in the Afternoon; when his Mother came to tell him, that she had seen a far off a Cloud of an unusual Magnitude and Form. He had taken two or three turns in the Sun, after which he bathed himself in cold water, then he lay down and tasted a small repast, and fell to his Books; but upon this alarm called for his Slippers, and got up to the highest part of the House, from whence he might most advantagiously behold this Prodigy. At so great a Distance we cou'd not possibly tell from whence this Cloud arose; afterwards we knew it came from *Mount Vesuvius*: Nothing resembl'd the Smoke on't more than a Pine-tree does, for from its long taper Trunk, it spread it self to a very large Head, the Reason of which I suppose might be, that when the Wind carried it up, began to fail, its own weight made it run out into a great breadth. Sometimes it look'd of a whitish, and some

black gloomy Colour, according as it  
 up with it Earth, or Ashes. My  
 thinking it impossible to make a just  
 tion of this Phænomenon without  
 nearer, commanded a Gally to be  
 ly, and made an offer to take me  
 with him, if I thought convenient.  
 ed my self to him, and answer'd,  
 wou'd pass that Afternoon at my  
 and as it happen'd he had given  
 ething to transcribe. As he was  
 at of the House with his Pocket-  
 his Hand, the Seamen of *Retina*  
 ed at so surprizing a Conflagration  
 Village lay under the Mountain,  
 re was no other way of escaping  
 Sea) begged of him not to expose  
 to a Danger that so imminently  
 ed him. This did not dissuade him  
 his Design, and what he began out  
 of Curiosity, he perform'd with  
 est Resolution imaginable. So he or-  
 e Gally to put out to Sea, and went  
 board it, with an Intention to as-  
 sly those of *Retina*, but the Neigh-  
 Towns, for the Country all along  
 re is extremely well peopled: he  
 his Course towards those places,  
 ence the affrighted Inhabitants ran  
 great Multitudes; nay, he sail'd  
 into

#### 44 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

into the very Mouth of danger, and so free from Fear, that he took particular notice of every Circumstance almost relating to this Eruption. By this shower of Ashes, attended with Pebbles, covered the Deck, falling thicker, and in greater Quantities, as the Ship approach'd nearer to the Shore. Upon this he consider'd a little with himself what he had not best tack about, and Sail'd towards (which the Pilate advis'd he should do) but he told him that Fortune favours the bold, and so ordered him to Sail towards his friend *Pomponianus*, who was at *Stabiae* the other side of the Bay. In this time tho' the danger seem'd to be at some distance, yet upon the first approach *Pomponianus* had order'd all his Family to be carried on Ship-board, being desirous to make his Escape, had not the Wind blown in the contrary Corner. But the same Wind that hindered him, brought a Ship into the Harbour, who perswaded him to be of good Courage, and endeavour'd by his own example to make them overcome afide their fears. After this he bathed, and was very cheerful at Supper, or (when these Dangers is full as great) he feels at least to be so. All this while the Earthquake broke out in several places of the

*esuvius*, which appear'd so much the  
er in so dark a Night : In this strange  
ernation the Country People left  
Habitations, which in their Absence  
levour'd by the Flames, and this my  
urged as an Argument, why it was  
viseable to quit the place where they

After this he compos'd himself to  
and slept very soundly, as those which  
in the next Room and heard him, af-  
, for by reason of the largeness of  
heft, he breathed somewhat of the  
t. But the Court-yard, thro' which  
was a Passage to the Dining-room,  
y this time so cover'd with Ashes  
umice-stones, that there was no get-  
ut of it for him, if he staid never so  
onger ; so being awaked out of his  
he joyn'd *Pomponianus* and his Com-  
who had watched all this while.  
ow they debated among themselves,  
er they shou'd stay within doors, or  
e abroad in the open Air, for the  
quake was so violent, and the Houses  
and stagger'd so, that one wou'd  
thought they had been torn up from  
ery Foundations. When they were  
the Fields, they feared the falling  
Pumice-stones, tho' they were light  
rous, however of the two Dangers,  
this



46 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

this was the least. With my Uncle, Reason overcame Fear, with the rest, Fear overcame another, so they carried torches on their Heads to break the fall of any thing that might fall on 'em. In other places it was Day, but here it was as dark as possibly Night it self cou'd be, though the light was somewhat lessened by the number of Flambeaux and other Lights. Then he was resolved to go to the Sea-shore, and seeing the Sea stood affected, which still continued very Rough and Tempestuous. My Uncle, lying along upon a bundle of Cloaths, called once or twice for cold water, and drank it off. After this the Flame and a smell of Brimstone, which usually precede the Flames, as it made the fire too hot for the rest, so it waked my Uncle, who being supported by two Servants got up; but in an Instant fell down again, saying I suppose suffocated by the sulphureous Vapours, and the orifice of his Stomach closed up, that was naturally weak and puling. Three days after this, his Body was found whole and intire, without the least hurt or mark upon it, and in the same Cloaths he last put on; in a Posture that made him rather look like one who was asleep than dead. While this was pen'd, my Mother and I were at My

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 47

This is nothing to the History, and desired to be inform'd in no other parts, but those that related to the Death of my Uncle. I will therefore conclude, before I do that, give me leave to add, I have given you a true and faithful Account of all that has come to my know-

I leave it to you to pick out what I think most proper for your Purpose; it is one thing to write a Letter, and another to write a History; one thing to write to a Friend, and another to address myself to all the World. *Farewel.*

---

*To Sura.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 27.

YOU and I are both at Leisure, you to teach, and I to be inform'd; I have long while earnestly desired to know, whether there are any such Things in Realities Spectres, or whether they are only the results of a fearful Imagination: For my part, I am inclined to believe the former, by what happened, as I have been told in the Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was going up and down a Portico towards

Dd

the

# 48 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

the Evening, when the Shape of a Woman appear'd to him, but much bigger than the Life, and much more beautiful. This unexpected Sight strangely surprized him when the Phantome told him she was come, and came on purpose to tell him his fortune; adding that he was going to Rome where he should be advanced to the greatest Honours; that he should return to this Province in Quality of Governor and there die. Every thing exactly happened as the Spectre foretold. The next day he goes, that as he was sailing for Capri and coming out of the Ship, the very same Figure met him upon the Shore, which he tell Sick, and remembring what she had formerly told him, gave over all hopes of Recovery, before the Physicians told his Case dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much stranger so it is more terrible than the other. There was a large and stately House at Antium but untenanted, by reason of the ill Neighbour it lay under; for in the depth of the Night you might hear a Noise like that of dragging of Chains, which at first seem'd to be further off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: At last a Ghost appeared in the Shape of a old man, Lean and thin, with a long beard, and the Hair

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 49

matted; It had Fetters about its Legs,  
Manacles on its Hands, which it shak-  
ed rattled. These strange Noises di-  
sturbed the Neighbourhood so, that few or  
could sleep for them; some fell Sick  
watching so long, and their Fears in-  
creasing, died soon after; for tho' the Spe-  
cialty was not visible in the Day, yet their  
Imagination still represented it to their Eyes,  
the Fear begot another: For this Rea-  
son no one would dwell in the House, but  
it stood empty, and was left wholly to the  
Devil, to play his Midnight-frolicks in;  
however, there was a Bill put over the  
Door to signify that the House was to be  
Sold, if by chance they cou'd meet  
Chapman, who knew nothing that  
it was haunted. It happened that one  
Cicero, a Philosopher, coming to  
London, read the Bill, enquired after the  
House, and suspecting there was something  
unordinary in the Matter, because it was  
sold so cheap, he informs himself of  
the Neighbours, who fairly acquainted him  
with the whole Business: He was so far  
from being discouraged by it, that it made  
him more eager to strike a Bargain.  
When it began to grow dark, he order'd a  
Room to be made for him in a Room that  
looked out into the Street; he call'd for Paper, Ink,



50 *Select Letters out of Pliny.*

and Candle, and ordered all his Servants to withdraw; he employ'd his Mind, Eyes, his Hands in Writing, left his Imagination, having nothing to employ himself might be at leisure to create Visions and Spectres: All the former part of the Night the Scene continued quiet enough, at last he heard the rattling of Iron, and shaking of Chains. Our Philosopher did no more than much as lift up his Eyes to see what was the Matter, not left off Writing, but endeavour'd all he could to neglect it; the Noise still increasing; and moving nearer, sometimes it seem'd to be within, sometimes without the Room, at last a *modorus* look'd behind him and saw it, as the Neighbours had described it to him. It stood still, and beckon'd with its Finger like a Man that calls to another. He on the other side makes a sign with his Hand that it should tarry a little for him, and return to Writing again. All this while the Noise rattled his Chains over his Head, he writ, and he looking behind him, that it beckoned to him as before, he took up his Candle in his Hand, and followed it: The Ghost walked leisurely along as if its Chains did hinder it, that it turn'd into the Court-yard, and immediately vanish'd under Ground.

Philosoph

*Select Letters out of Pliny.* 51

osopher took some Leaves and Herbs  
he might know the Place again; the  
Day he goes to the Magistrates of the  
and advised 'em to dig in the place  
this happen'd: which they accord-  
did, and found a parcel of Bones  
about with Iron-Chains formerly be-  
g to a Body, which Time, and the  
together had putrified. These reli-  
were publicly Buried, after which the  
was haunted no more. I am inclin'd  
ieve this Story, having had it so confi-  
affirm'd to me. — I earnestly in-  
you to bestow a little Consideration to  
me better upon this Point. 'Tis a  
st worthy of your deepest Enquiry,  
confess I am not worthy to have you  
communicate your Learned Thoughts to  
Although you can plead on both sides,  
manage an Argument either *pro* or *con*,  
Custom of the Gentlemen at the Bar  
I beg you not to employ that Talent  
but fairly to determine the Point, be-  
I wou'd not be dismiss'd uncertain or  
suspence, since this is the Reason of  
giving you this Trouble, *Farewel.*

*The End of Pliny's Select Epistles.*

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LETTER  
OUT OF  
Mons. FOUTENEL

---

*Made English by the same Hand*

---

—To Mademoiselle de J—

*Upon sending to her a Boar in a Pasture  
had like to have wounded him at the C*

*Madam,*

I Have ran the greatest Risk in  
World, but at last my Enemy  
feated, and now I send him to you  
to his good Behaviour in Pye-crust. I  
ordered him to be well Spiced and seasoned  
with Salt, to preserve the Memory of  
Triumph. Had I been acquainted  
the Receipt of the ancient Ægyptians  
wou'd have embalm'd him, and m

M

ny of his Body: By that means he  
have lasted numberless Ages, but it  
ily falls out with us Moderns, that  
ve no other secret but this of

Imagine that this Animal you see  
you, had no great mind that I should  
n: As soon as he saw me, away he  
er'd as if the Devil had been behind  
out on a sudden turn'd full upon me  
felonious Intent to Murder me. Up-  
ich I deliberated with my self what  
best to do. I cou'd not tell but you  
have set him against me, for when-  
see any thing that is dismal or terri-  
immediately conclude that it comes  
you. But after I had well examin'd  
ear's Countenance, I cou'd not find  
e came upon any such errand. There  
another Difficulty still behind, and that  
to know, whether I had not best die  
an end to those cruel Torments you  
me suffer; but there was too much  
terest I thought to take that course,  
humbly conceiv'd it was for your  
ship's Honour, that a Lover so faith-  
I, shou'd live, altho' he did not find  
count in it. Thus the Zeal that I  
or your Glory cost the poor Boar his  
who little imagin'd he had to deal  
n Adversary, that was animated by



so powerful a Motive. In short, I shou'd be a Gentleman dead upon the Spot; and my Brother Boars I presume will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, than I can pick a Quarrel with such as preserve their Lives on purpose for you. I shou'd be the happiest Man in the Universe, Madam, if you wou'd feed heartily upon him on my Revenge, for having been so impudently put me in peril of my Life; and if your Consideration would make him go down the better with you, I am,

*Your most Obedient,*

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*To Monsieur C—*

*Upon the Cartesian Philosophy.*

**S**O then 'tis a plain Case, I find you have lost your Understanding, and seems you are turn'd Philosopher of the School, and what is more, you belong to that School of Philosophy, which is the oddest in the World. Among other Heretical Doctrines you maintain that there are no such things as Colours: Nay you pretend that Bodies are Machines, and move by Clock-work. In fine, you turn things topsie turvy

ange a rate, that a Man can't tell what  
it to. I ſpoke of it the other day to  
m B—— who is very much your  
d, and is heartily afflicted, at the loſs  
ur Reason: I dare ſwear ſhe wou'd  
le *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters if  
d him in the Room; for in ſhort, his  
ſophy is not to be endured in a Chri-  
Country; it robs the Ladies of their  
y, and makes them all as ugly as  
nes. If there is no ſuch thing as Co-  
there's conſequently no ſuch thing  
fine Complexion; and what will be-  
then of the Lilies and Roſes in the  
ks of our great Beauties? You'll  
off but ſcurvily, let me tell you, if  
think to appeaſe them, by ſaying that  
urs are in the Eyes of thoſe that look  
on them, and not in the Objects them-  
ſelves. The Ladies won't depend upon the  
of other Men for their Complexion,  
re reſolv'd to hold it of themſelves and  
the Courteſie of every Spectator. If  
are no Colours in the Night, our  
d Mr. N—— is finely brought to  
who fell in Love with Madam L——  
y upon the ſcore of her fine Face, and  
ed her. It wou'd be a great Morti-  
on to him, after having believed that  
s the fineſt red and white in the Uni-  
verſe

verse between his Arms, to find there such thing as red and white in Nature. if the Complexion is a cheat upon our Senses, what will you say to those Ladies practise the Mystery of Painting, and on the Carnation and the White as the as Plaister? 'Tis certain nothing can be more real, and so these Ladies will enjoy a Privilege above the rest of their Sex, to mean that of having a true Complexion, however all the World are of another Opinion, and will positively tell you that this is not true.

I desire you to answer this Argument at your leisure; but this is not all, for Madam *De B* — and my self have found out another Objection against your Philosophy, which you'll find it no easie matter to solve. You pretend that Beasts are no less Machines than Watches; now I dare engage that if you put a certain Machine call'd a Dog, and another Machine call'd a Bird together in the same Room, there will result a third little Machine from their responding together; whereas you will keep two Watches together as long as they live, nay, till Dooms-day if you please, and they will never produce a third Watch between 'em. Now Madam *B* — I find by our Philosophy, that any

*Monsieur Fountenelle.* 57

that have the faculty to produce a  
out of themselves, are of a Class  
superiour to that of Machines. We  
you time to consider of an Answer to  
Objections, for we know very well  
you must consult your Books, before  
be able to do it. Madam B——  
your word by me, that she will not  
have a Visit from you, before you have  
some Reparation to her Complexion:  
for me, I assure you, I am a Piece of  
work newly wound up, to go in  
Service, and am

*Your most Obedient Servant.*

---

*To Madam D—— V——*

*on sending her a Black and a Monkey.*

*Madam,*

*Eric*, to oblige you, has exhausted  
herself, and sends you two of the od-  
Creatures she produces, so that nothing  
will be wanting to make my Present  
complete, if I cou'd send you a Crocodile  
to keep them Company. Both of them are  
perfection, the Black is the saddest Dog  
of



of all Blacks, and the Monkey the malicious Devil of all Monkeys. I assure you, that one of these Beasts, has a mighty Respect for the other, and is a most Admiring of his Ingenuity and Parts. You'll soon discover that this Admirer is the Black. Besides that, it is an Article of Faith among those of his Nation, that the Monkeys have as much Reason as themselves, but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men should clap Pack-saddles upon their Backs, and make them Work for their Living: The Black, Madam, has a particular Esteem for the Monkey, as having lived under the same Roof many Years with him, and has not a jot of Understanding more than he has learnt in his long acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give Madam, and that is to look him frequently in the Face: Our Blacks in France grow tawny, and become of an Olive Complexion, which is enough to scare Lucifer out of his Senses. The Physical Reason of this is, because the Sun is not strong enough in our Climate to keep up that charming Black which it gives 'em in *Africa*; but, Madam, your Eyes, that are so lively and piercing, will supply the defect of the Sun; and will not let him lose an Ace of his prime

C

*Mounſieur Fountenelle.* 59

plexion. I am extremely glad that  
I will always have a *Slave* in your pre-  
sence to represent me; he is not more yours  
than I am; if he gives you any Occasion to  
scold him well Cudgel'd sometimes, to put  
in his mind of his Duty, he something re-  
spects me, for the Devil of Rebellion of-  
tempts me to revolt against you. As  
the Monkey pray don't be surpris'd,  
if you hear Sighs come from him,  
they are strong enough to turn about a  
mill, if you see him pass whole  
days without sleeping a Wink, if you  
find him as Melancholy as a Horse in a  
stable, when he is not in your Company;  
if he eats little and can't divert  
himself in any thing, for I must tell you,  
that like a trusty Servant he has  
lost all this of his old Master, who is,

*Your most Obedient, &c.*

To

*To the Same.**On the Death of her Monkey.*

**I** Am told your Monkey is gone the  
of all Flesh, at which I am exceed  
ly griev'd, for I am like to be a great  
fer by his Decease, since I have no  
now to put you in mind of me but  
Black. The unhappy Creature I sup  
broke his Heart because he was not ab  
imitate me before you, as well as he  
fir'd; indeed there was nothing which  
could not handsomly counterfeit with  
nitely more ease than my Passion; but  
his Destiny light upon all my Rivals  
shall have the Insolence to be the Ap  
my Affection; perhaps too the poor  
drew your Displeasure upon himself  
endeavouring to imitate my Passion,  
so unluckily dy'd of Despair. If it is  
have nothing left me to do, but to im  
him in my turn, and to die after him  
am inform'd you have shed some T  
for him; it is something of the latest  
pent for your ill Usage of the poor C  
ture, but regulate your Conduct I be  
you by him, and don't oblige me to

*Monsieur Fountenelle.* 61

I must needs regret me after Death. It is very probable that if you so heartily hate the Party that imitated me, you'll be ten times more for your humble self. I am an Original of Tenderneſs, and if you loſe me, you are not like to find a fellow in haſte, but muſt even content yourſelf with very ſcurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you, not to ſupplacate the worſe becauſe he is my Representative; it wou'd be very hard upon me indeed, if for that Reaſon he muſt be ſent with the Deſtiny of the Monkey. I ſuffer nothing to be near you, that might be a Miſfortune to bear ſome Reſemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you muſt kill it by your Cruelty? My Tears I ſhed for the Death of the Monkey are better founded than yours, and this Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam, but remember if you pleaſe, that you cannot reſtore the deſunct to Life again, but that you ſtill the Power to preſerve

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

*To*



To Mademoiselle de C—

*Upon sending her an Extract of the  
Register.*

*Madam,*

**I** Can without Vanity boast, that I  
give you to Day a very considerable Pre-  
sent. In short, I give you two whole Years.  
I thought you were twenty two Years  
old, and I bring it you attested in a Paper  
under Hand and Seal, that you are but  
twenty; now I reckon that I give you  
two Years which I take away from you  
indeed in these matters we never  
reason otherwise. The two years you thought  
past over your Head, are still to come.  
I do my self the Honour to make  
you Present of them. I am ready to  
dread, Madam, that you will not  
value them as they deserve; But good Heaven!  
the Man that were able to make such  
a Present, to certain Ladies that shall be  
less, what Favours might he not  
draw from their Hands? Where are the  
Favours and Graces, the fine Expressions,  
Compliments that can be put into the  
balance with two compleat Years? It

*Mounſieur Fountenelle.* 63

able, Madam, I think, that you  
employ 'em wholly upon me, ſince  
I am indebted to me for 'em. When they  
are gone and paſt; you may do what you  
pleaſe. I ſhall then pretend to have no man-  
ner of Right over you, but with Submiſſion,  
I ſhall, from the preſent Moment, till you  
are compleatly twenty two, you wholly be-  
come to me. After that, I leave you juſt as I  
find you, at Liberty to break off or con-  
tinue the Commerce, according as you ſee  
convenient; but if I find you not at all in-  
clined to do me Juſtice, know, Madam,  
I will ſuffer no one to Love you, upon  
penalty of twenty years. Where-ever I go  
I ſhall proclaim to all the World, that in-  
ſtead of you had not been ſo old by two Years,  
I had not been ſo minded, but that  
I reſuſed to accept 'em from me, and that  
you don't Love me, 'tis but requiſite  
I ſhould reckon your ſelf twenty two  
years old. You little imagine perhaps to  
conſider the ſtrange Hazards you expoſe your ſelf,  
in making me Maſter of the Secret of your  
Heart, or 'tis a Secret, Madam, which thoſe  
of your Sex keep inviolably to themſelves,  
perhaps the only one a Woman can  
keep. Several Ladies have truſted me with  
the Affairs of their Families; nay, even  
their Intrigues; but I cou'd never yet

meet with one so open hearted as to  
 me with her Age : There are a thousand  
 Women that will run up to the Mouth  
 Cannon, that will hang or drown with  
 much cheerfulness as if they were going  
 a Gossiping, that will make you nothing  
 jump down four Stories : but, I never find  
 a Woman, that had Courage and Resolu-  
 tion enough to tell her Age. The truth is  
 the older they are, the more sensible  
 become of what Importance it is, that  
 they had not so many Years upon the account  
 As for you, Madam, who have not  
 your Cards so cautiously as you should  
 have done, you little think how you will treat  
 one Day lest I should tell any Tales of  
 Your Destiny will depend upon me,  
 there is nothing which I cannot force  
 to comply with, if instead of a Pony  
 I send you the Extract of the Church-regi-  
 ster I suppose you laugh at my Menaces  
 and think the time is so far off, that  
 you don't believe I shall ever live to see it.  
 I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Prophetess  
 unless you are less rigorous, you'll soon  
 patch

*Your most Obedient,*

*The End of Monsieur Fontenelle's Letters*

# Original Letters.

*Lately Written by Mr. Brown.*

*My honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard  
at the Bath.*

*My Doctor,*

*July 6. 99.*

7 Hile here in Town we are almost  
Roasted by the hot Weather, and  
Sun plays so warmly on us, that some  
who were of no Religion before,  
turning Adamites in their own De-  
I cannot but laugh to think what a  
Pickle you are in at the Bath, where  
crowds of you Stew in so little a Pip-  
where you broil upon the Earth, par-  
the Water, and you breath the  
position of Gunpowder; or, were  
nothing extraordinary in your Soyl,  
Climate, or the Season of the Year,  
you have pretty Ladies enough to  
all on Fire, though you were two



or three Degrees more to the North  
*Lapland*, and I were Writing to you  
in the midst of *January*.

This is the *first* Summer since the *Re-  
lution*, that the Sun has been pleas-  
*dispen*ce any *Favours* to us, for hitherto  
have had as *little* Reason to complain of  
Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of  
*States-men*. Our *Fruits* have ripen'd  
out the Influence of the one, as our  
have made a shift to rub on without  
great *Conjuring* on the part of the  
But to leave off these censorious reflect-  
upon our *States-men*, and return to the  
that occasion'd them, this Noble Planet  
that ripens the *Grape*, will likewise  
Fevers, and other such *generous* Dis-  
pers, to the great Joy of the *Poets* and  
*scians*; and *Phæbus*, their common Father  
will encourage his own *Tribe*, by raising  
up a new Stock of *Wines* and *Diseases*.  
deed, where you are, it is almost impos-  
sible for the Gentlemen of the *Faculty* to  
*Business*, for if our last Advices from  
*Bath*, don't deceive us, you have already  
as many *Doctors* upon the Spot as you  
*Patients*, that watch the coming in of a  
*Coach*, as nicely as a young Boy at the Uni-  
versity does the Return of the *Carrier*,  
ply at all Corners of the Streets, as reg-

the *Watermen* do at the *Temple Stairs* :  
 has long ago been observ'd of you  
 ians, as of the *Lawyers*, that they  
 and or make *Work*, where-ever they  
 and accordingly I knew a little  
 in *Essex*, where the *Inhabitants*,  
 out of mind, had lived in as *uninter-*  
*Tranquillity*, as the happy *Indians*  
*America*, before the *Spaziards* came  
 up their *Quarters* ; but upon an *At-*  
 coming to reside amongst 'em, the  
 of *Affairs* was immediately alter'd,  
 its *conspir'd* against their *Landlords*,  
 ers *revolted* from their *Masters*, and  
 apprentices took up *Arms* against their  
 Tyrants : There was nothing but  
 g out of *Milk* and *Alehouse Scores*, to  
 everlasting *confusion* of their *Country*  
*mesis*, Not a *Tithe-egg* could be had  
 out an *Action*, nor a *Pig* under a *Suit*  
*ancery*. A Spirit of *Division* had crept  
 every *Family*, Maids *betray'd* their  
 fesses, Girls *rebell'd* against their *Grand-*  
 ers, and Sweet-hearts *deserted* their  
 ing *Damsels* ; in short, every *Man*  
 as much upon his own *Guard*, as if  
 been in an *Enemy's Country* ; these  
 the blessed *Effects* of the *Lawyer's*, live-  
 orgst 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very *hard* Case if having so much *Credit* at the *Bath*, you cou'd not do as *much* for your self, as the above mention'd *Attorney* did to promote his own *Business*; if you cou'd not *Philosophically* Reason People into *Distempers* that were never troubled with, like the *Dissenting Parsons* that *Fly-blow* their Hearers with *Scruples* they knew nothing of before: if you cou'd not *cure* them of Ails they never *felt*, and *leave* behind you *Maladies*, you never *found* upon them. But I am inform'd that the *Tub-Preachers* are very much *satisfied* that you *invade* their *Territory* and *encroach* upon their *Prerogative* of *Healing*. Your *hot* and *cold* Baths (they say) put the *Brimstone* and *Ice* out of *Countenance*; 'tis reported, that by the *skilful* Management of your *Torments*, by scalding your *Patients* at the *Bath* in *July*, and freezing them at *Islington* in *December*, you've brought half the *Retailers* of the *Terrors* of *Plague* Kingdom.

But to come now to the *News* of the *Town*, we have had an *Apparition* lately here, stranger than in any *Glanvill* or *Wormbury*; for it has appeared in the *Streets* one *noon Day*, and thousands of People are ready to depose that they have seen it.

This strange *Apparition*, I mean the *White*

Par

son, so call'd for his wearing a *White*  
 tband, Scarf, and Surcingle, by which he  
*linguishes* himself from the rest of his  
 ethren. I cou'd wish you had been here  
 Holbourn t'other Morning, to have seen  
 Cavalcade: He rode up the Hill as great  
 Prince, and like other *Princes* signaliz-  
 his Entry with Printed *Declarations*,  
 with a great Rabble of *loud-mouth'd* Haw-  
 s, Male and Female, *bellowing* it on eve-  
 side of him; and 'tis supposed by the  
 rned in Astrology, that he will *keep* this  
 clation as *Religiously* as some other Prin-  
 beyond Sea have *kept* theirs: In short,  
 pretends to preach the Gospel *Gratis*, and  
 eed as he manages it, it is pity he shou'd  
 e a *Farthing* for it: He calls the rest of  
 Cloth *Hirelings*, only for taking what  
 Law allows them, though unless the  
 low is bely'd, he would accept of a *Pot*  
 Ale from a Chimney-sweeper, and has  
 Plow'd a hundred times upon a *Joint-stool*  
 a pick'd *Herring*, and a *Poringer* of  
 ant Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which  
 s *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-gar-  
 d about his Head, and I dare swear, de-  
 v'd the *Bays* as well as his *Master*; for  
 Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled  
 with a *Whore* of a Wife, and a *Jilt* of a  
 use, but the latter is more common *Pro-*  
 ute of the two. E e 4 But,



But, dear Doctor, *News* is as scarce in Town, as *Fees* at the *Bath*, and it falls unluckily for you and me, that we must change Places, to find what we want; for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for *Sedals*, as we have hear for *Money*; so that but shifting the Scene, and we may draw *Bills* upon one another, to answer our several Occasions, till when, I am.

Your most humble,

---

### Melanissa to Alexis.

**G**IVE me leave, my dearest *Alexis*! give me leave, who love you better than my *Life*; to lay some of your failings before you, and if I express my self with a little more warmth than becomes me, you will easily forgive this freedom, unless I am mightily mistaken in your Temper, when you find it wholly regard your own Interest and Welfare.

It is not without a sensible Concern that I see you abandon your self to the *Bath* of late: A young Fellow, but especially one like *Alexis*, ought to devote himself to another Divinity; old Age indeed may

w'd to supply its *defect* of Warmth with  
 ine, but Youth as it *needs* it not, so Na-  
 e advises it to pursue a more *agreeable*  
 ime. But can any thing in the World be  
*absurd* as to surfeit our selves with *Cordi-*  
 when we have not the *least* Indisposi-

To convince you then that my Com-  
 int is neither *unjust* nor *unreasonable*, I,  
 no know so little of the World, and have  
 thing but *Nature* to guide me; I who  
 a *Stranger* to Language, and Style, and  
 consequently must *maim* my Thoughts, for  
 ant of knowing how *properly* to express  
 em, will endeavour to describe to you, a  
 ight as it passes away in the *Embraces* of  
 agreeable *Mistress*, accompany'd with  
 the *Transports* and *Tendernesses* of Love,  
 d the Night as it is commonly *spent* by  
 at the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Plea-*  
*try*, at the *Rose* or *Blue-posts*:

The *Play* is now over, and the Sparks,  
 no while it was *Acting*, rallied the Vi-  
 rd-Masques, *laugh'd* aloud at their own  
 o-jects, *censur'd* the Dress and Beauty of  
 the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in short,  
 nded every thing, but the Representation  
 at *brought* them thither, begin now to  
 le off, and gravely debate how and where  
*spend* the Evening; At last the *Tavern* is  
 pitch'd

pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and learned *Criticks* in Pleasure seat themselves round the Table.

The *Master* of the House is the *first* Person they send to *Advise* with; who, after thousand Cringes and Scrapes, tells them He has the best *Champagne* and *Burgundy* Town, and is sure to ask an *exorbitant* Price for't, though 'tis a vile nasty *Mixture* of his own Brewing. After a *long* and foolish Dispute, the Rate is adjusted, Napkins called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwig nicely laid up, and now something-like *Business* comes forward.

When these *grand* Preliminaries are settled, the next *important* Debate is, what they must eat; so the *Cook* is sent for, who recommends to them something *Nice and Dear*; this Difficulty with much ado overcome, the *Glasses* plentifully walk round, *blunt* and *weaken* that Appetite which they pretend to *excite* by it.

And now their *Hearts* begin to open, and their *Tongues* to communicate their most secret *Thoughts*. The topping *Beauties* of the Town are the *first* Subjects of their Conversation, and this is so ample a Field, that they soon *lose* their way in it; one boasts of *Favours* receiv'd from a Lady, and is very particular as to the *Moles* of her Bosom, who

om perhaps he never *saw* any where but  
 the *Play-house*; another *toasts* a Countess,  
 om he pretends to *admire* in a most ex-  
 ordinary manner, and gives broad *Items*  
 some condescending *steps* she lately made  
 wards him; after which he *wipes* his  
 outh most *demurely*. In short, 'tis re-  
 d by the Board, *Nemine contradicente*,  
 t there is not one *honest* Woman in the  
 ee Kingdoms, who has *Beauty* enough  
 gain her a *Lover*.

When this Argument is pretty well ex-  
 pressed, the next thing they talk of, is  
 the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books*  
 and *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this  
 head, every Man in the Company *affects*  
 to discover a *peculiar* Taste and Judgment,  
 and thinks he shews his *Wit* by finding  
 faults, where there are none; the *Play*,  
 whatever it is, is taken to *pieces*, the *Plot*  
 on Examination, is found either to be  
*len*, or not to be well *unravel'd*, the  
*scenes* are *languishing*, the *Characters* thread-  
 bare, or not worth a Farthing; in fine,  
 the *Poet* is sent to the *Devil* for want of  
 wit, as the pert *Critick* thinks he shews  
 his, by *condemning* what he doth not *un-*  
*stand*.



All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer wall incessantly round the Table, the Company soon dwindles into *private* Cabals, every Man talks *busily* to his Neighbour, Affairs of *State* are determin'd, this *Minister* is plac'd, and t'other Man put into his room. The Proceedings in *Parliament* laid down before-hand, and 'tis *concluded* what Resolutions shall *stand*, and what be *broken*; after this *Punctilio's* of Honour come to be *discuss'd*, the freshest Duels behind *Mortague-house*, and *Chelsey-fields* are *learned* run over. Sir *John* — is a Coward suffering Captain — to tread upon his Toes in the *Pit*, and not calling him to *account* for it; *Damn* you, cries another *Jack* — is as *Gallant* a Knight as ever drew *Sword*, and whoever says any thing to the *contrary*, is a *Son* of a Whore and a *Villain*, and I'll cut his Throat; with this he throws a *Bottle* at t'other's Head, the *Glasses* go to rack, the *Table* is overturned, nothing but *Disorder* and *Confusion* is in the Room, and all this *Mirth* and *Jollity* concludes in *Murder*.

Or if the *Scene* doth not end altogether so *Tragically*, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry *Frolick* proposed: The Quarters of some ill-natured *Coquette* are to be beaten up, and he

our *Windows* must feel the sad Effects of our Heroick *Valour*; but while they are lying on this *Attaque* with unparalleled *Cour* and Gallantry; behold the *Superdant* of the Night, with his trusty *ard* of *Myrmidons* falls upon their main body; some of our *Heroes* lie sprawling in *Kennel*, with their trusty and well-loved *Periwigs*, *Hats*, and *Muffs* lying on them; the *embroider'd Coat* is all over cover'd with *Dirt* and *Blood*, the well-adorned *Cravat* torn to *Raggs*, the *Sword* either broken or carried off in the *Tumult*; thus, after a well-favour'd *Drubbing*, the *Sparks* make a shift to *crawl* home to their *Lodgings*, if the *Nocturnal Magistrate* and his *Canibals*, don't hurry 'em to *prison* or the *Round-house*, the usual *Asylum* of such *Adventurers*.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry *Gentlemen* get home *safe* from the *Tavern*, without any *Disaster* or *Calamity* by the way; yet the next *Morning* finds 'em to a *severe* Account, for the *Misdeanors* and *Intemperance* of the preceding *Night*: Their *Head akes*, their *whole Frame* is in *disorder*, they are incapable of *relishing* either *Books* or *Conversations*; even *Musick* it self, with all its *boastful Efficacy*, is not able to *allay* their *Pains*,  
the

the most exquisite *Dishes* are nauseous 'em, they *starve* amidst the greatest profusion of *Luxury*, and *curse* that Extravagance over Night that *Starves* them the next Day in the midst of *Plenty*. 'Tis certain, that I have been *favourable* in the Description, 'tis certain that I have not down half the Disorders that accompany Debauch while 'tis a making, nor half the ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now turn the Tables, to find whether *Love* can be reproach'd with any of these *Inconveniences* that use to attend *Drunkenness*: Let us see how the Moments wear away in the Embraces of a delicious *Mistress*; and then we shall soon discover on which *side* the *Advantages* lie, and be able to *decide* this Controversie.

I know very well that I want *Eloquence* and *Language*, to describe the Raptures and Transports of *Love* as they *deserve*; however, I am so well assur'd of the *Goodness* of my Cause that although I am an *unfit* Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much *spair* of carrying my Point.

The long expected *Night* at last arrives when *Amyntas* is to be made happy in the Arms of his beloved *Dorinda*. With his Head full of a thousand *delightful* Ideas (for *Love* is so *good-natur'd*, as to pay

Votari

aries *part* of their *Pleasure* before-hand) comes to the happy Mansion, where the *Treasure* of his Soul resides, he *knocks* at the Door; the *trasty* Maid conducts him by the Hand in the *dark*, and leads him to his Mistress's Apartment. At the *first* Interview, he is all *rapt* up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts *bound* upon him, that they *hinder* one another in the Passage; after he is a little *re-er'd*, he endeavours to *speak*; but, alas! Eyes talk infinitely more than his tongue. On *her* part, the Confusion is no less, and her *Joys* equally tumultuous; thus, being themselves *unable* to Discourse, they express their Passion in *Sighs* and *Glances*; they warm it by repeated *Kisses*, and at every touch their *fluttering* Souls meet at their *centres*.

Myntas squeezes that Hand, which almost *dissolves* in the touch; he presses those *giving Breasts* that wou'd warm the cold-Hermit; but all this is nothing but the *prologue* to the succeeding *Drama*. Love leads them upon 'em for a more *substantial* Repast, though they are *undrest* in a Minute, yet every Minute seems an *Age*; and now they are going to *tast* all that Felicity, which Nature can *bestow*, or Humane Nature can

The



The Candle is put out to *hide* the blush of *Dorinda*; she finds her *eager* Lover at her side, who cost her so many *Tears* and *Sighs* in private. The happy Lover is lost in a *Labyrinth* of pleasure; sometimes abandons her *Breast* for her *Mouth*, and sometimes her *Mouth* for her *Breast*, and only *uneasie* he cannot Kiss 'em both together. He *Faints*, he grows *Giddy* with the Excess of Joy: nothing but *half-formed* Words and Murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches Love's *Altar* at which he—But here my Pen *fails* me, I am forced to draw a *Veil* over those Raptures which 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal Expression to represent.

Thus our happy *Lovers*, after they have paid repeated *Oblations* to Love, lay entranced in one anothers *Arms*, and act out in their busie *Dreams*, the *delicious* Scenes that so transported 'em *waking*.

The Morning *approaches*, the blushing Morning *awakens* the transported *Pamela*; *Amyntas* is beholding to its *Light*, for showing him the *Nymph*, in whose Embraces he so agreeably past the Night. She charms him in the Dark, she ravishes him in the Light; and the only *Uneasiness* that attends their Happiness, is *Impatience* to repeat their Bliss.

Both the Lovers rise *equally* satisfied,  
 h having *done* their Parts, with Gayety  
 their *Looks*, and Satisfaction in their  
*ks*: Parting gives them some *Pain*, but  
 it is sufficiently *recompensed* at their next  
 eting.

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*,  
 how what a vast *Difference* there is be-  
 en a Night *murder'd* in the Excess of  
 ne, and a Night *consecrated* to Love.

Though no Truth is more *evident* than  
 ; yet our *Youth*, possess'd by what fatal  
 idity, I cannot tell, generally *Sacrifice*  
 the Deity, who rewards his most *con-*  
 Worshippers the worst. Instead of  
 wing the Dictates of *Nature*, whom  
 ought to *obey*, they treat her like an  
 my, and profane those *Temples*, where  
 ought to pay their Devotions.

I know well enough, that you Gentle-  
 n, don't much care to be *Advised* by  
 e frail Things call'd *Women*, and per-  
 s too you will tell me, that *Interest* has  
 le me say all this. However, let me  
 ure you to bestow a few *thoughts* upon  
 at I have *offer'd* to you, and believe that  
 one loves you so *dearly* and *tenderly* as

*Melanissa.*

## To a Litigious Country-Attorney.

## A Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

**T**Hat I am no *Stranger* to your Character (tho', I bless my Stars for I am to your *Person*) you'll soon find, if you give your self the trouble to read the following Lines: There is no great pleasure indeed in drawing *Monsters*: however since it may be of *Publick* Advantage to have 'em *described* in their true proper Colours, that others may *avoid*, and shun 'em, I have *ventur'd* at the Task, and as well I have *performed* it, leave your self to be Judge. To *accommodate* my self to the Dialect of your Profession, I will begin this Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint* *versi*: And may all Men accordingly be by these Presents, That Mr. M. C. is the veriest *pettifogging* Rascal that ever sold a *Green Bag*, or came within the Walls of *Westminster-Hall*.

I have often wonder'd, that Providence shou'd be at the *Trouble* and *Expense* of Disordering the whole Fabrick of Nature when it has decreed to *punish* us with  
Dear

ths and *Famines*, since it may go a  
e *compendious* Way to work, and effect  
hese *Calamities* by the Ministry of *Law*:-

Give a true *Lawyer* but Pen, Ink,  
Parchment, and I dare engage he will  
ve the Country ten Miles round him.  
most *odious* Animals, and the most  
*deceitful* Insects, have some *use* or other,  
g or dead, or at least serve to *diversifie*  
Universe: Toads, they say, suck up  
*Venome* of the Earth; Snakes are *useful*  
Medicine; but it wou'd puzzle the *wisest*  
Naturalist to find out any thing good in a  
ver. I mean such abominable *Intendi-*  
as thou art, who thrive by *Rapine*,  
batten upon *Extortion*, and build their  
Fortune upon the *Destruction* of those  
Wretches who fly to them for *Justice*.  
see *puny* Rascals, of a *lower* Class,  
d up every Sessions, for *petty* Rogue-  
to thine; for *easing* the Hedges of some  
the Linnen, for *nimming* of Cloaks, steal-  
of supernumerary Spoons, &c. when  
antic overgrown Villains, like thy self,  
whole County together by the Ears,  
pick their Pockets during the Fray,  
are so far from being call'd to an Ac-  
nt for it. But tho', Sir, these worthy  
Gentlemen have Tricks and Evasions  
ugh to *escape* Justice here, yet they pay



*Cent. per Cent.* Interest, for their Cheat in another World. The Devil never keeps a *Holiday* in good earnest, but when an attorney of thy Complexion makes a *perpetual* Leap into his Dominions; and he has no more part with him, when he has him into his Clutches, than one of his Lawyers will *refund* a Fee; *Possession* beats eleven Points of the Law in *Hell*, as we see in *Westminster-Hall*.

Thus, Sir, you see I have made a *familiar* with you and your *Function*, perhaps am *bolder* than *welcome*: But, I have a small *Favour* to request of you, which I must tell you before-hand, you must not deny me. What I have to propose to you is not *unreasonable* or *difficult*, neither desire you to make *Restitution* of what you have *unjustly* plunder'd from many Families, (for I know a *true* Attorney wou'd sooner be *damn'd* than do so), nor to build *Hospitals*, (unless it be only for your old *Father*, Sir, who *Grazes* them upon the *Common*: ) No, Sir you must find me the *fairest*, the *easiest* Man ever dealt with.

I am informed your House stands by the side of a *famous* River, which looks as if *Providence* design'd you for the End I propose you to: So, Sir, if you please, on

*fine* Mornings to take a *Leap* into it  
 your Garret, it will be the *best-na-*  
 thing you ever did in your Life; by  
 by, Sir, you need not cram your Poc-  
 with *Stones* or *Lead*, to make you  
 for your own *Sins* are ponderous  
 gh to do your *business* without 'em, if  
*Proverb* don't secure you. But, Sir,  
 you don't fancy *drowning*, as perhaps you  
 n't, (and as I told you before, you  
 find me the most *reasonable* Man in the  
 verse) why then, Sir, I wou'd ad-  
 you to *hang* your self in your Closet, in  
*Wife's* Garters, or to *rip* up your Guts  
 a Case-knife, or to *cut* your Jugulars  
 a Razor, or to *take* a good large Dose  
*opium*; or lastly, to *knock* your Brains out  
 st a *Brick-wall*: but then, Sir, *take* my  
 d for't, you must knock *hard*; for,  
 Neighbours tell me, you have got a  
 ounded *thick* Scull. In short, Sir, I  
 t insist nicely upon the *How*, the *Where*,  
 the *When*, provided the thing be done  
 y *reasonable* Time: and I promise you  
 er my *Hand*, that the Bells shall ring  
 ily, as soon as it is accomplish'd; and  
 ourage you to proceed in this Affair,  
 n assure you, that you'll *Oblige* no less  
 a whole County by it, and particularly

*Your unknown Friend, &c.*

To Mr. G. Moulton, at Tollerton-Hall  
near Nottingham.

Dear Sir,

London, July 28,

According to Promise I had written you last *Saturday*, but that I was oblig'd to Accompany some Gentlemen this Morning to *Richmond*, in Expectation of hearing *fine Musick*, which never in any *Play-house* had pass'd the Censure of a *Fop*; and drinking true *Languedoc*, not yet *debauch'd* in a Vintner's Cellar. But it happen'd quite *otherwise* with us: For the *Wine* was such *sophisticated* Stuff, that I told the Company, it set *Drunkenness* on the same Level with *Swearing*; I meant disarming it of all *Excuses*: And as for *Musick*, it was so abominable, that half a dozen *Welsh-harpers* met upon *St. David's Day*, to make *merry* over a Mess of *Leek-porridge*, could not have tormented the Ears of a *Parcel* with more execrable Noise, dare almost ingage, that had the same *Flutes* play'd upon the same *Instruments* before the Town of *Jericho*, the *Walls* would have paid the same *Compliment* to the *Harmony*, as they did to that of the *Devils*, for nothing could have patience

and *listen* to their Performances. After this *double* Disappointment, we were forc'd, very late in the *Evening*, or very early in the *Morning*, (I wont be particular which) to go back to our Boat, and return for *London*, reflecting all the way as purely on our mispent-time, as a Townsman, who has oblig'd a *Player* with her *hours* all Night, and gets nothing in the *Morning* for her Pains, but the Copy of a *Song* for Breakfast.

When I had the *Happiness* of seeing you in Town, I told you that you should be fail of having a Letter from me every *Post*. I am afraid I shall be *better* than my Word, and persecute you more *constantly* than a City-vintner does a County-Parliament-man that chalk'd it *plentifully* in the *Winter Sessions*. Since I have no other way of *conversing* with you but by Letters, I may depend upon *seeing* me twice a *Week* at least, tho' were you in Town I believe I should *scarce* visit you so often. My dear Friend of mine, this is purely the Effect of *Absence*. I knew a certain Gentleman, who, when he was at *home* with his wife, scarce vouchsafed to *exchange* a Word with her once a *Week*; but being obliged to take a Journey as far as *York*, he never fail'd of *writing* to her every *Post*, and long-



ger Letters too, than a *Clergy-man* do when he recommends himself to his Patron for a fat Living. The reason of it is plain because all *Blessings* (and such I say is *M——*'s *Conversation* to me, and every one that *knows* him) are never thoroughly understood when we have 'em in our Possession and are never so much valued, as when they are at some *distance* from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of something *else* to entertain you, I have fallen into the Lord knows how, into making *My* Reflections, which was *never* my Talent but if a Man is to govern himself by the *Examples* he sees in this wicked Town don't know why I should not be allowed to *Talk* out of my *Element*, as well as a Thousand more whom I cou'd name to you, who I *disposed* to be ill-natur'd: I cou'd tell you of a certain famous *Painter*, who *understands* his Trade and Business, as well as most Men living, and yet is perpetually meddling the *Government*, and harping upon *Politiques*, which he understands as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* of *Lycophron* or *Pindar*. I know a *City Physician*, who can *dispatch* his Patients as *methodically* as any of the College, yet in spite of Nature and his own Genius, will be always *murd'ring* of Rhimes, and feeling

of the Muses: and another of the Faculty near *Charing-cross*, who instead of *Galen* and *Hippocrates* is perpetually puzzling himself with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*. Now a Lawyer perfectly well versed in the Mysteries of Conveyancing, who in his good Will, Talks of nothing in all Companies, but the Merits of *Cow Piss* and the modern Dispute betwixt *Alcali's* and *Acids*. There is also a famous *Parson* I cou'd mention to you near *St. Dunstan's*, who preaches his Parish fast asleep every *Sunday* in the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet for his Coffee must be settling the Affairs of *Europe*, the Succession of *Spain*, and the Union of the two *East-India* Companies, of which he Talks more wretchedly than a *Merchant* of Trade, or a *Beau* of Religion; tho', the by, this must be said in his *Justification*, that he talks much *better* of any Thing than what he was *educated* to. I can't tell how you'll *relish* such an insipid Letter as this, but 'tis my *Misfortune* at present, that I can't furnish you a *better* one: For my part, I had rather Rob the *Library*, or quote Second-hand Sayings from Second-hand Wit at *Will's* Coffee-house, than be beholding to those *dull Rogues* that write the *Weekly* News-papers: However I hope to make you *Amends* the next Post:

Post; and in the mean time beg leave  
 Subscribe my self.

*Sir, your most obedient,*

---

*To the Same.*

*A Letter of News.*

*Dear Sir,*

*August 14,*

**H**AVING nothing of our own Growth  
 Entertain you with, I stole into  
*French* Coffee-house near *Soho* this After-  
 noon; by the same token I was within  
 Ace of being talked to Death, by a party  
 of *Hugonots*, who made me undergo a  
 verer *Persecution*, than ever they or their  
 Fathers suffered. 'Twas my misfortune  
 ask one of them, that sat next me, a ques-  
 tion about the *Edict* of *Nantes*, and immediately  
 the whole *Pack* open'd upon me  
 once, and fell a railing at the Tyranny  
 their quondam K—g, like so many *Al-*  
 folks at the Church-wardens of their Parishes.  
 I thought it the *best* way to make no return  
 to them, but remove to another Table.  
 least I should give these *well-bred* people  
 fresh occasion to *murder* me with their Calu-  
 nities.

When this noisy *Scene* was pretty well  
 over, I began to examine the Foreign Pa-  
 pers, to see what News. But *Europe*, as  
 large as it is; and *Europe* let me see —  
 in the farthest Extremity of *Spain*, to the  
 remotest Parts of *Muscovy*, is at least two  
 thousand Miles in length, more than I shall  
 ever be Master off; *Europe*, I say, that con-  
 tains two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and  
 the Devil knows how many *Principalities*,  
*Duchies*, *Marquisates* and *Earldoms*, with  
*Europe* at the Head of it too, that loves to  
 see Mischief go forward with all his heart,  
 is not able at present to furnish out a Letter  
 to you; but to satisfy you, that I have not  
 been wanting, on my part, to hunt for For-  
 eign Occurrences, I have here sent you an  
 abridgment of the most material Passages  
 in the Outlandish Gazettes.

Our last Letters from *Warsaw* advise, that  
 the *Poles* were run through the Guts, by  
 the *German* Soldiers, and that some of the  
*Diet* are broke up in a Heat; But,  
 what are *Murders* and *Mutinies* in  
 comparison? No more than *Simony* in the Do-  
 minion of *Wales*. They talk too, that the  
 Cardinal *Primate*, grumbles in his Gizzard,  
 is not so well affected to his new Mo-  
 narch as he should be; But the Gentlemen  
 of the sacred purple, have a privilege to be  
 sawcy



*sawcy* with Crown'd Heads. For my part, wonder that none of our Clergy men have thought it worth the while to send him Bishop Overhall's *Convocation-book*. For certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the D— of P—'s can never fail of working Miracles, in so enlighten'd a Country as *Poland*.

*Madrid, July 20.* The King of *Spain* Health is of late much alter'd for the better. He Eats and Walks to a Miracle; for Yesterday at Dinner, he ravenously devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to support him, made a shift to walk three score paces out-right. This Re-establishment of his Health, the *Priests* ten to one, will refer upon some *She* or *He Saint*, that know nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago Account for it otherwise. As *Monica* said of her beloved Son St. *Austin's* Conversion, That was impossible for a Son of so many Tears ever to miscarry; so 'tis impossible, for this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whose *Health* is drank in all the Taverns in Christendom, which are not *Frenchify'd*, should

\* This Prayer was honestly meant, but since the late Mysterious Will, and the Duke of *Anjou's* accession to the Crown of *Spain*, we find it has not succeeded.

find himself amiss, and daily put up my prayers to Heaven, continues he, that a certain \* Person, who

wait

its so impatiently for a certain dead  
 an's *Spanish Slippers*, may go barefoot,  
 and not have so much as a Pair of *French*  
*Wooden-shoes* to keep him out of the  
 art.

Paris, July 23. The King's Statue was  
 lately set up here in the *Place de Vandome*;  
 a perfect *Colossus*, and *Monf. Girardin*  
 made it appear, That our Monarch has  
 been drawn three times bigger than the  
 life, not only by his *Parsons*, his *Poets*, and  
*Historiographers*, but by his *Statuaries*  
 o. The Ceremony of the Erection was  
 very magnificent, several of the *Nobility*,  
 the *Councillors* of the *Parliament*, and the  
 principal Citizens, assisted at it in all their  
 formalities; and if it had been the Custom  
 of the place, the *City Recorder* had made a  
 handsome Speech to the Figure. Our Let-  
 ters from all parts of the Kingdom inform  
 us that the poor *Hugonots* are persecuted  
 times more severely, if possible, than  
 the *Witches* in *Scotland*, and 'tis thought de-  
 serve it as little.

Rome, July 10. Our last Letters from  
 hence advise, that mighty Preparations are  
 making for the ensuing *Jubilee*, most of the  
*Ornament-houses* and *Tooth-drawers* Shops have  
 been disfurnished of late, on purpose to pro-  
 duce *Reliques* for the great number of *Vota-*  
*ries*

ries we expect here. A *Carmelite* Friar has brought a most valuable rarity with him from the *Holy-land*, which he presented last Week to the Old Gentleman: 'Tis a *Comb* which belong'd to the *Cock* that bit *St. Peter* a Weeping; and the *Pope*, they say, designs to make a Present of it to a particular Favourite, who has sacrificed his life for his Holiness. We are like to be overrun with Strumpets from all Parts of *Christendom*, who flock hither partly to wipe off their old Scores, and partly to begin a fresh Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found by a modest Computation at present, that there are at least ten *Harlots* to one *Church-man* already. How will they be over-power'd then when the whole *Posse* is got to *Rome*; However it is hoped that we shall have a special Reinforcement of Brawny well-chin'd *Regulars*, and *Seculars* from the *North*, to keep the Balance more even between the *Gentleman* and the *Petticoat*. This is the first time that ever a *Plurality* of *Concubines* was thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

*Amsterdam*, July 30. The Magistrate of this place lately took it into their private Considerations, to reform the Abuses of the *Long Cellar*, and one of them proposed to have it lock'd up; for which he had been to have been *De-Witted* by the *Mob*, for

el of *Saylors* hearing of it, gather'd in  
 t numbers about his House, demolish'd  
 Windows, and had proceeded farther  
 their Out-rage, had not some of the top-  
*Burgomasters* pacified them, by telling  
 the old Immunities, and Privileges  
 the Long Cellar shou'd be continued to  
 and their Heirs for ever. It was like-  
 proposed in our Councel, to lay some  
 Penalty upon *Drunkennes*; but it be-  
 represented to them, that it would in-  
 the People, and bring down the Ex-  
 for that reason they went no farther in  
 last Week four Men and as many Wo-  
 came from the *Dutchy* of *Fuliers* to this  
 e, with a Spick-and-Span *new Religion*  
 tis reported) the whole Contents of  
 ch may be carried in the compass of a  
 f-box: They give out that it is the ea-  
 and *cheapest Religion* that ever was  
 wn, and therefore offered it to the  
 s; who after the Genius of all Common-  
 ths are for saving the penny in every  
 g. If their Motion is rejected, they  
 n to Embark for *England*, and see what  
 ket they can make of their *new Religion*  
 our new *Reformers* in *London*. Two  
 ed Criticks of the University of *Leyden*  
 had a long Contest about the right  
 ing of *Virgils* name, that is to say,  
 whether



whether 'tis to be written with an *e* or an *a* and old Marbles, and Manuscripts have been *plentifully* quoted in a dispute of great *importance*, but at last, they have agreed to referr the Matter to D. B— who being a Person of *singular Humanity* 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Satisfaction.

*Edenburg, July 29.* We have not in these ten Years so favourable a Summer now; so that we don't doubt, but that *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appointed a general Thanksgiving for it: For two *Witches* are in Custody in several Persons in this *Kingdom*, and many terrible Things are alledg'd against 'em, and some of them have been such *silly Jades* to themselves guilty, chusing to be burnt right, rather than be daily persecuted by the *Mas's Johns*. The chief discoverer of them is a Pulpit-drubber by Profession, who knows all the *Witches* forms in *Kingdom*; and with his *Kirk Terriers* Unearth you ten of them in a Morning. We build great matters upon our new Colony at *Darien*, and talk of covering all *Churches* in *Edinburgh* with Silver Tiles in short time; but others, who are not altogether so Sanguine, are of Opinion, that all these mighty expectations will come to nothing.

hing. And now I am upon the Chapter  
*Scotland*, give me leave to tell you, what  
 heard a Politician say in the *Rainbow* Co-  
 house yesterday upon this. I am confi-  
 t, says he, that the Hand of Heaven will  
 ear very Visible in the Chastisement of  
*Scots* in this new Project of theirs upon  
*America*. They have impudently bid Defi-  
 e to Fate, and opposed the Decrees of  
 vidence, for as Heaven from all Eterni-  
 decreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards,  
*Spaniards* to be grave solemn Cox-  
 bs, the *French* to be Slaves, the *Jews*  
 e Rascals, and the *English* to be Muti-  
 s; so he predestinated the *Scots* to be  
 ars; accordingly we find, all other  
 ions acquiesce in what Providence had  
 er'd for them, The *Germans* to this Day  
 Drunk before Noon, the *Spaniard* is  
 to be whipt out of his Pace, the *French*  
 y Packfaddles, and so will do in *Sacula*  
*lorum*, the *Jews* Cheat on, and the  
*ish* once in a Century send a Monarch  
 azing, only the *Scots* must kick against  
 Decrees of Fate, and instead of *Pedlars*,  
 tle their Ancestours acquiesced in for  
 thousand Years, and upward, set up  
*Merchants*, forsooth; but if ever they  
 e any thing on't, says he, (and if they  
 not at last reduc'd to their old ancient

*Pedlarism*) I'll forfeit my Reputation of Prophet to you. Altho' they have cheated King *William* out of an *Act* of Parliament I believe they will find it a hard matter with all their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most important Occurrences I cou'd find in the *reign* Papers. But as to *London*, which is famous to be an inexhaustible Magazine of News and Scandal, it affords neither at present. Our *Beaux* are all gone down to *Town* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make Conquests in both those places; where I presume they will succeed as well, as our Brethren beyond the *Twede* in their new *ledonian* Plantation; and return a Month or two hence to *Town* with their Pockets empty as their Heads. The Lawyers are gone down to their respective Quarters to sow Dissention amongst his Majesty's People in the Country, and will reap, doubt on't, a most plentiful Harvest at *Michaelmas*-Term. Our old red-nosed ret-drinkers have now left us, to recover by a Vacation-sobriety, their decayed Cases, and enable 'em to sit up with the Parliament-men the whole Winter. In short, the Stock-jobbers have left the *Change*, and the Citizens are

by Mr. Brown.

97

em gone to *Epsom*, in order to Cuckold  
another, which is all the News at pre-  
sent from

*Sir, your most obedient, &c.*

---

*To the same.*

*from the Gun-Musick-Booth in Smithfield.*

Mr George,

Aug. 28. 99.

*Things are hush'd, as Law it self were dead,  
or pensivve Fleetstreet, drops its mournful Head;  
Booth Alcalies in Peace with Acids sleep;  
the Church and Stage no longer Difference keep;  
the Strand's a Desart grown.*

N D now the Spirit of Versification  
leaving me in the lurch, I come to  
you in honest Prose, that I mean no  
more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let  
you know this is the long Vacation, which  
all Lawyers, poor Whores, and Taylors, as well  
as many other Trades agree to curse most  
heartily. Yet tho' the generality of our  
people are glad this penitential Season is  
expired, for my part, I cou'd heartily  
repent, as a Soldier does by the Wars, or a

G g 2

Woman



*Woman* by *Enjoyment*, it would last much longer.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox. For why the Plague shou'd a Man desire to be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a manner, and all the best Company is gone to *Tunbridge*, *Epsom* or the *Bath*? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my Opinion, I mean, reconcile you to the *Long Vacation*.

In the first place: You must know, that I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reason I wonder, why so many wise Gentlemen shou'd be so fond to go to the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, where they are like to be thronged and crowded, as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almost as bad a Mob. I hope you'll pardon the familiarity of the Expression, for indeed, when I consider what a motly Herd of Priests, *Fops*, and *Bigots*, will troop thither upon this Occasion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a better Name. In short, I look upon the long Vacation upon the same account that some honest Claret-drinkers love waiting Home at *Midnight*, because the Streets are clearer and not so incommoded as at other times. Besides, *London* is at no time of the Year so thinly peopl'd (God be thanked

at a Man, with a little *Industry*, may find company enough of *both Sexes*, to the tune of his *Health* and Consumption of his *State*. But this is not all, a universal Spirit of *Civility* reigns over all the Town; the *Adesmen* are more confiding, and the *Whorls* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Michaelmas-Term*, is as difficult of access as a *Privy-councillor*, will now give you his company for asking, and perhaps club his *Stout* in to the Bargain; and the very *indivisible* Damsel, with whom a Month or so hence, nothing below a *Senator* will do, or at least a Man that will bribe her to sleep, is now so humbled by the *Emptiness* of the Town, that for the *Credit* of being carried in a *Coach* to her Lodgings, and the presence of a Bottle of *Wine*, to treat her *Landlady*, she will put on a clean Smock and oblige you, without so much as *exacting* money to pay the Landress.

I cou'd say a thousand things more in the *half* of the *Vacation*, but I shall content myself at present, with observing, that it produces *Bartholomew-Fair*; and when I have said that, I think it needs no farther *egyptick*. If *Antiquity* carries any weight with it, the *Fair* has enough to say for it on that *Head*. Fourſcore Years ago,

and better, it afforded *Matter* enough for one of our best *Comedians* to Compose Play upon it: But *Smithfield* is another sort of a Place now to what it was in the Time of *Honest Ben*; who, were he to rise out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of ground where *Justice Over-do* made so busie a Figure, where the *Crop-ear'd Parson* demolish'd the *Ginger-bread Stall*, where *Nightingale* of his monious memory sung *Balads*, and fat *Tusula* fold *Pig* and bottled *Ale*.

As I have observ'd to you, this new *Fair* is quite another thing than what was in the last Age; It not only deals in the humble Stories of *Crispin* and *Crispian*, *Whittington's Cat*, *Bateman's Ghost*, with the merry Conceits of the little Pickle-herring; it produces *Opera's* of its own growth and is become a formidable Rival to both the Theaters. It beholds *Gods* descending from *Machines*, who express themselves in a Language suitable to their Dignity: it trafficks in *Heroes*, it raises *Ghosts* and *Apparitions*; it has represented the *Trojan Horse*, the Workmanship of the divine *Engine*; it has seen *St. George* encounter the *Dragon*, and overcome him. In short, it has *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for Songs and *Dances*, for sublime *Fustian* and magnificent *No-*

e, it comes not short of *Drury-Lane* or *St. Nicholas-inn-Fields*. But, to leave off this *Hubbub*, with which the *Booths* have infected me, and deliver my self in a more familiar Stile, you are to know, that, at present Writing, your humble Servant is in a *Musick-Booth*; yet, though he is distracted with a thousand Noises and Objects, a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen *Races* at her Neck, a Dance of *Chimney-sweepers*, and a *Fellow* standing on his Head on top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both Leisure and Patience enough to Write to you.

*Smithfield* had always the Reputation of being a Place of *Persecution*, with this difference, that the *Women* do that in this Age which the *Priests* did in the last, and make many poor Sinners suffer by *Fire*.

*Cheap-side* Cits come to see horned Beasts brought hither from all Parts of the world, when they might behold the very same *Monsters* at home, if they wou'd but quit the pains of consulting their own *Looking-glasses*: Our pious *Reformers* have been long endeavouring to put down this Nursery of *Wickedness* and *Irreligion*, as they call it; but the beloved *Wives* of their own Bosoms, and their vertuous *Daughters*, rather understand their own *Interest*, than lose any Opportunity of getting abroad



and planting *Cuckoldom* or *Fornication*,  
their *Mothers* did before them.

Certainly no Place sets Mankind more  
upon a level than *Smithfield* does; *Lords*  
*Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Fleaers* of  
*Horses*, *Colonels* and *Foot-soldiers*, *Ba*  
and *Women of Vertue*, walk Cheek by Jowl  
in the *Cloisters*, and jostle one another  
Candle-light, as familiarly as *Nat* *La*  
*Gods* in *Oedipus* jostle one another in  
dark. The poor *Vizard-masks* suffer more  
unmercifully, for no sooner can they show  
their Heads within this blessed Place of  
*freedom* and no *quarter*, but away they are  
*hurried* into a corner, and a hundred sever  
*hands* are about them at once, to examine  
whether they carry any *Contraband Goods*  
about them.

The Woman and her Children in the  
*Maccabees*, that chose rather to part with  
their *lives*, than pollute themselves with  
*Swines-flesh*, wou'd have died ten Thousand  
Deaths, rather than have touched the  
of a *Smithfield* Pig, with a thousand  
*Prince Moloch's* pagan Subjects floating  
the Sauce about him. But perhaps our  
vertuous Citizens swallow *Pig* and *Pork*  
earnestly, to shew their Aversion to  
*daiism*; as the learned Mr. *Selden* I remem  
ber, somewhere tells us in his *Table-talk*

by Mr. Brown.

103

for the very same reason our Ancestors  
e wont to provide *Gammons* of Bacon  
inst *Easter*, which godly custom their po-  
ty keep up to this Day.

so much may suffice at present, for I am  
now going to a *Puppit-show* to see the  
ation of the World and Noah's Flood,  
ch will give me more Satisfaction, I  
t question, than Dr. Woodward's Hypo-  
s, Mr. Whiston's Theory, or any new  
tem of our modern *Vertuosos*.

*I am your most humble Servant.*

---

the same upon the breaking up of  
*Bartholomew-fair*.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 12. 99.

The Glory is departed from *Smithfield*,  
and Love and Intrigues have left the  
sters; in short, *Bartholomew-fair* is over,  
voila, mon Ami, les miserables Effets d'  
si grande Revolution.

Those very individual Persons, who, two  
s ago, glitter'd in *Imperial Tinsel*, go-  
d Kingdoms in Imagination, com-  
ded Legions, and talk'd sublime He-  
roic

roic in Tragic Buskins; those very Persons I say, who put the *Sun* out of Countenance in his *double* Capacity, both as the God of Poetry, and the Governor of the Day, who out-shone him at Noon with their bright *Bristol* Stones, and out-metaphor'd all *Parasus* in their Opera's; Those very persons I say, who commanded Respect from the ferocious Mobb, and drew the Eyes of the whole City, more than a Lord-Mayor and Publick Cavalcade:

—— *Quis talia fando, (Ubi)*  
*Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri*  
*Temporet à lachrymis?*

Are now, by a most wonderful Revolution of Fate, divested of all their Splendour and Magnificence. Their Troops, their Armies, nay, their very Guards have deserted them; they are now reduced to the common Oblivion of Mankind; instead of the most exquisite Wine, that used to Crown their Glasses, we find them burying the Regret of their lost Sovereignty in humble Flip, more humble Anniseed; and are glad to be trusted for a Dinner at a Boiling-cook's, and more contentedly in a Garret.

And those charming *Dulcibella*'s, who by the unparallel'd Lustre of their Eyes

and *Monarchs* to lay their *Scepters* at their  
 who had the disposal of Kingdoms  
*Dominions*, who stole away the *Hearts*  
 of Beholders, and, when ever they  
 died, drew either *Admiration* or *Pity*  
 from the Spectators, are now, by their like  
 instability of Fortune, oblig'd to return to  
 the *Privacies* of a less pompous Life. They  
 whom Yesterday's Sun beheld so majestic-  
 ally, that they refused a gracious Smile  
 to their Princes;

*Nunc in quadriuiis, & angiportis,  
 Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.*

are now glad to dispence the last Favours  
 no higher a Bribe than a *Silver-thimble*,  
 a *double-guilt Brass-ring*: In the Day-  
 they foot Stockings, wash Foot-mens  
 shoes, and repair the Breaches of *old Lace*,  
*Muslin*, regale themselves with a Pint  
 of Milk at Noon, and *Gray-pease* at Night,  
 and go it on Foot from *Charing-cross* to the  
 Temple, and with their officious Elbows re-  
 ceive all the Passers by of their desolate Con-  
 dition: In fine, They, who so lately com-  
 mended the *whole Universe*, are under per-  
 petual Alarms from *Watch-men*, *Constables*,  
 the savage Justice's Clerk; and as an  
 ancient Author, who lived in *William Ru-*  
 shworth's time has it.

In



*In midnight Cellars now they Ply,  
For two pence wet, and two pence Dry*

But though *Bartholomew-fair* be dead, buried for a *Twelvemonth*, yet, it is *Consolation* to us, that it revives in both *Play-houses*. Poetry is so little regarded there, and the Audience is so taken up with *Show and Sight*, that an Author needs much trouble himself about his thought and Language, so he is but in fee with *Dancing-masters*, and has a few luscious Sentences to lard his dry Composition. One would almost swear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane*, and *Lincolns-Inn* since they set so small a Value on good Sense, and so great a one on Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. By the way I am to tell you, that some of their late Plays are so very monstrous, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever knew any thing like them. They are as long as the Title Page to some of Mr. *Prin's Works*, nay, they may much sooner dispatch the *Gazette* even when it is most crowded with advertisements. And as their *Bills* are prodigious, so are the *Entertainments* they present us with. For not to mention the *Bohemian* Women that first taught us how to dance

swim together; nor the famous Mr.  
 of *Barnet* with his Kit and Organ;  
 the worthy Gentleman that condescend-  
 dance a *Cheshire*-round at the instance  
 several persons of Quality; nor t'other  
 Gentleman that Sung like a Turkey  
 ; nor lastly that *prodigy* of a man that  
 ted the *Boxes* so much with *my Ladies*  
*day*, and so dexterously *Mimick'd* the  
 mony of the *Essex Lyons*; not to men-  
 these and a hundred other notable cu-  
 ies, we have been so unmercifully over-  
 with an inundation of *Messieurs* from  
 , that one would be almost tempted  
 sh that the War had still continued, if  
 re for no other reason but because it  
 d have prevented the coming over of  
 light-heel'd Gentlemen, who have  
 a greater Plague to our Theaters,  
 their Privateers were to our *Merchant-*  
 Shortly, I suppose we shall be enter-  
 d here with all sorts of Sights and  
 s, as, Jumping through a *Hoop*; (for  
 should not that be as proper as Mr.  
 son's *Vaulting* upon the *Wooden horse*,)  
 ing upon the high *Ropes*, *Leaping* over  
 Mens Heads, *Wrestling*, *Boxing*, *Cud-*  
 , *Fighting* at *Back-sword*, *Quarter-staff*,  
*baiting*, and all the other noble Exer-  
 that divert the good Folks at *Hockley*,  
 for

for when once such an *infection* as this gain'd ground upon us, who can tell wh it will *Stop*?

What a wretched Pass is this wicked come to, when *Ben Johnson*, and *Sh spear* won't relish, without these *Bag* to recommend them, and nothing but *P* and *Grimace* will go down? For my I wonder they have not incorporated *son Bu — es* into their *Society*, for after Auditors are *stupidified* with a dull Scene, so, he wou'd make a shift to *relieve* the In short, Mr. *Collier* may save himself trouble of writing against the *Theatre*, if these *lewd* Practices are not laid *aside*, Sence and Wit don't come into play ag a Man may easily *foretel*, without pret ing to the Gift of *Prophecy*, that the *S* will be *short-liv d*, and the strong *K* Man will take Possession of *the two* *houses*, as he has already done of that in *set-garden*. I am

Your humble Serv

P. S. The strong *Kentish* Man (of wh you have heard so many Stories) has told you above, taken up his *quarters* in *set-garden*; and how they'll get him

the Lord knows, for he threatens to  
 sh all the Poets, if they pretend to di-  
 o him. Mr. *Joseph Haines*, was his  
 ter of the Ceremonies, and introduced  
 in a Prologue upon the Stage; and in-  
 who so fit to do it, as this Person,  
 se Breath is as *strong*, as the *Kentish*  
 's Back? I don't doubt, but that seve-  
 of the Ladies, who saw this Prodigy of  
 an, long'd to try a *Fall* with him in  
 ate, like the Woman in *Ovid*, that was  
 ous to lie with *Hercules*, for no other  
 t but that of his Strength. Her words,  
 s my Memory fails me, were these,

—— *Subiit me magna cupido,  
 erre virum, tulerat qui prius ipse polum.*

nd to convince you that I have not  
 dered the fair Sex, I have sent you in-  
 d the following Letter, which was  
 ten by a certain *Countess* that shall be  
 eless, dropt by her Foot-man in the  
 mall, and taken up by a Chairman. At  
 ent 'tis all the talk of the Town, and  
 y *Chocolate-house* rings of it.

To



To William Joy, the strong Kent  
man.

S I R,

I Saw you Yesterday, with satisfaction  
exerting your *Parts* in *Dorset-garden*  
on that very *Theatre* where I have frequ-  
ly beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Cæsars*,  
*Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greatest  
roes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of ancient or modern  
Times, taking *Towns*, sacking *Cities*,  
turning *Empires*, singly routing whole  
*mies*, but yet performing less *Wonders* than  
*You*. Yet, I must tell you, it grieves  
to see so *Noble* a *Talent* mis-employed,  
that *Strength* thrown away upon unde-  
rstanding *Horses*, that cannot reward your  
*bour*, which might much better divert  
requiting *Woman*. Meet me therefore  
thou *puissant Man*, in another *Garden*,  
a better *Theatre*, where you may employ  
your *Abilities* with more *Profit* to *Your*  
and *Satisfaction* to the expecting

MELESIND

*Consolatory Letter to my Lady -----  
upon the Death of her Husband.*

Madam,

Was very much *surprized* to hear that your Ladyship takes so much to *Heart*, the Loss of your Husband; that your Relations should not be able to *Conquer* so obstinate a *Grief*, or that a Person of your *Sence* and *Resolution*, should be so *unreasonable* and so *weak*, as to pay that *Respect* to the *Ashes* of the *Dead*, which well-bred Women now-a-days can scarce afford to the *Living*.

I will not pretend to *attack* your *Grief* by the *common* Forms, I will not represent to you, that *all Flesh is Grass*, that nothing is *except* from the *Laws* of *Fate*, and that it is *vain* to *regret* a *Loss*, which it was not in our power to *prevent*; these *threadbare* Topicks I shall leave to *Divines* and *Philosophers*, and shall *content* my self, to answer your *Lamentations*, with *Arguments* suited to your *present* Condition.

It is true, Madam, you have *lost* a Husband, and what of that? have not thousands *done* so before you? but then consider, that his *Death* makes room for a

H h

new

*new Election.* A Widow ought no more *afflict* her self for the Death of her Husband than a *Country Corporation* is obliged to go into *Mourning* for the *Death* of the *Member* that represented 'em in *Parliament*; without staying for a *Writ* from the *Crown*, she may proceed to a new *Choice* as soon as she sees convenient. Your *Husband*, God be thank'd, has neither carried your *Youth* with him into the other *World*, nor your *Joynture*; cou'd he have robb'd you of *either* of those *Blessings*, you might have just Reason to *complain*; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very *sperate*, when her *two* surest Friends, *Beauty* and her *Wealth* stick close to her.

As you have *Charms*, and *Money* enough to procure you store of *Lovers*, so in my Opinion, it must needs be an agreeable diversion to you in your present *Sorrow*, (I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the *Appearance* of it) to observe the different *Address* and *Language* of your Admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the *Perfections* of your *Soul*, exclusive of all *Worldly Considerations*; but, Madam, I have a care of these *Platonicks*, for a *Man* that makes *vigorous Court* to the *Body*, is worth a *Thousand Coxcombs*, that pretend to adore your *Soul*. I know not what mighty *kindness* to

Another

Another will tell you, that he is ready  
 to hang or drown for your Sake, and desires  
 to chuse what sort of *Death* for him you  
 think fit, if you deny him that *Blessing*,  
 wherein his Life can be only *happy*. Be go-  
 ver'd by me, Madam, and take such a  
 care at his *Word*; if he *decently* dispatch  
 himself, you may take it from me, that he  
 is in earnest, but if he *fails* to give you  
 Testimony of his *Affection*, you may  
 conclude he was a *Hypocrite*, and conse-  
 quently not worth the saving.

A third perhaps will boast of his *Acres*,  
 and tell you what a large *Settlement* he will  
 leave you; whatever you do, pray take  
 notice of these *Smithfield Gentlemen*, these  
 Land and Tenement-Panders; for not one  
 of a Thousand is *honest* at bottom. And if  
 you join but *joyn* your Estate to his, never  
 does he hold his head about the more comfor-  
 table *Conjunction* of Persons and Affecti-

on will be a *pleasant* Amusement for you,  
 to manage these Humble Servants so *artifi-*  
 cially, as to make all of 'em *hope*; yet, at  
 the same time *jealous* of one another, to  
 cast a kind Glance sometimes at one, and  
 now a *gracious* Nod sometimes upon ano-  
 ther, to see them *languish* at your Feet, and  
 to see the different turns of their Rhetorick;



then after you have thoroughly examined their *several* Merits and Qualifications, 'twill be high time to proceed in your Choice. Whenever you go about that, Madam, I will advise you to observe the same Policy the *Cardinals* do at the Election of a Pope: pitch upon one, who, in all probability, is soonest like to make a *sede vacante*. Thus, Madam, instead of dwelling upon the *strious Qualities* of the *Defunct*, according to the *thread-bare* Method of *common* Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the Measures you are to take in the *Living*. I confess I have ventured on a Task for which I am no ways qualified: *Solomon* has told us, That the *Hearts of Kings* are *unsearchable*; which, I suppose, he knew to be so by his own Experience: he might have added, when his Hand was laid upon the Hearts of *Widows*, That the *Hearts of Widows* have the *occult* Quality, and are as hard to be understood. Thus, Madam, you are not to wonder, if the Directions I have given you are none of the properest, however, since you see 'em, they are at your Service, likewise,

Madam,

Tour most Obedient and Faithful,

Walter Knight, *Esq;* at Ruscomb  
in Berkshire.

ing a Relation of a Journey to London.

ir,

You are *earnest* to know how I got to

Town, and what Adventures I met  
in the Road. Since you can *condescend*  
entertain your self with *Trifles* of this  
nature, be pleased to take them as they  
flow:

As soon as I came to *Reading*, I sent the  
Man of the House, where I lay that Night,  
to enquire what Places were taken in the  
Coach; who brought me word, that only  
one Place was taken, and that for a Wo-  
man. I presently represented to my self  
the *Maid, Wife, or Widow* of Nineteen,  
with black roguish Eyes, cherry Cheeks, nar-  
row Mouth, swelling Breasts and a Breath  
as sweet as *Violets*. I thanked my kind  
Landlady for this favourable Opportunity, and  
these Pleasant Imaginations passed  
the Night very agreeably. Next  
Morning, full of these charming *Idea's*, I  
hast to the Inn where the Coach lay:  
good Heavens! no sooner did I peep

within the leathern Machine, but I found my self the most lamentably disappointed that ever poor Sinner was. Instead of the *Beauty* I had represented to my self, behold there was an *old Gentlewoman* with formidable *Whiskers*, her *Nose* and *Chin* as ready to meet as the two Ends of a Half-moon and a *disfmal Forehead-cloth* in to the Bargain to cool my Courage. A Man of more Pity than my self wou'd have thanked Heaven for being so favourable to him, and curing him from a Temptation; but I find I cou'd not find in my Heart to do it. In the Coach I slept, but with as much Regard on my side, as a Citizen, that has been deep to get himself elected in a County Borough, is turned out of the *House*, and without so much as bidding her Ladyship Good-morrow, I compos'd my self to sleep as well as I cou'd; and, being pretty well prepared for it, by what I had been doing the Night before, slept ten Miles perpendicular without the least interruption, till we came to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a *Captain*, and two *Gentlemen* besides. The Captain was one of the most agreeable Companions that ever could have aton'd for my former Disappointment. He had been in the Service ever since the famous Campaigns at *Hounslow*, since which

had seen most of the Action in *Scotland*,  
*and*, and *Flanders*. Our Conversation at  
 ran upon *Politicks*: and we talked very  
 ciously of the Miscarriages of the War.  
 igation succeeded to that Discourse; and,  
 en we were *weary* of that Subject, as in-  
 d none of us had *much* to say to it, by  
 unanimous Consent, we fell upon *Wo-*  
 . The *Captain*, who, as I told you  
 ore, was a Man of *Wit* and *Pleasantry*,  
 erted us *extreamly* upon this Argument:  
 told us, that as other Gentlemen devo-  
 their Time to *Geometry* or *Musick*, or  
 thing else which they fancied, he had  
 le it his *particular* Business to study  
 men, and had arrived to so great a *Per-*  
 cn in this noble *Science*, that, after the  
*Interview*, he cou'd as certainly tell  
 many Days a *Woman* wou'd hold out,  
 when she wou'd deliver, as *Monfieur*  
*ban* cou'd tell when any *Town* wou'd  
 nder.

compare; says he, a *Woman* to a *Forti-*  
 ion; In the first place, because it is in  
 own Way; and like *Tully's* Fidler, that  
 ned the Soul to be Harmony, a Man al-  
 ought to borrow his Metaphors from  
 own Profession. And, secondly, be-  
 e there's the greatest *Resemblance* in the  
 rld between them. There's no *Fortifi-*



cation so strong, nor no *Woman* so virtuous but, by open *Force* or *Stratagem*, may be made to *Yield*. The World is at liberty to say what it pleases; but I positively maintain, that every *Woman* is to be *taken*: she is either to be undermin'd by *Flattery*, or won by *Bribery*, which *Military Men* call *Capitulation*, or else (if it does not happen once in a hundred Years) to be managed by downright *Strength*, which the Learned in *Mathematicks* call taking the Town by *Storm*. Now all *Art* lies to know how to employ these different Expedients. Some Ladies will be flatter'd into *Love*, whom all the *Bribery* that stir about *Westminster-Hall* in a Session can never move: And others, by far the greatest part of the *Sex*, are to be managed by *Money*, who have too much Discretion to be Imposed upon by *Flattery*. And there are others too great for *Bribery*, and insensible to all the *Flattery* in the World, that must be *vanquished* by *Force*. Tho' their Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as rampant as yours, nay perhaps fiercer, yet they will seem to be *forced*; they think 'tis for an Excuse for their *Infirmity*, and quarrel with you after you have *obliged* them. In the heat of my Discourse, I have omitted one thing, which never fails, when all other Artifices

ices *miscarry*, and that is the pretend-  
to be *Religious*. It gives a Man the  
character of being *Silent* and *Circumspect*,  
which is *all in all* with the Ladies, and I  
found it so by experience.

was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about  
eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon  
Elder, when some of our Troops were  
Scotland: His Wife, as to her Beauty,  
but indifferent, but she was *young*, and  
belonged to the *Kirk*, which were two  
ordinary Temptations, especially the  
r. I offer'd her half a *Piece*, which  
a *Sum* big enough in that Country, to  
corrupted all the *Ministry*, but cou'd not  
rail. Then I laid out all my Stock of  
torick upon her, and made a *Goddeſs* of  
*Coquette*, but to as little effect as be-  
At last it came into my Head to speak  
of the *Covenant*, and rail at the *Bi-*  
after which, to my no little surprize,  
found her *communicative* enough of her  
son.

In short, Gentlemen, I have *tried* all the  
icks in the World, and find, by long  
experience, that *Flattery* does more than  
re *Dealing* with them, and *Wine* more  
In *Flattery*, *Money* more than that, and  
igion, I mean the *Pretence* of it, more  
In *Flattery*, *Wine*, and *Money*, put toge-  
ther.

ther. This you may take for granted when you have beaten a Woman's Peace and Honour out of the Field, and she has nothing but her *precious Soul* to capitulate for, that *Body*, and *all*, are in a fair way being yours: for *Spinosa* and *Vanninus* never made a quarter so many *Atheists*, as *Love*.

Since I am upon this *Argument*, Gentlemen, and we have nothing else to talk of, give me leave to tell you a short *Story* relating to this *Affair*: The Scene lies in *Wales* or the Borders of it, I won't be positive, but I dare swear it will divert you for want of something better:

In the *Country* above-mentioned lived a *Family*, very remarkable for their *Godliness* by the same token that they always kept three or four *Presbyterian Divines*, with many young *Cubs* of the *Schism*, to keep the House in due Order. From Morning to Night there was nothing but *Exhortation*, and *Use*, and *Application* to be heard within the Walls. The Cook exhorted the Butler, the Groom gave *Spiritual Advice* to the Gardiner: Nay, the Kitchen-Wench and Turnspit-Boy wou'd spoil my Lady's Dinner to settle the grand Point of *Predestination*. Yet, amidst all this *Whining* and *Praying* and *Singing of Psalms*, the Devil, who

the Family a *Grudge*, for making this War against him, seduced my *Lady's* *young-Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of wickedness with one of the *Knight's* *Pray-footmen*: This zealous Pair managed Affairs with so little Discretion, that Amour came to be discovered by one of their Fellow-Servants; but *godly* men, you know, think themselves above all. At last, word was brought to the *Lady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. The first she cou'd not believe the story, for how durst *Satan* be so impudent, to put his nasty Cloven-Foot within her threshold? But finding it confirmed by a number of Witnesses, she went to the Scene of wickedness, taking with her a *Smith*, and a *nonconformist Parson*; one to break open the Door in case of Opposition; the other to ease up their *Consciences* in case of Emergency. Upon the first Alarm that my *Lovers* gave them, the *Lovers* wou'd not answer, but when they found the *Smith* began to fall to work with the Door in good earnest, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. The *old Lady* cou'd hardly forbear striking, so much was her *Holy Spleen* provoked at the *Profanation* of her House: But she thunder'd out *Judgments* plentifully upon them, and the *Divine*, that was with



with her, did the same, but especially the *Trespassing* Damofel, though his E gave his *Tongue* the *Lye*, all the while *reprimanded* her. In short, the *Footman* had his *Livery stript* over his Ears, and the poor *Wench* was sent *Home* to her Relations by the same token that she attempted *drown* her self by the way.

This *godly* Family was in a strange *order* to be defiled thus with Fornication and the Master of it being then in *London* his Lady sent him an Account of this happy Accident, withal desiring his Advice to know what must be done upon this occasion. He order'd the *Bed*, upon which this wicked *Action* had been committed, to be carried out of the Gates of the House and there to be *burnt*. On the Day when this was put in *Execution*, the discarded *Footman* chanced to come by, as Fire was set to the *offending* Materials, and being told the reason of it, My Master, says, might have let this Bone-fire *alone*; for, by my *Knowledge*, if he's resolved to *punish* in this manner every *Bed* or *Chair* that has been accessory to *Fornication*, there's not a *Bed* or *Chair* in the House can 'scape him.

The *Captain* had just made an end of his Story as the Coach was got upon the Street. I took my leave of the Company in

by Mr. Brown.

123

-market, being obliged, as you know, to visit Mr. B — ; by whom I find, that there's no stirring for me out of Town this month or two. This is a sensible *mortification* to me, for whereas I had flatter'd myself that I should pass the winter with you in one of the best *Airs* in *Berkshire*, I must now do Penance in ever-lasting Fog and Smoke, which is my aversion of all aversions. The onely *relief* I propose to my self, is to *converse* with you by way of *Letters* as often as I can, which by that means to fancy my self at *Rushmore*. So that when any thing remarkable happens here, you may *depend* to have an account of it, from, Sir,

Your most humble and most  
obliged, &c.

Octob.  
1799.

---

*Love Letter from an Officer in the Army, to a Widow, whom he was desperately in Love with, before he saw her.*

Though I never had the Happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a Picture, and consequently can no more tell, what *Complexion* you are of, than he that  
lives

lives in the *remotest* part of *China*; Madam, I am fallen passionately in love with you, and this *Affection* has taken deep *root* in me, that in my *Conscience* I cou'd die a *Martyr* for you, with as much *Alacrity*, as thousands have done for the *Religion*; though they knew as little of the *Truth*, for which they dy'd, as I do of your *Ladiship*.

This may *surprize* you, Madam, but you'll cease to *wonder*, when I shall inform you what it was, that not only gave Birth to my passion, but has so effectually confirm'd it. Last Week, riding into the *Country* about my lawful Affairs, it was my *Fortune* to see a most magnificent *Seat* on the Road; this excited my *Curiosity* to enquire after the *Owner* of so beautiful a Place, and being told that it belong'd to your *Ladiship*, I began that very Moment to have a strange *Inclination* for you: but when I was farther informed, that some two thousand Acres of the best Land in *England*, belong'd to this noble *Fabrick*, together with a fine *Park*, variety of *Fish-ponds*, and many like *Conveniences*; I then fell up to the *Peak* in *Love*, and submitted to a *power*, which could not resist.

Thought I to my self, the *Owner* of so many agreeable Things, must needs be

Charming Lady in the Universe: What  
she be *old*, her Trees are *green*? What  
she has lost all the *Roses* in her *Cheeks*,  
has enough in her *Gardens*? What sig-  
is it though she be *barren*, since her Acres  
fruitful? With these Thoughts, I light-  
from my Horse, and on the sudden fell  
inamour'd with your Ladiship, that I  
my *Passion* to every *Tree* in your *Park*,  
th, by the by, are the tallest, straitest,  
niest, finest shaped *Trees* I ever saw;  
I have since wore out above two dozen  
knives, in *Engraving* your Name up-  
their Barks.

I will now *appeal* to your Ladiship, whe-  
any *Lover*, ever went upon more *solid*  
ives than my self. Those that chuse  
strefs wholly for her *Beauty*, will  
sibly find their *Passion decay* with that;  
that pretend to admire a Woman for  
*Qualities* of her *Mind*, are guilty of a  
of *Pagan* superstition, long since worn  
d-bare by *Plato* and his Disciples; for  
at loves not a Fair Lady for the *Flesh*,  
ell as the *Spirit*, is only fit, in my Opi-  
to make his *Court* to a *Spectre*; where-  
adam, you need not question the *Sin*-  
of my *Passion* which is built upon the  
*Foundation* with your House, grows  
your *Trees*, and will daily *increase* with  
*Estate* :  
For



For all I know to the contrary, your diship may be the *handsomest* Woman in the World; but whether you are or no, signifies not a Farthing, while you have money enough to set you off, though you were ten times more forbidding than the prettiest red-nosed Countesses of —, and ten times older than the famous Countesses of Devonshire. I am a Soldier by my Profession, and I have fought for Pay, so with Heaven's Blessing I have no design to love for Pay; All your other Suitors wou'd speak the same Language to you, were they as *honest* as my self; This I tell you for your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first dowry upon Record, from the Creation of the World, to this present Hour, that I have chose a Man for telling her the Truth, I am

Your most Passionate,

---

To Sir W. S—.

the two incomparable Poems, the Satyr  
against Wit; and the Poetæ Britannici.

Jan. 8.

Have, according to your Order, sent  
you down by the Canterbury Coach, the  
against Wit, and the Poetæ Britannici,  
incomparable Pieces in their Kind, and  
which will certainly give you a great deal  
diversion, if you are to be diverted by  
Jeers and Defamation, or what is as bad  
Defamation, by vile, lowly Panegyric.  
The former of these two Poems came, like  
a biseddeck into the World, without Fa-  
vor Mother; I mean the Author, for seven-  
teens best known to himself, has not  
thought fit to set his Name before it: How-  
ever he is not so conceal'd as he fancies him-  
self, for if there is any certainty in Physiog-  
nomics, or the Child to be known by the re-  
sembling the Features of his Father, as they  
in the Austrian Family are by the Lip, it  
is undoubtedly written by the City Bard,  
the same worthy Gentleman, who about  
Twenty Years ago lampoon'd K. William in an  
epic Poem, by the same Token, that he

was *Knighted* for it. I have been told he has disown'd the *Bastard* in several Companies, but that won't serve his turn: The *Grand Jury* at *Will's* have found the Bill gainst him; so now he must e'en take his *Brat* home, and bring it up in its *Father's Religion*, I mean, in *Hypocrisie* and *Babbling*. A Friend of mine t'other Day said a very pleasant thing, methought on this Occasion, a *Satyr against Wit*; this is, says he, a *Satyr* against every individual *Subject King William* has in his *minions*, for there's never a Man between *St. Michael's Mount*, in *Cornwal*, and *Wick upon Tweed*, but thinks himself a *Wit*, whatever the World may think of him nay, I dare engage that our *Author* himself, for all his *Aversion* to *Wit*, does not believe his *Satyr* to be without it. 'Tis a most fantastical Mixture of *Hypocrisie* and *Scandal* you ever saw: The Writer sets up for an Advocate of *Religion* while he shews by his Scurrility, and want of good Manners, and pretends that a *Corruption* is carrying on in *Covent-Garden*, and Banish *that* and *Learning* out of the World. By the terrible Description he makes of some People, one wou'd be apt to think that the *Goths* and *Vandals*, who have been buried under Ground for so many hundred

es, were newly *sprung* up in *Russel-street*,  
going with Fire and Faggot in hand  
set all our Libraries in Ashes; and  
then that was done, to knock all the *Par-*  
on the Head, and ravish all the *Women*  
between *White-Hall* and *White-Chapel*. But  
*Oates's* forty thousand *Pilgrims*, with  
r *Black Bills*, and so forth, don't smell  
rank of the *Legend*. All the Reason I  
w he has to make this *hideous* Out-cry,  
because the *Dispensary* has made bold to  
pose the *rambling Fustian* of his two *Ar-*  
s, and some honest Gentlemen, that  
y and then use to *drink* a *Dish* of *Tea* at  
s, have been guilty of speaking the  
e truth. A strange thing this! that a  
n must be an *Atheist*, only for calling  
*ness* by its proper Name, and a *Rake*,  
use he has too much *Honesty* to Flatter  
of the most execrable *Poems*, that has  
u'd the World since the Days of  
*Wiles* and *Ogilby*. As I told you before,  
Author of this incomparable *Satyr* has  
a pleased to disown it; but he has ac-  
wledged enough to do his Business.  
has own'd to a *Person* of the *indelible*  
rafter, who complimented him upon  
Writing of it, and told him, that an  
*ible Mark* was stamped upon all his  
cks, that indeed he *Corrected* and *Re-*



vised, but did not *Write* it: Had any one but himself been desired to *Correct* it, he would have done it by whole-sale with *Martial's Una litura*. However, this is enough in all Conscience, for next to the Scandal of Writing such a confounded *Satyr*, that of *Correcting* and *Revising* it, deserves the next place. But in *Satyr* and *Murder*, there's no such thing as *Accessories*, but every Man is a *Principal*. It would look like too Solemn a Confutation of such *Ribaldry*, to say that the *Gentlemen*, whom he has abused, have improved and cultivated our *Tongue*, have obliged the *World* with several *Works* that will be read with *Admiration*, and remembered with *Gratitude*, when his are forgotten; that they think it no *Disgrace* to the *Learning*, to accompany it with good *Manners*; that they know when to unbuckle themselves to *Pleasure*, and when to apply to *Business*; that they don't affect a *Grace* which after all becomes none but *mysteries* to *Block-heads*, nor show their *Morals*, by *surprizing* those of their *Neighbours*: I say it would look too *solemn*, to say any thing like this in their *Justification*, since not only their own *Works* speak for them, but they are sufficiently *commended*, by being made the *Heroes* of his *Libel*. Amos

mer merry Doctrines he advances, he tells  
 the World, that 'tis impossible for a Man  
 to be a *Wit*, and not a *Rake*; this I suppose  
 is calculated for the Meridian of *Cheapside*,  
 and for the Consolation of his *City-Friends*,  
 whom all the *World* will clear from the Im-  
 putation of being *Wits*: and yet, with all  
 the Respect to my *Lord-Mayor* and *Alder-*  
*men* be it spoken, I believe there are as  
 many of that Character within the *City-*  
*alls*, as there are in *Covent-Garden*, and  
 as many *avid senceless Coxcombs* too, that discredit  
 the *Measure*, and Murder *that* which was de-  
 signed to enliven *Conversation*. He principally  
 feels his Indignation at Mr. *Dryden*, and  
 among other Sins, taxes him with *Flattery*.  
*Flattery* is to be *Pardon'd* in any sort of  
 manner, it certainly ought to be in the *Poets*;  
 for my part, I don't think them more  
 guilty of it, than the *rest* of Mankind, who  
 agree to make their Court to *Wealth* and  
*Greatness*; and if it is a Sin to *flatter* Great-  
 ness, they do neither better nor worse than  
 the *World*, who, perhaps, have not the  
 same Excuse. If a man were minded to  
 be ill-natur'd, he might easily turn the  
 tables upon the *Church*, and show that the  
*Prebends* have *flatter'd* as much as the *Poets*.  
 The Latter in their Epistles Dedicatory

bestow *Wit* and *Learning* upon *Block-heads*; the Former have bestowed *Grace*, and the Lord knows how many *Christian Virtues* upon those that never possess'd them. What makes it look worse in the *Parsons* than the *Poets* is this, that these are privileged by their Function, whereas the former are Men of Grimace, and ought to abominate the least appearance of *Falsehood*, as much as they do *Non-payment* of Tithes. But 'tis a Jest, that the *City Bard* should fall foul upon any one for *Flattery*; he that has been guilty of the grossest, vilest *Flattery* imaginable, and prostituted the Dignity of an *Epic Poem*, more than any one before him. An *Epic Poem* is a noble magnificent Composition; the chief End of it is to excite Men to Virtue, by celebrating illustrious Examples, and proposing them to Imitation. 'Tis a Publick Building, like that of a *Temple*, or a *Town-Hall*; now as a Master that designs to build any such *Structure*, he intends to adorn it with Statues, or to set up those of celebrated Men, of Kings or Princes, or Bishops, and not his Barber, because he Trims him well, or his Shoemaker's, because he has got the Length of his Foot; So in an *Epic Poem*, an Author should only introduce Men of Figure

Work, and not throw away his *Incense* on *mean* or *obscure* Persons, merely because they are his *Friends*, and now and then drink a Glass of Wine with him at *Three Tuns* upon *Ludgate-Hill*. Yet the Author of the *Two Arthurs*, has not only done this, but has (to his Immortal Credit be it spoken) introduced *Satyr* into an *Poem*, which no one has done before, and I dare swear no one will ever attempt it after him, except such a fordid Imitator, as he that has *Burlesqued* our *Satyr* in *Heroick*. And Copies the *Faults* of the Authors he reads, instead of imitating their *Virtues*. But to return to our *Satyr*:

You and I, and every Body has been inform'd with the Honourable Mr. Boyle's Answer to a stiff haughty *Grammarians* that will be nameless, but is known well enough. Never did Wit and Learning Triumph so gloriously over Dullness and Pedantry, as in that noble Book; and never was any Argument managed with that Variety of Learning, and those agreeable *Turns* of Wit. Accordingly it found a kind Reception not only in *England*, but *abroad*. The *Foreign Journals*, gave it the Commendation it deserved, and all the *Polite Judges*



in *Europe* were pleased to see an *Arrogant Pedant*, that had been crouding his Head twenty Years together with the Spoils of *Lexicons* and *Dictionaries*, worsted and foiled by a *Young Gentleman*, upon his own *Dunghil*, and by his own *Criticisms*. That one would have thought that Mr. Boyle's Merit and Quality would have secured him from any *scurrilous* Treatment; and that his *Enemies*, if he could have any such, would be content to *Envy* him in Private and never have the Impudence to Attack him in Publick. And yet the noble Author of the *Satyr against Wit*, has villainously insinuated, that the *Gentleman* I have been talking of, did not Write the Book, which he prefixed his own Name. I appeal to you, whether 'tis possible for a Suggestion to be more *malicious* and more than this; and whether the *Publisher* can be used too *Scurvily*, or ought to be treated with any good *Manners*, which has so notoriously *violated*. They talk of *Squibbing* him with *Epigrams*; for my part I think 'tis doing him too much *Honour* and making him more *considerable* than he deserves; however, if they go on with this, I shall not be wanting to contribute my Quota to so *Pious* a *Design*.

is now high time to come to the Au-  
 of the *Poetae Britantici*: I do the  
 ndrel too much Honour to name him;  
 since two or three *Advertisements* have  
 him out in all his Trappings, for once  
 all condescend to mention him: His  
 ne is *Cobb*, the same numerical *Blew-*  
*-Boy*, that some Years ago Writ a *Mer-*  
*endarick* upon the *Queen's Death*, which  
 presented for *Blasphemy* at the *Old-Baily*.  
 n't imagine how it cou'd come into the  
 d of so obscure a *Wretch*, to think he  
 d do any Honour to the Persons he  
 ends to commend, or that his *Censure*  
 d be taken in Prejudice of the meanest  
 ler in *Town*.

Thus I have given you a short Account  
 ese Two *Lampoons*; I should have made  
 uple to obey your Commands, (the  
 time I was ever tempted to Disobey  
 in sending them down to you, but  
 I consider'd with my self, that your  
 ship in all probability has been a great  
 sgressor these *Christmas-Holidays*, and  
 assed most enormously with your *Te-*  
 in *Roast-Beef* and *March-Beer*; for  
 h Reason. it may not be amiss for you  
 o *Penance*, as I reckon you will most  
 ifully, if you can have Patience to  
 Read

Read over the *City Bard's* and the *Coat Scribler's Poem*. I am, with all respect,

*Honoured Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

*To a Physician in the Country.*

*Giving a true State of the Poetical War  
tween Cheap-side and Covent-Garden.*

*By another Hand.*

S I R,

**W**E are almost barren of News; War betwixt the *Northern Cross* and the *Poetical Physicians* is the only Subject at present; *Holstein* and *Riga*, *Cheap-side* and *Covent-Garden* the Scene of all Coffee-house Debates. What passes in two first, the Publick Prints will inform you; the latter I shall endeavour to give you some Account of: You are not ignorant of the *Civil War* that is broke amongst the Subjects of *Apollo*, and the Disorders we have lately had in *Parnassus*.

brawny *Heroes*, the Sons of *Paan*,  
 the opposite Factions; both have fig-  
 ed themselves extraordinarily, one in  
 Poems, which he has Printed, and  
 er in a Poem printed four times. The  
 Bard takes Arms to drive out *Wit*, as  
 wil Councillor from all the *Realms* of  
 o. The *Covent-Garden Hero* rises in its  
 nce, and maintains its Services. This  
 rel is so far spread, that it's not like to  
 cided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has  
 action, the *Knight* of the *Round-Table*  
 gathered a Body of Mercenaries, to  
 n, on the other side, are opposed a  
 dron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and  
 as in *Forty One*, *Blew-Aprons*, and  
 l-Coats are drawn up against one ano-  
 and the *Rabble* and *Gentlemen* set to-  
 r by the Ears; each Side confident of  
 ss, that trusting to their Multitudes,  
 o their Courage and Conduct. The  
 and *Mortar-men* are drawn up against  
*Esculapian-Band*; the first, who like  
 s and *Women* measure the Goodness  
 ery Thing by the *length*, assert the good  
 Cause of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*,  
 st the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and  
 ; and think it infinitely more Meri-  
 as to write three or four *Folio's* with-  
*Wit*, than to fill a small *Octavo* with it,  
 and



and prefer the Art of *Swelling a Bill*, be the *Skill to Cure a Disease*. The *Cheerful Hero*, they say, devotes himself wholly to their Service, and *Rhimes* as well as *scribes* to the use of their Shops: How this doubtful Chief, in the midst of *Cheapside Triumphs*, has been brought under Martial Discipline, and forc'd to the Gantlet in *Covent-Garden*, and swine through the whole Posse of *Parnassus*, fighting against the Law of Arms and false Colours. Those that favour his Complaint complain of the Injustice and Indignity of his Punishment, alledging, he suffers what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and say they know him through his Disguise, that coming upon 'em in Masquerade ought to suffer as a Spy, or an Assassin, and deserves no more Quarter, than they give to his *Patients*. Notwithstanding this, his Party have rallied once more, the *Mercenaries* are brought to the Arms, who hope to effect that by Stratagem, they despair of by plain Force; and the *Scots* at the *Bas*s, since they cannot duce 'em by *Arms*, attempt to Poison them with *Stink-Pots*. At the Head of this is a Mendicant *Rhymer*, one that begs a *Poem*, like a *Pass* in his Hand, and

Brief, as a Sufferer by *Poetick Fire*, collected the Charity of well-disposed as through all *Parnassus* for above Twelve Months; and like a true r, when he has tired 'em out, falls a g: For a Bribe from his Ballad-Prin- not large enough to Rob him of the t of the Act of Parliament, for the of Poor Prisoners; and the Promise inner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, s consented to *Libel* his Benefactors, turn to his old Quarters, and subsist e Remainder of his Life upon the . Thus countenanced and encouraged, s about him most desperately, and he not much concern'd for the Suc- draws his *Incense*, and his *Ammuni-* om the same *House of Office*. Friends oes are treated alike in Compliment, nts one with the same Sir-reverence, he aims to bedaub the other; and his Hand is in, like the Conqueror *Adibras's* Ovation, bestows his Or- very liberally amongst the Spectators. Sir, I have given you a true Ac- of the State of the *Poetical War*, d on both Sides by Gentlemen of your ty; among whom, though here has no Bloodshed, there has been as Noise of Slaughter and Execution,

as

140 *Original Letters, &c.*

as in *Holstein*, or *Livonia*. You may  
pect more on the same Subject, for  
Quarrel is not like to drop, while *Hol*  
can tell his Fingers, or *Wesley* subfi  
Mumping in Metre.

*I am, &c.*

L O V

# LOVE-LETTERS,

By several Hands

By Mr.----- to Madam-----

Had a Mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrel'd with me t'other Night, at the ——— or not; and there-  
writing to you Yesterday, I find now you are angry at something; but may be *discarded*, if I know the Reason: If I have made a Quarrel on my appro-  
——, I beg your *Pardon*, and shall henceforth do *Violence* to my own *Reason*, contradict *Mankind* to agree with you; 'Tis hard to find any Simpathy in *Hearts*, where there's such *Contrariety* in Opinions. I will therefore, *Madam*, henceforth square my Sentiments to yours in every thing; if you will quarrel without a Cause, I will oblige you, and do so too. Your Un-  
dressed, *Madam*, wrongs either your own *Reasons* or my *Sincerity*; either of which is a sensible Abuse to me. 'Tis a hard Fate,  
that



that you can't *love* and be *easy*, and I can  
*desist* and *live*: but I can *die* to make you  
*happy*; an ill-natur'd Line or two does  
 Business; for I cannot bear the *Spleen*,  
*Rheumatism*, and *your displeasure* at once.  
 So, *Madam*, strike now, and for ever  
 your self of an unfortunate Man, who has  
 but one Hand, which he thinks sufficient  
 since he can thereby ever own himself

Your

---

*To the same.*

*Madam,*

*Sunday-Morn*

**N**EXT to my *Prayers*, I must address  
*Devotions* to you; to you whom I  
 have offended, and to whom I must offer  
*penitential Sacrifice*, if an Oblation of a  
*living Heart* can make any Atonement for  
 my *Sin*, I offer it freely. Heaven is  
 merciful, and so shou'd you be; I dare not  
 preach, without your Permission: If  
 you will Sign my *Pardon* in a Line from your  
 dear *Hand* expect me with all the Joy of a  
 reprov'd *Malefactor*. I am, *Madam*,  
 your *or miserable*, as you please to make me

To the same

What shall I say to the *dearest Woman*  
upon Earth! Were my Thoughts  
common, how easily might they be ex-  
press'd! But the Expression, like the En-  
chantment in Love, is lost by a too ardent  
fire; my *Soul* plumes it self in the secret  
pleasure of being belov'd by you; and upon so  
firm a Foundation of valuing my self, who  
can accuse me of Vanity? I can no more  
flatter what I love, than I can flatter  
what I hate; and therefore when I tell you,  
that your *Charms* are more and more en-  
creasing, and my Love improving, believe  
me a Truth; hear my *Wish*, and then  
include me happy:

Could I find (grant Heaven that once I may)  
Triumph fair, kind, poetical and gay;

Love shou'd blaze unsullied and divine,  
kindled at first by the bright Lamp of mine:

From all sordid Ends, from Interest free,  
for my own sake Affecting only me.

A blest Union both our Souls should joyn!  
I alone, as she was only mine;

In her Arms, I should immortal grow,  
and in return, I made my Celia so.

Generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,  
I write for Love, and she shou'd Love for Verse:

Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,  
 Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.  
 She shou'd transcend all that e'er went before,  
 Her Praises, like her Beauty shou'd be more:  
 My Verse shou'd soar so high, the World shou'd see  
 I sung of her, and Celia smil'd on me:  
 The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,  
 At once my Theam, and Inspiration too:  
 Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.

I went abroad Yesterday morning about  
 seven, and return'd about one this morning  
 slept till past eight, then arose to tell you  
 that I dreamt of you all the time, and  
 I am your own.

---

*To the same.*

**B**Y Heavens and Earth (my Dear)  
 am ty'd Neck and Heels with W  
 and Company! All the Spells of Love  
 undo the Charm; besides, my Dear, I am  
 most fuddled; I shall stay here at the  
 till towards eleven; it will be a tedious  
 Walk to go home to Night, considering  
 that you lie upon the same Floor with  
 Door: It is not impossible, methinks,  
 Man of so much Love to slip in Incon-

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 145

— is with me, there will be a  
ble Pleasure in deceiving him, and being  
by in my *dear* One's Arms; I shall call  
the Door, and see whether the Coast be  
: however, this, if it succeeds, will  
me the happiest upon Earth —; how-  
my *Dear*, run no Hazard that may  
se you; but consider, my *Dear*, the  
r Wishes of the faithfullest, and most  
g of Mankind.

---

*To the same.*

I did not *Love*, I wou'd not beg, and  
if ever you *loved*, you'll grant my *Par-*  
your Letter, *Madam*, has tormented  
more than all the *Favours* of your whole  
besides can please *me*; if I have *lost* you,  
I've *lost* my *self*, and shall be lost to all  
Mankind: My Letter last Night was  
written in heat of *Wine*; so Men guilty of  
drunkenness in their *Drink*, repent it all their  
days; mine is a greater *Crime*, for I have  
pierc'd my self, pierc'd my own *Heart*,  
now it bleeds with *Anguish* and *De-*

ab'd my own Heart, and pierc'd your  
Heart, there the Remembrance of the Hap-

pineness I have enjoy'd, will now prove  
greatest *Curse*; the melting Sighs, the  
ving Tears, the Joys, the Raptures  
mounted me to Heaven, now cast me do  
to Hell: I shall now turn *Poet* in ge  
earnest;

*And like poor Ovid, banish'd from his Rome  
Curse that destructive Art, that caus'd his D*

In short, *Madam*, I am *Mad*, and if I th  
farther, I shall let the World see it.  
voke that word, *eternal Silence*, or you m  
me eternally *Miserable*, for I am now  
most Disconsolate of Mankind.

*To a young Lady.*

*By another Hand.*

*My Dearest Madam,*

**F**Or so I must ever think you, I  
you got safe to *London*, and that  
Indisposition is abated, which will b  
Means to make mine the more toler  
since I can more easily bear mine own  
yours; You expect I should tell you,  
I am; and excepting a little Melanch



by Gentlemen and Ladies. 147

Reason of which you know, I find my  
tolerable, my Fever, I think, did not  
fit to visit me last Night. I ramble out  
the Room into another, now and then I  
fall a Tear. I design to come to *London*,  
*Sunday* next, that my Heart and I, may  
be in the same Place; till then, believe me  
entirely

*Yours.*

---

*To the same.*

Cannot help telling my Dearest, how  
much I am hers, what Pleasure I have  
in her Company, what Pain in her Absence;  
to love her, is but to see her; and to value  
her is only to know her: But pray, my  
Mrs. —, forget not to drink some  
Chocolate with me to Morrow, that I may  
say, I spent a *Sunday* well; I am sure  
I shall have some good Thoughts in the  
evening, because I shall think of you; and  
when I do so, I shall think of one that I  
adore with Love, and that I hope is not  
unmindful of

*Hers.*

*To the same.*

**T**O convince you, I am not given to Change, regard but this Piece of Paper, 'tis torn like my Heart at taking leave, and is such a Scribble as I usually write; am harsh in my Stile, negligent of my Letter and not too exact in fashioning up my Letter and cannot have the least Esteem for myself, but when I reflect that I have the Honour to be lookt upon as,

*Madam, your most Humble*

*To the same.*

*Dear Madam,*

**T**Is to you, I must always address myself; tell me how I do; 'tis no matter, I shou'd find my self in Health, if your Frowns shou'd tell me otherwise; know then, Madam, I languish, or revive, you smile or look out of Humour; though, at present, one wou'd guess by my Hand-writing, that I am just at

t of Death; yet, I doubt not, but I  
live till to Morrow Evening, if you  
d but promise, at that time, to come

*Yours.*

---

*Letter from a Lady to her Lover,  
in the French Army; with a Tuft  
of Hair inclosed in it.*

*Out of the French.*

*ir,*

Have sent you a *Pattern* of what you  
formerly us'd to *like* so much, and  
d wish the *whole* Piece with you: I  
to see you, and am sorry, that your  
*our* is dearer to you, than your *Mistress*,  
that you prefer a Lodging in a *Trench*  
*er Arms*. I begin to complain of the  
th of the *Campaigne*; but if it be true,  
one of *these* inclosed in this Letter, can  
more than *six Horses*, I may have  
e Hopes they'll pull you hither to me;  
ast *all* that's left of you, for I suppose  
are too much a *Hero*, to bring back  
your *Limbs* with you, or to have any  
K k 4 thing

thing *entire*, but your *Hearts* at your  
turn to

*Tours.*

---

To Madam C-----ll.

*Madam,*

**I**T is not without some Pains, *Madam*, that I have gathered the following count, which if it proves not advantageous to me; it is at least very satisfactory, to know why I am *refus'd*: Because you *do* like me. A very *substantial Reason*, I confess; and the only one I believe, which the *Vertue* of your *Sex* is grounded on. For, *Madam*, I am satisfied, your *Fortune* is not *Impregnable*, and though you would *Capitulate* with me, though I offer you my own *Terms*, I know the *Man*, to whom you would gladly *Surrender* upon his *Song*, or an *amorous Copy* of *Love-Verse*, would gain the Point: 'Tis strange, *Madam*, that you should be in *Love* with *Sons* of the *Muses*; those *poor Rogues*, who can only pay with empty *Breath*, whereas *substantial Gold*, would purchase; that used to be the most prevailing *Argument* with your *Sex*. Adieu, *Madam*.

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 151

Crown damns a *Poet* at any time, and Shilling, you may buy what he has sold his Brains about half a Year to Col- then, pray where lies the *Curiosity*? I should think, a *little Money*, or a *Wit*, clean *Linen*, and a *sweet Breath*, that be every jot as acceptable. I may reasonably suppose, your *Husband*, a *ve-* husband; for Women are generally in dreams, and your Sicknefs of the *Fool* creas'd to a Madnefs for a *Wit*. Now, *Madam*, I would advise you, to apply a *Remedy* for your Cure, which you may find in your humble Servant: I am nei- *Ideot* enough, to be called a *Driveller*; *Wit* enough, to set up for a *Poet*: yet, venture a Wager, if you'll try, I can be you as substantial as either. Confi- *Madam*, on this Advice, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in Practice: I shall expect your Answer, or you may expect the second Part of the same *Tune*. For in short, *Madam*, I Love you, and must, and will *st*: I am resolv'd not to be uneasie thus, when 'tis in your Power to give me *Ease*. I am, *Madam*, or will be wholly yours, and hope to find one Day the same Conclusion, Letter from your dear self.

*Madam*



## Madam C-----ll's Answer to-----

**C**Ou'd I value a Man upon his Fortune, I shou'd condescend to Converse with a *Fool*, though by your *Affurance* and *Witty*, one wou'd take you for a *Wit*: Conversation with the *Sons* of the *M* is purely for my *Diversion*; if I thought you had Sence enough to make me Sport, wou'd list you in the *Number*. I'm all the Product of your whole Life, wou'd mount to the Value of what you reckon a *Poet's* half Year's Pains, unless it were to expose your self, which they can do better than you: You tell me, you have a *sweet Breath*, but how can that be a *sweet Breath*, which *Stinks* so *Rankly* of *Nonsense*? You propose a *little Money*, and a *little Wit*; but scorn to be beholding to any Man for the former, and the latter I have it already without the Arrogance of *Riches*, and the ill Manners of *Vanity*. My *Husband* knows me so well by my *Company*, and you so by your *Letter*, that he has given me leave to Answer it; nay, *commanded* me, else he had left you a Prey to your *Conceit* and *vanity*; which in a little time, will make you fit for the *Stage*, and so make you good Company for *Women* of Sence.

, I advise you to make your *Valet* scribe your Letters for you, for your hand Spells worse than a Whore.

---

*His Answer to Mrs. C-----ll.*

AN Answer, and by the *Husband's* Command too; better still, I hope you Wit enough to make Advantage of Liberty he gives you: Your Letter, am, shews you a Woman of Sence; the *Scarceness* of that *Commodity* in your renders you the more agreeable: And ought to be taken into consideration by *Parliament*, to prevent the Increase of s, that no one Man shou'd engross a n of *Wit* to *himself*: You are very sensible, *Madam*; but no matter, I had rather the Subject of your Thought this way, not at all; for I may hope at last to convince you of the *Sincerity* of my *Passion*, *Pity* is essential to your *Sex*. But, what are you doing! this is labouring to be a Fool, and losing your Opinion of my *Valet*, if you'll let me enter your List, *Madam*, under what Colours you please, I question coming off with Credit. And I don't confess I have made you as good as any of the *Parnassian* Family, I'll give

give you leave to *cashier* me the next *Ment*. I'm glad to find such a Reformation in your Sex; but, I doubt, Madam, you hardly perswade many of 'em to be of your Mind: For I tell you, *Madam*, *Gold* is *Womens God*; and there's scarce a *Dutch* in this *Kingdom*, that can't find an use for a *superfluous* Sum, I deny your having *Wet* without *Vanity*; if you mean in yourself, good Manners oblige me not to contradict you, tho' I have much ado to be reminding you of the following Line in the Letter; 'tis out, Faith, before I was aware, your Pardon for that: If you were the Lover, I must tell you, Madam, that no *Poet* is without the *Vanity* of *ten thousand* a Year, and I'll warrant, to assert his *Wit*, wou'd venture to *Libel* a *Parliamentary* man, for *hissing* his *damn'd* dull *Plays*, though he had pick'd his *Pocket* of *half* a *Crown*. Look ye, Madam, I have no occasion to expose the *Product* of my *Brain*; the *Product* of my *Estate* is sufficient to afford my *Necessaries*; and that's more than your *Political Friends* can warrant from their *Diet* and hard *Study*. And to answer your *Postscript*, good *Spelling* is beneath a *Gentleman*; so much by way of Answer. *Madam*, I wish I knew of what *Metal* your good Man of yours is made; for I wou'd

be acquainted with him, 'tis the best  
 of Intriguing in the World: If he is  
 a Courtier, *Flattery makes him my Friend*; if  
 a Citizen, *Custom in his way of Trade*; if  
 he serves the King, *a bribe may do the Business*;  
 if a Man below these, a hard Word, and a  
 Look makes you mine; and if I once  
 in Possession, you shou'd find I had Cou-  
 rage enough to defend my own, though  
 I make all the Submission to you imaginable.  
 I believe me, Madam, to be the sincerest  
 of your humble Servnts.

---

*An Answer.*

I am very glad to hear, Sir, that you are  
 a Member of Parliament, for by that  
 means you may prefer a Bill in favour of my  
 Cause, that may provide against the trouble-  
 some Suit of those we don't care for. Pray  
 be kind to the D — of N —; I  
 don't think but an Act of Resumption, in  
 favour of a Wife may pass. If an Act of Par-  
 liament make a Cuckold, it may be of dan-  
 gerous Consequence to all the Husbands in  
 the Nation; for the Subjects will be for fol-  
 lowing the Example of the higher Powers.  
 I imagine you to be of the Court Party, you  
 understand

understand a Bribe so well ; but I can assure you my Husband falls not in your Road ; he's no *Courtier*, consequently no *Knave*, no *Soldier* ; so not in your Power to use ill ; no trusting *Cit* to oblige your *Squireship's Acquaintance* ; nor Fool enough to be frighted with the *Bray of an Ass* : I'll say much by way of Answer to your *Wit*. And now, Sir, I tell you, I want much of your *Vanity* to relish your *Flattery* ; I have *Wit* enough to distinguish the Arrogance of a Coach and Six from the Complaisance of a Man of *Sense* ; I despise your Person and nauseate your *Person* ; and if you desist, I shall expose your Name in Print and your Years will shew you *Bankrupt* in *Love*, as your *Letters* do of *Sense* and good *Manners* ; and that you are deficient in 'em all, I believe the World will agree with,

Sir,

Your humble Servant



To Mrs.-----

By another Hand.

Madam,

I must acquaint you in short, that you must either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I must put mine; either you must not be *Hand-* or I must be *Blind*. Yet though my passion is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, I must not expect I shou'd either *Hang* or *rown*. I shou'd betray great Want of *Wit*, and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, were I willing to leave the World while you were in it. To deal sincerely with you, *Madam*, I choose infinitely the Happiness of *Living* with you, before the Glory of *Dying* for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your *Sense*, to believe you prefer the *Living* Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to those that are *cold*; the Limbs that have *Motion*, to those which have *None*.

If I must *die*, Madam, *kill* me with *Kindness*, but not with your *Cruelty*: let me *expire* rather upon your *Bosom*, than at your Feet. If you shall be *tenderly* inclin'd to give me a *Death* of this kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in  
the

the Three Kingdoms: Appoint but *your* place, and I shall not fail to meet my *Murderer*.

---

To my Lady-----

Madam,

I Am now at my Lady——, where I have had a very *warm* Debate: Am many general Things we happen'd to into a Discourse of Queen *Elizabeth*, a Question arising what Complexion she of; one Lady said, she was *Fair*, and maintain'd she was *Black*, a third concluded she was *Brown*. The Dispute was managed with very great *Heat*, and little *tainty* on all sides. *Speed*, *Baker*, *Camerarius* were consulted; but we found the *Hebrews* either *silent*, or as much divided the Company; at last, after a *long* Debate it was the *unanimous* Resolution of the Ladies and Gentlemen, to refer it to the Ladyship's *Determination*, as a Person of greater *Antiquity*, and consequently of greater *Authority* than our *Chronicles*. If I shall do us the *favour* to give us some *satisfaction* in this Matter, 'twill be a great Obligation.

gation to the *whole* Company, and a  
ular Honour done to,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladiship's obedient Servant.*

---

*To the same.*

*A Love-Letter to an Old Lady.*

*Madam,*

Saying a Visit yesterday to Mrs. ———  
I was informed of your *Ladiship's* Dis-  
re: What shou'd occasion your In-  
tion, I cannot well apprehend: I do  
you, no Man living has a greater  
ration for your *Ladiship*, or has been  
er upon all Occasions to testify it to  
World. To convince you of the Truth  
at I say, I will relate to you what  
ned last *Saturday*; by which it will  
r, that I have been so far from *ridi-*  
you *Ladiship*, which is the *Accusa-*  
ou *fasten* upon me, that no one could  
given greater *Demonstration* of his Re-  
For being in *Company*, where men-  
was made of your *Ladiship*, not so ho-  
ble indeed, as I could have wished,

L I

or

or your *Quality* and *Character* might be required; I took occasion to do Justice to your Merit: *Gentlemen*, said I, you do my Lady wrong; for my own part I *profess*, I think her a very agreeable Woman. You cannot be serious sure, replies a certain *Gentleman*, who had more *Malice* than Wit in my whole *Life*, I never saw so hideous a *Complexion*. Sir, said I, 'tis unjustly done to find fault with a *Complexion*, which is none of her own; if her Face displeases you, blame her *Woman* who made it. I hope, returned he, you will not do so, but that she is *Red-hair'd*: With submission, Sir, I do, to my certain knowledge she has not one *Hair* on her *Head*. I then her *Teeth*, all the *World* must allow are execrable. I deny it, Sir, for she has but *one* that is bad. But you must grant her *Chin* is too long by three Inches. do you apprehend the Reason? 'Tis because her *Neck* is too short by two. I Sir, said he, with some little heat, you are obstinately bent to oppose the Power of Truth; but I hope you are not so far from being judicious, as to maintain her *Breath* to be sweet? That Infirmity, Sir, replied I, is the Effect of the Foulness of her *Lungs*, not of her *Mouth*; and if her *Lungs* are so tainted, is it her *Ladiship's* Fault, or Nature's?

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 161

then her Gate, says he, is the most agreeable in the World. You have been seduced at once, Sir, said I, both your *Reason*, and your *Ignorance*; if you had the Acquaintance with her *Ladiship*, you might have known better; Alas! poor *Lady*! she has not walkt without *Crutches* these Years. But then her *Conduct*, I say you will not undertake to justify that; does it become *Old Eve*, think you, to be *Coquet*, and *Paint*, *Intrigue*, read *Romances*, *Love-Verses*, talk *Smuttily*, look *Amorously*, dress *Youthfully*; infomuch, that if it were not for her *Looks*, you could not distinguish her from her Daughter. Understand, Sir, you mistake, 'tis her *Granddaughter* you mean. And then to keep a Fellow of five and twenty to satisfy brutall Lust. 'Tis false, I have heard ——— affirm a thousand times she was *decent*.

He would have proceeded in his Defamation, but I desired him to omit all farther Discourse on that Subject, for that I could not, with Patience, support, that a Woman of your *Ladiship's* Merit, and Virtue, should be so impudently abused in Honour, should be so impudently calumniated and Blasphemed to my Face.



I hope by this time you are made sensible *Madam*, that I am quite another Person than you apprehended me to be, and that I am so far from having any *disrespectful* Thoughts of your *Ladiship*, that no one of your *Grand-Children*, the *nearest* Relations you have *remaining*, could have gone farther in your *Vindication*. But I would not have you attribute my *Defence* of your *Ladiship*, altogether to *Respect*; give it a *tenderer*, and *truer* Name, and call it *Love*. I say *Love*; for let me die, *Madam*, if I have not a violent *Passion* for your *Ladiship*. I know you may very well suspect the Truth of what I say; for *Love* in me you will tell me, ought to imply *Beauty* in you. But *Love*, you know very well creates *Beauty* no less frequently, than *Beauty* does *Love*. - And if by the help of *Imagination*, I can find out *Charms* in you which no Body else can discover; I think I have reasonable Foundation enough for my *Passion*: there is *something*, I know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your *Face*, *Shape*, or *Mien*, or *Air*, or any part of your *Body*; much less in your *Mind*: but *something* there is so very agreeable; *something* I know not what, nor where, so bewitching, 'tis not in my power to defend my *Heart* against you. Perhaps the *malicious* W

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 163

I say you are *Old*; but we know *old* is more intoxicates more than *new*; and an *Oak* is stronger than a *young* one. 'Tis in your *Ladiship's Beauty*, as with *old* buildings when they fall, it destroys with ruins. As I profess my self an *Admirer of Antiquity*, by consequence I should have a small *Passion* for your *Ladiship*: For I tell you, *Madam*, there are finer Fragments of *Antiquity* in your *Face*, than any *France* or *Italy* can boast of; and more *Beauties* buried in one *Wrinkle* of yours, than the *Ruins* of the most stately *Arches*, or the magnificent *Temples*. You cannot therefore question the Sincerity of my Profession, when I tell you I am, *Madam*, with reality,

Your *Ladiship's* most passionate Adorer,  
and most obedient, humble Servant.

---

A Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes.

*Madam,*

You will hardly believe, perhaps, how much people talk of your Indisposition. The late *Eclipse*, when the Sun it self

L 1 3

was

was in Labour, occasion'd not half the Course, as the present Distress your Eyes in, throughout the whole *Empire* of *Beauty*, that is, throughout the whole *Kingdom*. Nothing is more generally talk'd or more universally lamented. Those *beautiful Eyes*, which were wont to spread in all *Hearts*, now diffuse *Sorrow* in every *Breast*: at the same time they raise different *Passions*; the *Women* pity what they *envy*, and the *Men* lament what they *admire*. 'Tis true, there are some discontented Persons, that perhaps have formerly felt your *Rigour*, who let drop bold Expressions, they say, your *Eyes* are deservedly punish'd for the many *Violences* and *Barbarities* you have committed; that 'tis but just you should be *afflicted*, who have made many poor *Men* *suffer*; and that it is a manifest *Judgment* of *Heaven*, that this *Distemper* shou'd *attacque* you in the Place where you *assault* Mankind. These are the Murmurs of some few *Men*, *Madam*, whom we except from the Multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your *Eyes*.

Sir Thomas ———, who you last speaks fine things, did me the honour to Visit Yesterday, and commands me to tell you, That had he as many *Eyes* as *As*

give yours one Moment's ease, he would  
 kick them all out, and throw them, as he  
 would *himself*, and his *Fetters*, at your *Feet*.  
 On my own part, *Madam*, who have but  
 two Eyes, one of them is at your *Ladiship's*  
 service, the other I am unwilling to lose,  
 because I am unwilling to lose the sight of

Your grave *Uncle* likewise gives his Ser-  
 vice to you; 'twas my Fortune to meet him  
 in my *Lady*—'s Lodgings, where your  
*Ladiship*, and your present Indisposition,  
 being the Subject of our Discourse, the old  
 Gentleman, who *moralizes* on every thing  
 under the Sun, lifting up his Eyes to Hea-  
 ven, and laying his Hand upon his sage  
 Head, Alas! says he, see the Vanity of all  
 things here below! See, Ladies, see Gentle-  
 men, see how frail is Beauty! how uncer-  
 tain its Possession! the finest Eyes in the  
 Universe are in danger of losing their Beau-  
 ty and Lustre! How imperfect are the most  
 perfect Things! Alas, alas, *Vanity of Van-  
 ity, all is Vanity*, says the Preacher.

When the *Oracle* had ceased, Sir, said I,  
 with an affected grave Look) I remem-  
 ber well, you were wont frequently to tax  
 your Niece with *Pride*; don't you think  
 Providence design'd this present Affliction  
 as a Lesson of *Humility* to her? Does it not

seem the very Intention of *Heaven*, by this Indisposition, that those very *Eyes* which may justly make her *proud*, shou'd teach her to be *humble*: that where she is *strongest*, she shou'd find her self *weak*: that where she is most *divine*, she shou'd confess her *mortal*.

Very religiously and solidly reflects says old *Solomon*; I profess I am surpris'd to find so much Maturity in so much Youth: Go on in the Ways of Wisdom and prosper.

Thus, *Madam*, like a faithful *Historian* as I am, I have related to you, what is the Discourse of the World upon this Intimacy; but I am sensible, I have made your *Ladiship's* Patience suffer, by the unfastenable Length of my Letter, which I fear give your *Eyes*, in the Weakness they are in at present, too much pain in the reading. I shall conclude, with my Advice and Wish: My Advice, That you wou'd take care of the finest *Eyes* in the World. My Wish, That the Flame were remov'd from your *Eyes* to your *Heart*. I am,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladiship's most obedient Servant*



Mr. B----- in Covent-Garden.

*Account of a Journey to Exon, &c.*

*.April 8. 1700.*

S we have one *good Quality* in our *Sex* beyond what *yours* can boast of, that seldom to make a Promise but with a design to keep it; I have therefore been oblig'd to let you see I cannot easily forget anything which so great an Obligation as *Word* hath engag'd me to remember: as there was nothing needful but a Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it, so I hope, on your side there will be nothing more requir'd than to consider what I have sent you acceptable and a Willingness to receive it: I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every part just scrib'd o'er with such freedom as 'twas acted, wanting care to put it in any other than a *loose* *ing-dress*, not questioning but it may please you as well without the *Formalities* of a *pretty Woman* without *Stays* may be of your *Acquaintance*.

In the first place I shall give you a Draught of those *discording* *Mor-*  
*our Company* was compos'd of in the  
Stage-

*Stage-Coach*, (viz.) A *Barrister at Law*, an *Attorney's Clark*, a *Cornish Justice*, a *T* and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-man* that *be*, but some dispute arising in the *Ele* prevents me fixing his *Title*, that *be* been travelling in a *Dutch Scout* or a *Grand Tilt-boat*, I could not have been *tr* with less *Manners*, or *teas'd* with more *pertinence*.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the *vernment's Care* for the *Reformation* of *be* was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before *engages*, and, for the first Day, talk nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March-beer*, *W rants*, *Whipping-posts* and *Vagabonds*, *lowing* as laudably in every interval of *Nonsense*, as if he had been riding the quarter-speed at the very Heels of his *gles*, larding his other *Qualifications* now then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting* with a *Hey down*, *ho down*, &c. which *me* good reason to suspect he had been more conversant with *Robin Hood's Ballads* than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter I believe as much as a *Ge* *Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord-M* *State-Policy*.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much *sturb'd* at his *Bawling*, for I conceive *love no Bodies Noise* but their own. *T*

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 169

and him to sleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds,*  
*I win't sleep; I din't care a F---t for your*  
*r, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thir-*  
*ousand Pound, and am the head Man*  
*I live; and By G--d, if you come to*  
*thon, I'll give you a Glass of the best*  
*ch-Beer you ever drank in your Life:*  
*will make a Noise if I please.* I was in  
of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together  
the Ears, but at last *Justice* slept and the  
got the better by surviving it.  
the *Taylor*, had you seen him, you wou'd  
sworn he had been broke by the *Ju-*  
*Beaux*, for he had Lines of Faith in  
ace, and his Clothes bore the Marks  
overty; he complain'd very much of  
*ing*: I find 'tis a common Calamity,  
ruins more Families than the *Royal Oak-*  
*ry.*

the *Valet* personated his Master to a *Tit-*  
and was as arrogant and noisie as e'er a  
*try'Squire* in *England*.

ow, If I were to be hang'd, I can't tell  
had most Manners of all these: The  
er slept Dogs-sleep most part of the  
I suppose the better to ruminate on  
Causes he had in hand. The *Clark* was  
pertinent as a *Midwife* at a *Gossiping*;  
as dull as an *old Woman* at a *Funeral*.  
fail'd not to Eat and Drink heartily  
upon

upon the Road, nor to make me club to Reckoning; *Justice* and *Law* were both a side in that particular; and the Court *Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for the Sins I ever committed in my Life arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Justice* entering the Town in as much Triumph ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory; *High-Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Colonel* of the *City Train-bands*, and much in the same order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some reason for the People look'd as if they were grieved) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horse-trumpet*, I imagin'd some *Majesty* was to be seen, and, looking out of my Window, I saw several sorts; the first was *Mrs. Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for *Worship* is the rule in *this* Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphal Chariot (erected on purpose for that occasion) with *Disk* and *Doll* crouding to their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Czar* *Majesty*.

by *Gentlemen and Ladies.* 171

esty; the Custom it seems is to con-  
them in this manner to the most mag-  
ent Church of the place, where we  
leave them to their several Ejacula-

*I am your oblig'd Servant,  
You know who.*

---

*The Answer.*

*Madam,*

*Apr. 22. 1700.*

received your Letter, and am glad to  
and by it, that you have got that by  
ing a small *Journey to Exeter*, for which  
People are forced to cross the *Alpes*,  
beat the *Hoof to Room*, I mean the Re-  
of your *Sins*, which you think you  
made a reasonable Atonement for, by  
ring so much from the *Impertinence* of  
*Cornish Justice* and the two Limbs of  
Law.

at, *Madam*, don't flatter your self, or  
that your *Chalk* will be so easily wi-  
out. You have been a great *Sinner* in  
time, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage*-  
will hardly atone for the *Sins* you  
committed: And, because we are too  
apt



apt to be over-favourable to our selves, give me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your *Conscience* out of this *dangerous State* of *Security* by laying before you some of the many *Sins* you are *accountable* for.

*Imprimis*, Here are *People* in *Town* that charge you with *Murders* numberless; and unless you *heartily repent* of them, and promise to *commit* no *more*, I find but little hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charged with *Murder*, with this *horrid Aggravation* too on your side, That whereas *Assassines* only *murder* their *Enemies*, or those as they suspect to be so, you make no scruple to *kill* your *Lovers* that throw themselves at your *Feet*, and wou'd purchase a *single Service* from you at a *seven Tears Service*.

In the next *place*, You are accused of *Theft*. Set your *Hand* to your *Heart*, *Madam*, and do but consider how many *valuable Commodities* you have *stolen* in your time, yet never had the *Conscience* to restore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the *Crime* worse in you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and *stole* away *Peoples Hearts* at *Church*, in the time of *Divine Service*, and in the *sight* of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is *Theft*, and that if *Men* will put their *Hands* on

en you, how can you help it. But Ma-  
some People gave them you, who had  
right to dispose of them, as I cou'd in-  
ce in a thousand *married Men* that *sighed*  
you, and according to the *ancient Pro-*  
the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for  
stole 'em from their *Wives* to bestow  
upon you.

thirdly and lastly, *Madam*, you have not  
your own *Sins* but those of other Peo-  
to answer for. How many *Women* have  
made guilty of the *horrid Sin* of *Detra-*  
, and tell a thousand *malicious Stories*  
you, only because you were *handsomer*  
they? How many *Men* have you  
guilty of *Perjury*, and tempted them  
orlake their *former Vows*, to *sacrifice* 'em  
you?

thus, *Madam*, I have made *bold* to lay  
of your *Sins* before you. Should I  
ertake to send you a full *Catalogue* of  
, I should have as fine time on't, as  
*Commissioners*, that are to inspect pub-  
Accounts. Therefore never think that  
*Exeter Journey* has compounded for them.  
ou'd advise you this *holy Year* of *Jubilee*,  
rn your *Face* towards *Rome*; but, alas,  
d spoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims*  
that according to our last *Advices*,  
above a *hundred thousand strong*. In  
short,

short, *Madam*, I don't know what counsel to advise you to; only don't stay long in *Country*, for that wou'd be to *Trespass* against a *positive Text*, and to put your *Chandler* under a *Busshel*. Come to *Town* as soon as you can, and begin to make *Restitution* in the *Place* where *you* have done the most *Mischief*.

You desire, in my Answer, I should transmit you some *News*: I assure you, *Madam*, there is not enough stirring about *Town*, to fill the last half Column of the *Weekly Papers*, without a tedious repetition of the same fulsome Stuff: that the *City News-hounds* sit as hush over their *Country* as so many *English-men* in a *Tavern* when the *Drawer* has brought the *Reckoning*: however, for once, I will strain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the late *War* in *Flanders*, and the present *Year* of *Jubilee*, the *Nation* of abundance of *Fools*, *Knaves* are every *Term* as thick in *Westminster-Hall*, and *Cuckolds* every *Day* as numerous upon *Change*, as if they had without loss, preserv'd their *ancient Number*.

*Poetasters* are grown as numerous in *Town* as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers*, every one so applies himself to the *Science*

by Gentlemen and Ladies. 175

at the *White-Fryars Printers* are quite  
ggar'd for want of *Balads*: Yet *Wit*, I  
serve is as scarce as 'twas in the time of  
*Chaucer*, when a *Distich* of *Verses*  
were worth a *Page* of *Prose*, and a *Song*,  
with a *Fa-la-la Chorus*, was much more li-  
kely to than a *Sermon*.

*Discretion* in married *Women*, is here  
now so scarce as *Modesty* in *Maids*; they  
forward their *Daughters*, by their own  
ill Talk and *Example*, that the pretty  
at Seven, instead of a *Rattle*, talks of  
nothing but a *Husband*, and the young *Lady*  
Eleven is as ripe her in *Thoughts*, and  
pert in her *Behaviour* as if her *Education*  
been at the famous *Mrs. C----*'s, near  
*Lyon-Square*, instead of a *Dancing-*  
*school*.

I know, *Madam*, some of this *News* must  
be strange to a *Woman* of your *Virtue*,  
the more surprizing, generally the  
more acceptable, especially if it be true;  
which reason I sent it you to supply the  
scarcity of such as might have been more  
welcome, and therefore beg your accep-  
tance of it in room of better, from, Ma-

Your humble Servant.



*An Exhortatory Letter, to an O  
Lady that smoaked Tobacco*

*Madam,*

**T**Hough the ill-natured World censures you for *Smoaking*, yet I would advise you, Madam, not to part with so innocent a Diversion: In the first place Heathful, and as *Galen de usu Part* rightly observes, is a Sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Perfect of Old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, tho' it be a Heathenish Weed, is a great Aid to Christian Meditations; which is Reason I suppose that Recommends our Parsons; the Generality of whom, no more write a *Sermon* without a Pipe in their *Mouths*, than a *Concordance* in their *Hands*: besides, every Pipe you breathe may serve to put you in mind of Mortality and show you upon what slender Accident a Man's Life depends. I knew a *Dissenter Minister*, who on Fast-days used to meditate upon a *Rump* of Beef, because it put him in mind, that all *Flesh* was Grass, but I am sure much more may be learned from Tobacco. It may instruct you of Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of



world vanish like a *Vapour*. *Thirdly*, It is  
*pretty Play-thing*: A Pipe is the same to  
 Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a  
 young one, by the same Token they make  
*Water* at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Last*—  
 It is *fashionable*, at least 'tis in a fair way  
 becoming so; cold Tea, you know,  
 been this long while in Reputation at  
 Court, and the *Gill* as naturally ushers in  
 the *Pipe*, as the *Sword-Bearer* walks before  
 the *Lord-Mayor*.

*I am your Ladiships humble Servant.*

### To Dr. Garth.

Whether your *Letter* or your *Pre-*  
*scription* has made me well, I pro-  
 I cannot tell; but thus much I can  
 say that as the one was the most nauseous  
 I ever knew, so the other was the  
 most entertaining. I would gladly ascribe  
 the Cure to the last; and, if so, your *Prac-*  
 tice will become so *universal*, you must  
 be a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*.  
 The Observations I have made are these,  
 your *Prescription* staid not long with  
 me but your *Letter* has, especially that  
 part

part of it where you told me I was not  
 together out of your Memory: You'll find  
 me much alter'd in every thing when  
 you see me, but in my esteem for your self:  
 that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I  
 was at *London*, am now as plump as an  
*Indian*. I have left off my *false Calves*,  
 had yesterday a *great Belly* laid to me.  
*facetious Widow*, who is my Confidant  
 in this Affair, says you ought to *Father*  
 the *Child*; for He that lends a Man a Sworn  
 in some part accessory to the Mischiefe  
 done with it; however, I'll forgive  
 the Inconvenience you've put me to  
 believe you were not aware you were  
 giving Life to two People. Pray let me  
 have a Consolatory Letter from you upon  
 my new *Calamity*; for nothing can be so  
 come, excepting Rain in this *Sandy Coast*  
 where we live. The *Widow* saith, she  
 solves to be *Sick*, on purpose to be  
 acquainted with you: But I tell her she  
 will follow your *Prescriptions* better in full Health.  
 And if at this distance you can do her  
 Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant, T

his Poetical Friend, advising him  
to Study the Mathematicks.

Out of Quevedo.

At length, my *Friend*, I begin to  
awake out of those Dreams and Vi-  
sions, which the reading of Verses and  
Poems has so long plung'd me in. My  
middle Years put all those Delusions to a  
stop; I have now some moderate Esteem  
for other Thoughts besides Images and De-  
scriptions. I am not in my former Extasies  
every *Metaphor*, and can almost bear the  
capture of a fine *Turn*. Poetry, believe me,  
leads the *Reader*, as well as the *Knight*,  
into an *enchanted World*: The Objects are  
there drest in false Colours, and nothing  
appears in its due proportion. But if it de-  
ceives us in all things abroad, what Disor-  
der and Confusion does it raise at home?  
Feeding the Mind with Delicacies, it  
makes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all the  
passions loose upon us. Our Joys it blows  
too high, and makes our Grievs sit heavi-  
ly, and, what is yet worse, it kindles in  
that foolish Passion *Love*, the ruine of  
Ease, and Dotage even in Youth.

Whereas

Whereas *Mathematics* improve all Faculties, makes the Judgment strong and the Memory take in more, The Deity it teaches to *Perceive*, and the Giddy to *tend*. It distinguishes between *True* and *False*, and enures us to Difficulties: Besides it gives us a thousand Advantages in Life. By this the *Miser* counts his Bags, and the *Country-man* knows his Times and Seasons. This gives our Cannon aim in War, and Peace furnishes every Workman with Tools. How many noble Engines have been invented? In one the Wind labours for us, and another turns Bogs and Pools into fruitful Land. This builds us Houses, defends our Towns, and makes the Sea useful. None of its Effects less wonderful than advantageous. The *Mathematician* can do more things than any Poet e'er yet conceived. He in a Map can contract *Asia* to a square, and in a Glass shew a City to a single House, and an Army to a Man. He can set the Heavens a thousand Years forward, and call all the Stars by their Names. There is scarce any thing without his reach; He can gauge the Channel of the Sea, and weigh *Saturn*. He sees farther into the Art and Skill of the *Creator*, and can write the best Comment on the six Days Work.



Be advis'd therefore to employ your self  
 her in the *improving* of your Under-  
 standing, than *debauching* of your Passions,  
 to prefer *Realities* before *Appearances*.  
 my Mind, to make a *Dial* is harder than  
 find a *Motto* to it, and a Prospect drawn  
 Lines pleasanter than one in Words. In-  
 stead of Descriptions of cool Groves and  
 every Gardens, you may inform your self  
 the Situation and Extent of Empires,  
 while others are wandering in *Elysian*-  
 shades and fancy'd Shades below, you may  
 direct your Thoughts to the Infinity of  
 Worlds above, and visit all those Worlds  
 that shine upon us here: Think most of  
 Mercury when he is farthest off the Sun,  
 and mind little in *Venus* but her Periodic  
 motion.

To let you see I have got the start of  
 you, I now follow the old Rule of, *Nulla  
 sine Lineâ*, and am so far advanc'd in  
 Geometry that I defie any Man to make a  
 Circle, or cut a Line in two more  
 easily than my self. I am well vers'd in  
 squares, am no stranger to the Doctrine of  
 proportion, and have transpos'd *A, B, C, D*,  
 all the Mathematical *Anagrams* they are  
 capable of. My Chamber I have survey'd  
 six times over, and have at length found  
 a convenient Place for a South-Dial. I  
 am



am at present about a Bargain of Poetry which you shall soon see dispos'd into Definitions and Counterparts. I felt at first must confess a great Confusion in my Head between Rhimes and Angles, Fiction and Demonstration. But at length I resign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet to their Namesakes in *Geometry* and *Arithmetic*. In short, I write altogether upon Slate, where I make Parallels instead of Couplets, and Describe nothing but a Circle.

Let me for the future therefore catch the Poet in your Hands, unless it be *Aratus* or *Dionysius*, and follow my Counsel, unless you can make one of these Studies subservient to the other, your *Poetry* will never be learn'd, and your *Mathematics* pleasant. Ingenious. I am, Sir,

Tours, &c.

---

*The End of the First Part.*

# LETTERS

O F

## Friendship,

A N D

Several other OCCASIONS:

---

### The Third Part.

---

Written by

|               |   |   |               |
|---------------|---|---|---------------|
| Mr. Dryden,   | } | { | Mr. Congreve, |
| Mr. Wycherly, | } | { | and           |
| Mr. ———,      | } | { | Mr. Dennis.   |

---

W I T H

LETTERS written between Mr. Dennis and Mr. Congreve,  
concerning Humour in Ancient  
and Modern Comedy.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. B. and sold by the Booksellers  
of London, and Westminster. 1701.

LETTERS

men and

THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

1950

[illegible]

W. I. T. H.  
written between Mr. De-  
and Mr. Congress  
Ancient  
Modern Comedy

100 W. 10th St. N. W.

To the Right Honourable

*Charles Montague, Esq;*

one of the Lords of the Treasury,  
Chancellor of the Exchequer;  
and one of His Majesty's most  
Honourable Privy-Council.

S I R,

**A**S soon as I had resolv'd to make this  
Address to you, that the Present  
might not be altogether unworthy  
of you, I took care to obtain the  
consent of my Friends to publish some Let-  
ters, which they had writ as Answers to  
mine.

When I look upon my self, I find I have  
reason to beg Pardon for my Presumption:  
but when I consider those Gentlemen, I am  
encourag'd to hope that you will not be of-  
fended

# LETTERS

Friendship

and other Occasions

The Second Part

Written by  
J. M. Congreve  
and  
J. M. W. Congreve

W. I. H.  
written between the De-  
vils and Mr. Congreve,  
concerning Humour in Ancient  
and Modern Comedy.

L. O. A. C. V.  
and the Hostellers



---

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But when I consider those Gentlemen, I am  
encourag'd to hope that you will not be of-  
fended

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

fended to find your self at the Head of a  
Vulgar Company ; a Company , whose  
Names and Desert are universally known  
a Company rais'd far above the Level of  
Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit  
and yet proud to do Homage to you  
They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are  
divided in their Interests, and who differ  
their Politick Principles, but they agree  
their Judgments of Things, which all the  
World admires, and they always confess  
when they speak of you.

In presenting this little Book to you,  
only design'd to shew my Zeal and my Grati-  
tude ; but they assure me unanimously  
that I have likewise shewn my Judgment  
Tho' indeed, Sir, the number of the Great  
who cast a favourable Eye upon Human  
Learning, is not so considerable, but that  
Man who would Address any thing of this  
nature to one of them, may soon determine  
his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are  
encouraged by Profit, which is their main  
Design, but he who bestows all his time upon  
on Human Studies is incited by Glory alone  
and the World takes care that he should  
have no more than he seeks for. The En-  
thusiast, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are  
rewarded for torturing, and for deluding

Men

## *The Epistle Didicatory,*

Men; but Humanity has met with very  
barbarous Usage, only for Pleasing, and for  
instructing them. The very Court, which  
draws most of its Ornament from it, has  
not too often neglected it; there Learning  
in general has been disregarded: For none  
of great Souls are capable of great Designs,  
and few Courtiers have had Greatness of  
Mind enough to procure the Promotion of  
Science, which is the Exaltation of Human  
Nature, and the Enlargement of the Em-  
pire of Reason. Our Ministers of State have  
formerly behaved themselves with so much  
indifference, as if it would have lessen'd them  
to have taken any care of Letters: They  
have shewn themselves as perfectly uncon-  
cern'd, as if not one had discover'd, that at  
a time when our Neighbours are grown so  
powerful, the Publick Safety depends on  
the Progress of Learning, and that to Patro-  
nize Science, is to take care of the State. Be-  
sides, too many of our States-men have been  
engag'd in unjust Designs. Most of our Po-  
liticians have done their Endeavour to en-  
roach on the Crown, or to attempt on the  
people. Few have had Capacity and Inte-  
grity enough to keep the Balance so steady,  
to maintain Prerogative at once, and as-  
sure the Privilege; to serve the King Zealously,  
and their Country Faithfully; to possess at  
the

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the same time the Favour of the one, and the Hearts of the other, to such a degree as be courted by the People to serve as the Representative, at the very time that they are employ'd by the King in Matters of the highest Importance. Instead of that, most of them have had reason to be afraid of the King or the Commons; and Men who have been solicitous for their own Safety, have seldom appear'd concern'd for the Good of others. Few then have been and are in Condition to be Protectors of Learning, and therefore those happy Few, deserve all the Honours which we are able to pay them. Of those, Sir, you appear in the foremost Rank, and are to the Commonwealth what Learning what you are to the State, a great Defence and a shining Ornament. You have warmly encouraged all sorts of Studies, and have been justly and nobly partial to those for which the State has made no Provision. Which is enough to gain you the Esteem of all who have any Regard for Learning; and to win the very Souls of all, who, like me, are charm'd with the softer Studies of Humanity. For which your Zeal has been so diffusive, that it has extended it self even to me, tho' a bare Inclination to cultivate Rhetorick and Poetry, was the only thing which could recommend me to you: Yet even



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

been encourag'd by the Promise of your  
protection, and by the Humanity of your  
receiving me: The Access which I have  
had to you, has been the greatest Obligation  
that you could lay upon a Man who has  
all vallu'd Merit above all the World, and  
who has sought his Improvement more than  
his Advancement. When I have at  
any time approach'd you, I have found in  
you none of those Forbidding Qualities, of  
which they accuse the Great: Instead of  
those I have found an Attractive and a Hu-  
mane Greatness, the Generous Sincerity of  
the Man of Honour, joyn'd with the Grace  
and Complaisance of the Courtier, and a  
disportment Noble without Pride, and Mo-  
dest without Descending. Nature has made  
me something averse from making my Court  
Fortune: But I am proud to attend upon  
your Greatness; and to wait upon you, since  
that you encouraged me, has been at once  
my Duty and my Ambition.

The Permission which you gave me to ap-  
proach you, was so great an Incitement to  
me, that I believe it might have brought me  
to write well, if I had not a very just reason  
to resolve to attempt it no more. You had  
given me one great Encouragement before I  
had the honour to see you, and that was,



®

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

by leaving off Writing your self. For V  
nity is a greater Incitement to Poets than  
Pensions, and even Want depresses the Spi  
rits less than the thought of being surpass'd  
Therefore while Mr. *Montague* sung, he sung  
alone. We admir'd indeed our Conqueror  
Monarch, but we admir'd in Silence. We  
rever'd the Greatness of your Genious, and  
neglected our Talents. Indeed the Strength  
and Sweetness of your Voice was fit to char  
us alone, and we, who followed, were only  
fit for the Chorus. But you have left a Pro  
vince, which you have made your own, to  
the Administration of those who are under  
you, and are gone on in your victorious Pro  
gress to the Acquisition of new Glory. From  
which I am sensible that I detract by detain  
ing you: For your Actions are your best  
Encomiums, and the loud Consent of the  
Nation your best Panegyrick. It was a gl  
rious one that was spoken to you by the Pe  
ple of *Westminster*, in the Request that they  
made to you to serve as their Member in the  
present Parliament, at a time when they  
were Caballing all over the Kingdom, and  
Gentlemen were depriving Peasants of their  
little Reason, in order to obtain their Vo  
ces; Mr. *Montague's* Merit, while he was  
silent, solicited for him so importunately  
that it prevail'd upon a number of confid  
rab

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Worthy Inhabitants of the Politer Parts of the  
Town, to come and make it their humble  
request to you, to Honour them by Repre-  
senting them, which puts me in mind of a  
saying of *De la Bruiere*, *That the People are*  
*when at their height of Happiness, when their*  
*King makes choice for his Confidants, and for*  
*his Ministers, of the very same Persons that*  
*the People would have chosen, if the Choice had*  
*been in their Power.* This at present, is our  
own Case; for doubtless the same People,  
who, without any Brigue or the least Cor-  
ruption, came voluntarily to entreat you to  
offer them to place you in the Great Coun-  
cil of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice  
had been in their power, have plac'd you in  
the Privy-Council; and they who frankly  
offer'd to trust you with the Disposal of the  
Treasury which is in their Houses, would have  
entrusted you, had it been in their power, with  
the Intendency of that in the Treasury. So  
that the Peoples Proffer to Chuse you, seems  
to me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice,  
which the King had made before of you,  
and of your Ministration upon that Choice.  
That I injure the Publick while I detain you:  
let give me leave to end with my zealous  
wishes for you, that the Happiness may  
be multiplied on you, which you so nobly  
seek to communicate, that you may encrease  
in

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

in Riches and Honours faster than you advance in Years, till you arrive at that Height of Prosperity which may be answerable to your high Desert, and till Fortune may be said to pour down her Gifts upon you, in Emulation of Art and Nature: Yet Envy after all shall be forced to declare, that Mr *Montague* sprung from an Illustrious Stock and loaded with Plenty and Honours, is yet Nobler by Desert, than he is by Descent and Greater by Virtue, than he is by Fortune;

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble*

*and most obedient Servant*

JOHN DENNIS

# TO THE READER.

Once resolved to have a long Preface before this little Book; but the Impression has been so long retarded by the fault of those who had the Care of it, that I am now neither time nor Humor to execute what I intended. I shall therefore only give a Compendious account of what I proposed to have treated of more at large: I designed, in the first place, to have said something of the Nature and of the End of a Letter, and thought to have prov'd that the Invention of it was to supply Conversation, and not to imitate it, for that thing but the Dialogue was capable of doing that; whence I had drawn this Conclusion, That the use of a Letter was neither to come quite up to that Conversation, nor yet to keep at too great a distance from it. After that, I determined to shew, that Conversation is not Familiar; that it may be Ceremonious, that it may be Grave, nay, that it may be sublime, or that Tragedy must be allow'd to be out of nature: That if the Sublime were easie and unconstrained, it may be as consistent with the Epistolary style, as it was with the Dittique; that Voiture admirably joyn'd it with one of them, and Longinus with both. After this, I resolv'd to have said something of those who had most succeeded in Letters amongst the Ancients and Moderns, and to have treated of their Excellences and their Defects: To have taken more particularly of Cicero and Pliny amongst the Ancients, and amongst the Moderns of Balzac and Voiture; to have shewn that Cicero is too simple and dry, and that Pliny is too affected, and too refined



## To the Reader.

ned ; that one of them has too much of Art in him and that both of them have too little of Nature. That the Elevation of Balzac was frequently forced, and his Sublime affected ; that his Thoughts were often above his Subject, and his Expression almost always above his Thoughts ; and that whatsoever his Subjects were, his Style was seldom alter'd : that Voiture was easie and unconstrain'd, and natural when he was moderate and exalted ; that he seldom endeavour'd to be witty at the Expence of right Reason : but that, as his Thoughts were for the most part true and just, his Expression was often defective, and that his Style was too little diversified. That for my own part, as I came infinitely short of the extraordinary Qualities of these great Men, I thought my self obliged to endeavour the rather to avoid their Faults ; and that consequently I have taken all the care that I could, not to think out of Nature and good Sense, and neither to force nor neglect my Expressions ; and that I had always taken care to suit my Style to my Subject, whether it was Familiar or Sublime, or Didacticque ; and that I had more than less varied it in every Letter. All this and more I designed to have said at large, which I have only hinted now in a hurry. I have nothing to add, but to beseege the Reader to excuse my bad Performance, upon the account of my good Endeavour, and for striving to do well in a manner of Writing, which is at all times useful, at this time necessary ; a manner in which the English would surpass both the Ancients and Moderns, if they would but cultivate it, for the very same Reason that they have surpassed them in Comedy. I methinks, I have a Title to the Reader's Favour, I have more than made Amends for the Defects of my own Letters, by entertaining him with those of my Friends.



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---

To Walter Moyle, Esq;

Dear Sir,

**Y**OU know a grave Fellow assures us,  
that upon the Cessation of Oracles,  
lamentable Cries were heard in the  
proclaiming along the Coasts the Death  
of the Great *Pan*: And have not you upon  
the Death of good Sence, and this Cessation  
of Wit! tell me truly; have not you heard

*These Sounds upon the Cornish Shore,*

*The Sage Will. Ur—— is no more?*

He is the universal Lord of WIT! He  
whom all the Wits paid Homage; For  
whom his Subjects set a Tax upon Words,  
and laid exorbitant Customs on Thoughts:  
He's dead; alas, he's dead!

Dead, I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity;  
he is, Outlaw'd and gone into the *Friars*;

A a a

to

## 2 *Letters on several Occasions.*

to go into which, is once more to Outla himself: He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a *Felo de se* that was For since the Law thought it but just to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought but prudent to put himself out of its Power. And since the Law could use him with much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will*, *Will*, who is extremely stout in Adversity has declar'd by his Actions, That he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his Sixth Book, That the Souls in Hell were busy'd about the same things in which they were employed upon Earth; even so does Sage *Will* use the same Nutmeg-grater, and the same Tea-pot in the *Friars*, that he handled before in *Bow-street*. Thus has he left the Wits without any Sorrow, though he loves them, and without taking any Leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot long from him; and he says, he expects that in a very little time his old Company should be constant at his New House. And dost not thou think that they too have reason to expect the very same thing? As the death of any Man ought to put in his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the way; so *Will's* Departure from this miserable Life, this le



*Letters on several Occasions.* 3

rovent garden Life, and his Ferrying from  
omerfet-stairs to the infernal Shore of *Al-*  
*tia*, should be a *Memento* to the rest of  
the Wits, that he is but gone whither they  
must follow.

To leave off Poetical Similies, this Body  
olitricks is in a cursed Condition, and can-  
not keep long together without a Head.  
The Members are at present in a grave De-  
bate how to get one. To morrow the  
whole House will resolve it self into a grand  
committee, to consult about Ways and  
Means of making provision for the Com-  
mon Necessities. Some talk of an Excise  
upon *May-Dew* and *Rasberry-brandy*: That  
there will be a Poll is strongly asserted, in  
which every Man is to pay according to his  
respective Condition. To Morrow it will be  
known to how much each Man's *Quota*  
amounts. As for Example: How much a  
Poet is to pay, how much a Wit, how much  
a Politician, and how much a Critick. A  
Critick did I say? I beg your Pardon:  
they have voted *Nemine Contradicente*,  
that they will Cess no Critick till Mr. *Moyle*  
returns.

I have given them my Sentiments upon  
the forementioned Poll, which were, That  
it was something hard to make a Man pay  
for being call'd, Wit, Poet, or Critick;



#### 4 *Letters on several Occasions.*

That they saw by Experience lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles. How then could they think that People would be contented to be taxed for their Nick-names? That in settling the Tax, they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon settling a Tax in the State. That in the State, sometimes a Man paid for what he really had; As for Example, when a Country Squire paid for his Land or his Money, and sometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is twice dubb'd, Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour, and for his Children. The first of which is but as it were his, it is really the King's; and the Second which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtiers, who help'd him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for something which he does, and for something which he does not. A Jacobite pays so much for Swearing when he's Drunk, and so much for not Swearing, when he's Sober. But that in the Case, if we would be exactly Just, we should make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not, nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; But should oblige them to

*Letters on several Occasions.* 5

only for pretending to have what they really have not, or for offering to do, what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the most solvent part of the Body. For how ridiculous would it be to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almost always signs that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other side, how absurd would it be to tax him for a bare want of those Qualities? since when a Man is full without Pretending, 'tis ten to one that he is Poor, for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his ease, is hardly at leisure for Affectation; and I have often seen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Necessity has brought him back again: But a rich Rogue will be sure to be always Pretending. Fortune takes pleasure in making those Vain, whom Nature before made Impotent, and both of them often conspire to finish a Coxcomb. Thus we would have none pay but they who put Gravity upon us for Wisdom, Visions for Politicks, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any Expence for being call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick, unless it be by himself. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one, for his Ill

6 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Fortune, or for his Ill-Nature, since they are things of which no Man is Master. But what? A Sot cannot help his Vanity. A greedy: But then it makes him so much happier than he deserves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it.

*I am your Most humble Servant,*

JOHN DENN

---

*To Mr. Wycherley, at Cleve, near Shrewsbury.*

*Sir,*

**W**Hile I venture to write these Lines to you, I take it to be my Interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always shall, *viz.* As Mr. Wycherley, as the greatest Comick-Wit that ever *England* bred, as a Man sent purposely into the World to Charm the Ears of the wittiest Men, and to ravish the Hearts of the most Beautiful Women: No, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some Spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble Hermit at *Cleve*; Humble even in the full Possession of all those extraordinary Qualities

*Letters on several Occasions.* 7

s, the knowledge of which has made me  
oud. I must confess, that I have no  
eat Opinion of that which Men general-  
call Humility. Humility in most Men is  
nt of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence,  
s a wretched Necessity, of which they  
no lie under it, vainly endeavour to make  
Vertue. But in a Man of Mr. *Wycherley's*  
ake, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis  
good, 'tis a generous Condescension.  
nd what Force of Mind is there not re-  
siste to bend back a Soul by perpetual  
flection, which would be always rising,  
d eternally aspiring by virtue of its in-  
rn Fire? Yet yours, notwithstanding all  
Power, cannot wholly depress it self,  
r descend in every part of it. At the  
ne that your Will vouchsafes to stoop,  
ur understanding soars; your Writings  
as bold as your Conversation is modest,  
ough those are bold, as this is modest  
(th Judgment) and he who would do  
u Justice, must needs confess, that you  
a very ambitious Writer, though a very  
mble Man. Yet your very Ambition  
s oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted Hu-  
ne Nature, in raising your own by its  
ost noble Efforts; and that without boast-  
Preheminence. And surely it must be  
this very reason that we feel a secret



8 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Pride, when we but read the Discoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot see what you are, without Vanity, for never was Man exempt from it; but I can see that you have made use even of Vanity to humble you by way of Reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous Effect of it, Vain-glory, the Rock upon which several great Wits before you have been seen to split. For you have always wisely considered, that Vain-glory in the Vulgar may be supportable, nay, may be diverting; but that in great Men it must be intolerable. That whereas in the First, want of Discernment, 'tis Folly, 'tis Extravagance and Blindness of Self-Love in the Last, 'tis Crime, 'tis Malice, 'tis secret and proud Design to Mortifie and Insult over the rest of Men, over whom they have so much advantage; That in short for this very reason, that we so deeply resent, and so severely revenge the most Affronts we receive from it. Great Wits were by Heav'n predestin'd to Rule, to rule the Minds of others, the noblest Empire; but when they grow outwardly Vain they grow Tyrants, and then their discontented Subjects rebel, and then they expose those Kings as Usurpers, whom before they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs.



*Letters on several Occasions.* 9

moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince,  
you, commands their Hearts, as well  
their Understandings, and under one  
whom they love so well, they grow as  
proud, as they are pleas'd to obey. Our  
violent Inclinations make us belong to you,  
and therefore 'tis the interest even of our  
pride, that you should long continue in  
the Place which your extraordinary De-  
sert has attain'd. Did we nothing but e-  
stimate you as much as we do, we should cer-  
tainly envy you; if we did not hate you; for  
our esteem is always forc'd upon us,  
whereas Inclination is much more volun-  
tary: Besides, as a judicious French Man  
observes, Esteem is foreign, and comes from  
abroad, and is therefore received with Grum-  
bling; but inclination is our own, and  
born in our Breasts, and is therefore Ca-  
ress'd and Cherish'd. I might add, That  
upon this account it is hard to wish well  
to those whom we very much esteem, if  
they have not likewise the skill to make  
themselves be Belov'd; because barely to  
esteem, depresses the Spirits, as much as  
Love very much exalts them; it brings  
the Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it  
once too horrid Views of another's Ex-  
cellencies, and of its own Infirmities; but  
affection gives it Agitation and Warmth;  
and

10 *Letters on several Occasions.*

and in the view of a Friend's Desert, it takes too much Pleasure, and too much Pride to consider its own Defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteem'd at this high rate, you owe to your Wit and your Penetration; but that you are esteem'd without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladness esteem'd, you owe to this, that while the force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain yourself unmov'd by it; that while your Excellency fills all Mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. That while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears, that you have beyond all this, a Greatness of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit. An infallible Sign, that the Talents which we admire in you, are no Illusions but real things, things that were born with you, and have been improv'd by you, and which you have not acquir'd: For Men are found to be Vainer, upon the account of those Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and Hereditary Greatness gives Men leave to be humble, whereas Preferment occasions Pride. None but such real Greatness as yours can capacitate a Man to

*Letters on several Occasions. II*

ly humble ; for the Soul, which by Nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining Subject, a Subject which is so conspicuous in you ; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of those various Persecutions which every eminent Vertue produces ; I desire you to consider, that I have many Obligations to this very Humility, that I look'd upon myself as oblig'd by that Attitude, to say as much as I have done, to what I owe the happiness which I have frequently received in your Conversation, to that I owe the present Satisfaction, which your Permission to write to you gives me ; and to that I am indebted for the hopes of your Answers ; when I have received them I shall then believe what you have pleas'd to tell me when I saw you, that you are much more Humble in the fresh Air on your Mountain at *Cleve*, than when you are in Fog and Sulphurous Smoak in *Bow-street*. But at the same time, the Satisfaction of thinking that Distance does not make you forget me, will render him very Proud, who is at present,

*S I R, Your very humble Servant,*

JOHN DENNIS.

*Mr.*

12 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Mr. Wycherley's Answer to Mr. Dennis*

*Dear Sir,*

**Y**OU have found a way to make  
satisfy'd with my Absence from  
don; nay, what is more, with the Distance  
which is now betwixt you and me. That  
indeed uses to lessen Friendship, but gives  
me the greater Mark of yours, by your  
Letter, which I had miss'd if I had been  
nearer to you: So that I, who receive  
Rents here, yet must own if I did, I do  
not receive greater Satisfaction than I do  
from yours, worth even a Letter of  
change, or Letters Patents; for I value  
your Friendship more than Money, and  
prouder of your Approbation, than I should  
be of Titles: For the having the good  
Opinion of one who knows Mankind for  
argues some Merit in me, upon which  
every Man ought to consider himself more,  
than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather  
be thought your Friend in proof of  
Judgment and good Sense, than a Friend  
to the Muses; and had rather have  
them thought mine. If I am as  
say, at once Proud and Humble, 'tis  
I have known I have had the Honour  
please you; tho' your Praise rather humbles



*Letters on several Occasions.* 13

It makes me (tho a damn'd Poet) more  
in. For it is so great, that it rather  
shows the raiery of a witty Man, than  
Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves  
Copiousness of your own Invention,  
than justifies the Fertility of mine. But I  
I am forfeiting the Character of *the*  
*in-Dealer* with you; and seem like vain  
women, or vainer Men, to refuse Praise,  
to get more; and so by returning your  
compliments, shew my self grateful out of  
interest, as Knaves are punctual in some  
payments, but to augment their Credit.  
I am for your Praise of my Humility (the  
only Mark of my Knowledge, since it is a  
Mark of my knowing my self,) you have  
wis'd that to its Destruction, and have  
given me so much, you have left me none;  
those Admirers, who praise a young  
lady's Modesty till they deprive her of it.  
let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humi-  
lity that you owe my Friendship, but to  
my Ambition, since I can have no greater  
pleasure than to be esteem'd by you, and the World,  
as your Friend, and to be known to all Man-  
kind for,

*Dear Sir, your humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLEY.

P O S T.



14 *Letters on several Occasions.*

POSTSCRIPT.

*My Dear Friend,*

**I** Have no way to shew my Love to you in my Absence, but by my Jealousie would not have my Rivals in your Friendship, the C——s, the D——s, the W—— and the rest of your Tavern-friends, enjoy your Conversation, while I cannot: This I confess, 'tis to their Interest to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in your Company; tho' it were more demonstration of their Wit to hear you than to be heard by you. For my own part, I am ambitious of your Company alone in some Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am sure, if I pretend to any Sence, I can have no Instruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your Example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Friends that is, to all yours whom I know: and charitable (as often as you can) to the absent; which you good Wits seldom are; mean be charitable with your Letters to

*Tour humble Servant*

P O S

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray let me have more of your Letters, tho' they would rally me with Comments undeserv'd, as your last has done; like a Country Esquire, I am in love with Town Wit's Conversation, tho' it be but a Distance that I am forced to have it, and tho' it abuses me while I enjoy it.

---

*To Mr. Wycherley.*

*Dear Sir,*

NOT long after I writ my last to you, I was hurried up to Town by a kind of Cholick, which was ended in a Defluxion upon one of my Feet. You know, a Defluxion is a general name which the pleasant French Men have given an Ant-Gout, too young to be yet Baptiz'd. tho' the Distemper rag'd in each Hand, would in spight of it, answer your Admirable Letter, a Letter which I had certainly known to be yours, tho' it had been sent me without a Name, nay, and transcrib'd by a Chancery-Clerk in his own ridiculous manner of Copying. But I must con-

16 *Letters on several Occasions.*

confess I was surpriz'd to hear you say in that you took the Sincerity of a Man who so much esteems you for Railery, yet that you declare it, you can never believe it. I am willing to believe you exceeding humble; but you can never be humble to that degree, unless your Mind, which resembles your Eye, in its Clearness, its Liveliness, and in its piercing Views, should be also like in this, that plainly discerning all things else, it wants a sight of it self; but in that it does not resemble it: For it beholds it self by Reflections, and like a lovely Maid at her Glass, is charm'd with the sight of her own Beauty. This is a sight in which you take Pride as well as Pleasure; but you must confess, is a guiltless Pride, it being nothing but first Motion, which it is impossible for Man to avoid. You have both the Force to subdue it immediately, and the Art and Goodness to conceal it from others. That it plainly appears from what I have said, that you do not believe I had any sign to rally you. I am confident that through all my Letter there appears an Air of Sincerity. But that is a Vertue which has been so long and so peculiarly yours that you may perhaps be jealous of it to your Friends, and disclaim some Vertues which they commend in you only to

nopo

*Letters on several Occasions.* 17

polize that. You had given me at least  
occasion to think so, if the Railery in  
yours had not been so very apparent, that  
even I had Eyes to discern that you have  
been to blame in it, tho I am doubly blind-  
with Love of you and my self. Yet if  
you writ it with a design to Mortifie me,  
assure your self that I shall fortifie my Vani-  
ty with that very Artillery with which you  
have begun to attack it. If Mr. *Wycherley*  
slanders me, it is certain that I have my De-  
fences; but it is full as certain, that he would  
never condescend to abuse me at such a di-  
stance if he wholly despis'd me. Thus, Sir,  
I see I am as reasonable with my Friend,  
as a *Russian* Spouse is with her Husband,  
and take his very railery for a Mark of E-  
steem, as she does a Beating for a proof of  
affection. The very worst of your Quali-  
ties gain our Affections: Even your Jeal-  
ousy is very obliging, which it could ne-  
ver be unless it were very groundless. But  
your very Suspicion is obliging, what  
influence must your Kindness have on our  
souls? The Wish that I were with you in  
your Retirement, is engaging to that de-  
gree, that I almost repent that I so eagerly  
wou'd your Conversation before. For if  
it were possible, I would augment that De-  
sire as a grateful return to yours. To be

B b b

with



18 *Letters on several Occasions.*

with you in Solitude, would make me perfectly happy. Tho' it were in the *Orcades* I would not wish my self remov'd to any happier Climate; no, not even to that which contain'd my absent Mistress; all that could do for her on that occasion, would be to wish her with me. In that Retirement what should I not enjoy? Where I should be admirably instructed without Trouble and infinitely delighted without Vice, where I should be glorious at once with Envy and Quiet. For what could be more glorious than to be the Companion of your Retirement. My very Ambition instructs me to love such Solitude. Tho', properly speaking there can be no Solitude where you reside. Your Immortal Company still attends you, and the Vertues, the Graces, and the Charms of the Nine, who love the Groves, and are fond of you, follow you to remotest Retreats. The Comick Muse is more particularly yours; and it is your peculiar Privilege to allure the most Ravishing of all the Sisters after you into Retirement: To make the Goddess forsake the Crowd with you, who loves it most of the Nine: You have been constantly her Darling, her best Beloved. Thus in Retirement with her and you should have the Conversation of Mankind. I should enjoy it with all its Advantages.



*Letters on several Occasions.* 19

without its least Inconveniencies. In the Philosophy of your Actions and Words, I should see the Wise, the Good, and the truly Great; in your Observations, and in your Railery, the Men of Sense, and the Men of Wit; and in your Satyr, severely pleasant, the Fools and Rascals expos'd by it. In the Postscript to my last, I made an Apology for usurping a Style so foreign from this way of Writing. I have once more run into the same Fault in this, but the very thought of Mr. Wycherley spreads a generous Warmth thro' me, and raises my Soul to Rapture. And when a Man Writes, his Soul and his Style of necessity rise together. In my next, I have something with which I must trouble you, that will require another manner of Writing.

*I am, &c.*

---

*To Mr. Wycherley.*

*Dear Sir,*

Have been very ill ever since I took my Leave of you, so that I parted in one sight from all that I valued most, that is, from my Health and you. However, Nature was kind, in not failing to supply me

B b b 2

with

20 *Letters on several Occasions.*

with Vigour, till Fortune had depriv'd me of your Conversation, and I was got amongst People with whom I had small occasion for Vigour. Yet even here in spite of Sickness and Absence, I have made a shift to converse with you: For I thought that your Works were the only things that could make me full amends for the loss of your Company: By them you have been able to give me Joy even in the midst of my Pain. For the *Country Wife*, and the *Plaster Dealer* are Stores of Delight, which you have laid up by a noble Charity, to supply the Poor in Spirit through all Posterity. So that I believe that to be one of the Reasons of Fortune's Pique to you, that you have put it out of her power for the time to come to prosecute her Quarrel to Men of Sense effectually: for by having recourse to you in your Works, they are sure to become more happy than Fools, even at the time when they are less successful. But I can hold my Head no longer at present, as soon as I am better, you may expect a longer Letter from me.

*I am Yours, &c.*

*Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Dennis.*

*Dear Sir,*

Have received yours of the 20<sup>th</sup> of November, and am glad to find by it, that however your Friends are Losers by your Absence from the Town, you are a Gainer of it; of your Health, which every one you have left behind you, (but *Ch—*) may be thought a Friend to: and the more each man is your Friend, the more he is satisfy'd with your Absence, which tho' it makes us for want of you, makes you well for want of us: your taking no Leave of me (which you would excuse) I take to be one of the greatest Kindnesses you ever shew'd me; for I could no more see a Departing Friend from the Town, than a Departing Friend from this Life; and sure 'tis as much Kindness and good Breeding to steal from our Friends Society unknown to em, (when we must leave 'em to their Trouble) as it is to steal out of a Room, after a ceremonious Visit, to prevent trouble to him, whom we would Oblige and Respect; so that your Fault (as you call it) is like the rest of our Faults, rather an Obligation, than an offence; tho' the greatest Injury indeed you can do your Friends, is to leave 'em against

22 *Letters on several Occasions.*

their Will, which you must needs do. You tell me you converse with me in my Writings, I must confess then you suffer a great deal for me in my Absence, which (tho' I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer Diversion, pray change my *Country Wife* for a better of your own in the Country, and exercise your own *Plain Dealing* there, then you will make your Country 'Squire better Company, and your Parson more sincere in your Company than his Pulpit, or in his Cups: But when you talk of store of Delights, you find in my *Plain-Dealer*, you cease to be one; and when you commend my *Country Wife*, you never were more a Courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's *Country Wife* better than you do mine, that you may pass your time better than you can do with my *Country Wife*; and like her Innocence more than her Wit, since Innocence is the better Bawd to Love; but to enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Absence I shall take it as civilly as a City Cuckold. I was sorry to find by you that your Head ach'd while you writ me your Letter; first I fear 'twas from Reading my Works (you call them) not from your own Writing, which never gave you Pain, tho' it would to others to imitate it. I've given you



*Letters on several Occasions.* 23

Your Service to your Friends at the *Rose*,  
no, since your Absence, own they ought  
to go for the Witty Club; nor is *Will's*  
the Wits Coffee-house any more, since you  
left it, whose Society for want of yours, is  
now as Melancholy, that is, as dull as  
when you left them a Nights, to their own  
other-Wit, their Puns, Couplets, or Quib-  
bles; therefore expect not a Witty Letter  
from any of them, no more than from me,  
since they, nor I have conversed with you  
these three Weeks. I have no News worth  
telling you, but my next shall bring you  
what we have. In the mean time let me  
tell you (what I hope is no News to you)  
that your Absence is more tedious to me,  
than a Quibler's Company to you; so that  
being Sick Yesterday, as I thought with-  
out any Cause, reflected you were forty or  
fifty Miles off, and then found the reason  
of my Indisposition, for I cannot be well so  
long from you, who am,

*My Dear Mr. Dennis,*

*Your obliged humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray pardon me that I have not sooner  
answer'd your Letter, for I have been

Bbb 4

very



24 *Letters on several Occasions.*

very busie this last Week about Law-affairs that is very Dull and Idle, tho' very Active. Your Friends of the Coffee-house and the Rose, whether Drunk or Sober, Good Fellows, or Good Wits, show at least the Sense, by valuing you and yours, and send you all their Service; and never are more Wits and less Poets, that is, less Lying than when they profess themselves your Servants.

For News, *W*—— lives soberly, *Ch*—— goes to Bed Early; *D'Urfey* sings now like a Poet, that is, without being ask'd: And all the Poets, or Wits-at-wills, since your departure, speak well of the Absent. *Ball*—— says his ill Looks proceed rather for want of your Company, than for having had that of his Mistress; even the Quibblers and Politicians, have no double Meaning when they speak well of you.

---

*To Mr. wycherley.*

*Dear Sir,*

**T**HE sight of your Letter reviv'd me. It appear'd like the Rays of the new Sun, to one who has Winter'd under the Pole, and brought with it Light, Warmth

nd Spirit. The Rallery in it was very Ob-  
ing; for the Lust of Praise is as power-  
with Men, as the Itch of Enjoyment is  
th Women; and it is as hard for us to  
ink that our Friends ridicule us when  
ey commend our Wit, as it is for them  
believe that their Gallants abuse them  
hen they extol their Beauty. Yet gene-  
ly in both Cases, whatever is said, is said  
the Satisfaction of him that speaks it.  
at then, as he delights in Deceiving, the  
erson to whom he speaks, is deceiv'd  
th Pleasure, and both Parties are satisfied.  
at Mr. Wycherley is to be excepted from  
is general Rule, who commends his  
riend for his Friend's sake. You never  
e witty to please your self, to whom  
it has so long been habitual, that you  
e often hardly mov'd your self when you  
y those admirable things with which  
e are transported. Not that I am so far  
tray'd by Vanity, as to take your Com-  
ments at the foot of the Letter, or to  
ppose that you believ'd all that you said;  
at I am willing, for your sake, to believe  
at you meant something of it; and that  
ot being without Kindness for me, (which  
only owing to the sweetness of your Na-  
re, that is, to your Merit, and not to  
ine;) your Reason, as the Duke *de la*  
*Roche-*

26 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Rochefoucault* says, has been bubbled by your Affection. And here, Sir, I have much the Advantage of you; for when I declare that I have the greatest Opinion in the World of you, none will mistrust my Sincerity, and all will applaud my Discernment; but you cannot express your Zeal at so high a rate for any Friend, but it must considerably lessen the World's Opinion of your Judgment. But if it is *Mr. Wychley's* peculiar Praise, never to have shewn want of Judgment in any thing, unless that only thing in which Error is honourable: How few are they who are capable Erring at your Rate!

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, & isti  
Errori virtus nomen posuisset bonestum.*

And how happy is the Man who has a Friend so accomplish'd, that Error in him is Vertue? I am that happy Man, and am so far exalted by my Happiness, that I am never less humble, than when I subscribe myself,

Dear S I R,

Tour most humble

and faithful Servant

Wycherley's to Mr. — on the Loss of  
his Mistress.

Dear Sir,

Have had yours of the 31<sup>st</sup> of *March*,  
to which I should sooner have returned  
Answer, had I not been forced to take  
a little turn out of Town; but your Letter  
me, brought me not more Satisfaction  
in your last to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Dis-  
satisfaction for you: Since by that I find how  
easy you are. You know, my Friend,  
one sufficiently experienced in Love-  
affairs, that Love is often a kind of losing  
game, in which the Loser is most often  
the Gainer. If you have been deprived of  
your Mistress, consider you have lost a Wife,  
and tho' you are disappointed of a short Sa-  
tisfaction, you have likewise escaped a re-  
gular Vexation, which Matrimony infalli-  
bly comes to be, one way or another; so that  
your Misfortune is an Accident which your  
Friends should rather felicitate than  
commiserate. You told me in your last,  
that you were no more Master of your self:  
then how should I help Rejoicing at the  
restoration of your Liberty? A Man might  
reasonably be sorry for his Friend's Re-  
covery



28 *Letters on several Occasions.*

covery from Madneſs, as for his Recovery from Love, (tho' for the time a pleaſant Frenzy;) ſo that your Miſtreſs's Father has rather been your Doctor than your enemy: And you ſhould not be angry with him, if he cures you of your Love-diſtemper, tho' by a Means a little too violent for next to his Daughter's Cure of Love his may prove the beſt. Well, pray be not angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thing that can ſo much diſpleaſe you: I owe my Friendſhip for you, has a little ſelfiſhneſs in it, for now you cannot be ſo happy as you wou'd in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in the Town, which we ſhall be as ſoon as we have your company: For know, my Friend's change of Air after a Love-diſtemper, may be as good as 'tis after a Fever: and therefore make haſte to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to complete your Cure. Your Friends will do all they can to root out the Remains of your Paſſion. The Witty Club will grow Gracious to inſtruct you; and the Grave Club will grow Gay to delight you; *Wh*— will turn a Philoſopher; and I will grow a Good Fellow, and venture my own Health, for the Recovery of your good Humour; for



*Letters on several Occasions. 29*

and rather be sick in your Company, than want of it ; who am,

*Dear Sir, Your most unalterable Friend,  
and humble Servant,  
W. WYCHERLEY.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you dully now, which I hope will be my Excuse for my not writing sooner. All your Friends of the Coffee-house are well ; and what is no News to you, are, in spite of your Absence, your constant humble servants.

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*The Answer to Mr. Wycherley.*

*Dear Sir,*

Have a colourable Excuse for my Silence, for when you went out of Town, you gave me the hopes of receiving a Letter from you, as soon as you arriv'd at *Cleve.* Since that, I have been a Month in *Northamptonshire.* But the Inclination which I have to converse with Mr. *Wycherley* is too violent to receive any Check from *Antilio's.* But, alas, I was restrain'd by too

### 30 *Letters on several Occasions.*

too just an Impediment: For ever since  
 saw you, I have been so rack'd by a cruel  
 Passion, that I have had no Power to  
 any thing but to complain. And your  
 Portion of Melancholy is not so small, that  
 you have need to be troubled with another  
 Man's Spleen. I would be sure to com-  
 municate my Happiness to my Friend, nay  
 I could be but half happy if I did not com-  
 municate it. As in Love I never could  
 pleas'd to a Height with my own pleasur  
 if I did not find that it added to that of  
 my Mistress. But I should impart my ill Hu-  
 mour to my Friend, if I found that it was  
 not in his power to ease me, and that  
 he was much in his Inclination, with as much  
 Regret, as I should acquaint him with my  
 own ill Fortune, if I were clearly convinc'd  
 that it were not in my power to assist him.  
 You would not advise me to stifle my  
 Passion. You are too well acquainted with  
 Love, and me to do that: You know that  
 that would be to perswade me to a thing  
 which you are already sensible that I am  
 very willing, and very unable to do. I blush  
 while I show this Weakness, but sure there  
 is some force of Mind requir'd to show  
 some sorts of Weakness. You remember the  
 Maxim of the wise Duke: *La meme fermeur*  
*qui sert a Resister al'amour, Sertaussi quelque*

*Letters on several Occasions. 31*

le rendre violent & durable. If that be  
ne, I beseech you to believe that this ob-  
nate Lover is a constant Friend too, and  
alterably,

*Dear Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant.*

---

*Mr. Wycherley's Letter to Mr. ———*

*Dear Sir,*

Lately received from you so kind, and  
so witty a Reproach for my not writing  
you, that I can hardly repent me of my  
fault, since it has been the Occasion of my  
receiving so much Satisfaction: But you  
have had a reasonable Excuse for your Si-  
lence, since you say I promis'd to write to  
you first, which is very true; and I had  
not my Promise, but for my Conjecture  
that you could not stay so long out of *Nor-*  
*amptonshire*; nor was I, it seems mistaken  
in that. But be assur'd, dear Sir, I think  
there can be no better End, or Design of  
my Writing, than in its procuring me the  
Satisfaction of receiving something of yours:  
specially, since I have no other way left  
now of Conversing with you. But it  
seems, you forbear to relieve me out of  
Cha-

### 32 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Charity, since you say your Trouble was so great, that you were unwilling to communicate it to me, lest you should encrease mine. I see your Wit can do any thing but make an Omission of a Kindness a great Obligation; and if you complain but to your Mistress, as wittily as you do to your Friend, I wonder not at her Cruelty, nor that she should take Pleasure to hear you Complain so long. But, my Friend, have a care of Complaining to her, with so much true Sense, lest it should disparage your true Love; and indeed, that I fear is the only Cause you are forced to complain so long, without the Success which is due to your Merit. Love and Wit, from one who, you say, has her self so much; which, with your Pardon, I shall hardly believe, tho' you are her Voucher, if she does not do what you wou'd have her; that is, do you and herself Reason as fast as I can; since she must needs believe you a warm and sincere Lover, as much as I believe you a zealous and a true Friend. And I am well acquainted with Love and you, that I believe no body is able to alter your Love or advise your Reason; the one being Unalterable as the other Infallible; and you (for ought I know) are the only Men who at once can Love and be Wise. And to the Wise you know a Word is enough.



*Letters on several Occasions.* 33

Especially since you gave me a Caution against opposing your Passion; because it would be in vain. If Love be in you, as in other Men, a violent Passion, it is therefore a short Frenzy, and should be cur'd like other Distempers of that kind, by your Friends humouring it, rather than opposing it. Yet pardon me, if I prescribe the common Remedy of curing one Love with another. But whether you will let me be your Doctor or no, I must at least wish you well, who am,

*Dear Sir, your most obliged affectionate*

*Friend and humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

May I thank my Friend Mr. W—— for putting his Surtout of a Letter over the outside of a finer Stuff, -as the Lining of a garment is often finer than the Outside. I will give all the honest Gentleman of the Coffee-house, of my Acquaintance and yours, my humble Service; whom, with you, I desire to see again, within this three Weeks, in London.

Ccc

*Mr.*



34 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Mr. Dennis to Mr. Wycherley.*

*Dear Sir,*

A Man who has the Vanity of pretending to Write, must certainly love you extremely well, if he does not hate you after he has received from you such a Letter as yours: And he must undoubtedly shew a great deal of Friendship, when he assures you, he does not envy you the very Lines by which you commend him. A Man had need be very well acquainted with the goodness of your Nature, to be satisfied that you do not praise with a wicked Design to Mortifie. There are few Writers so humble, whom Mr. Wycherley's Commendation would not render vain; but then there are few Writers so proud, whom the Wit that Mr. Wycherley shews in commending them, would not humble. So that a Man who did not know you, would be apt to believe, that whenever you write to Praise, you do but like a Wrestler who lifts People up on purpose to throw them down, and the higher he raises them, makes their Fall the greater. Your Commendation is to a modest Man, what a second Bottle is to a sober Man; it raises his Vigour while he is swallowing it;

*Letters on several Occasions. 35*

the Wit is as sure to make the one Melan-  
choly upon mature Reflection, as the Wine  
is certain to leave the other Spiritless after  
the third Concoction: But our Infirmary  
cannot be your fault; to whom we are ob-  
lig'd for your generous Intentions, which  
give you such a peculiar distinction from  
ordinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a just  
and a noble Confidence, which you may  
repose in your self, you may always very  
justly commend; because you may be al-  
ways sure to surpass. 'Tis prudent and no-  
t at once in a Conqueror to extol the Con-  
quest: to praise the Excellence which he  
overcomes, is but to commend himself:  
And since it wins the very Heart and Soul  
of him that is overcome, if he has but Vir-  
tue enough to be so subdued; and makes  
him willing to leave his last Retrenchment.  
I would long since have had that Effect  
on me, if the rest of your good Qualities  
had not prevented it; which have so closely  
and so entirely tied me to you, that when-  
ever I receive a Letter from you, my Va-  
nity is sure to gain on the one side, what it  
is certain to lose on the other: For if I am  
justified as to my own Wit, I do not fail  
to value my self upon yours.

*I am, &c.*

36 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*To Mr. Wycherley, That a Block-head is better qualified for Business, than a Man of Wit.*

*Dear Sir,*

**T**HE last time I was at *Will's*, I had the Mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr.—— had met with a Disappointment in——; at which, some who were present, were glad, affirming, That Success would have thrown him out of his Element for that a Man of Wit, is not qualified for Business so well as a Block-head: I have since had some Thoughts concerning the matter which I here send you, and of which I desire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection I have found out the following Reasons, why Block-heads are thought to be fittest for Business, and why they really succeed in it.

*First*, As their Brains are a great deal colder, than those are of Men of Wit, they must have but very strait Imaginations and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but very few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

*Secondly*, It is reasonable enough to believe, that since they are incapable of many Thoughts

*Letters on several Occasions.* 37

thoughts, those few which they have, are termin'd by their Necessities, their Appetites, and their Desires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Establishments.

*Thirdly*, It is not very hard to conceive that since a Block-head has but a few thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Lifetime, which is his Interest, he should have more perfect, and better digested, than men of Wit have the same thought, who perhaps have a thousand every Hour.

*Fourthly*, It is easie to comprehend, that since such a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digested, and brought to perfection, he should readily pass from thought to Action. For he must grow weary of thinking so often of one and the same thing; and since the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as soon as his little speculation ceases, he must of necessity act or divert himself.

*Fifthly*, It will be certainly found, that a little Thought often makes a Man active in Business, so a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the pursuit of those things, on which, seduced by Passion and vulgar Opinion, he sets an exorbitant Value; and concerning those Natures and Incertainty, he is not



38 *Letters on several Occasions.*

very capable of making solid Reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to secure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reason induced to seek Superfluities.

*Sixthly*, Penury of Thoughts suppose Littleness of Soul, which is often requisite for the succeeding in Business: For a Blockhead is sordid enough to descend to Tricks and Artifice, which in Business are often necessary to procure Success; unless they are more than supplied, by a Prudence derived from a consummate Experience, or from a great Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the Reason, why a Fool succeeds better in Business than a Man of Wit; who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the noblest Objects; and who finds that there is something so pleasing, and so noble, in Thinking rightly, and more especially in the sublime Speculations of exalted Reason, that he finds it intolerably irksome to descend to Action, and abhors the very thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extream Contempt.

Thus you see, that in some measure a Fool may be said to be better fitted out for Business, than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to distinguish: For, first, who

*Letters on several Occasions.* 39

I say, that a Block-head is fitted for Business, I mean only for little Business: For to affirm, that he is qualified for Affairs that require Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, When I affirm, that a Man of Wit is less capacitated for Business, I mean, that he is less so, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquility: But if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the force of a violent Passion, and fir'd with zeal for his Country's Service, or enflam'd by Ambition, and Business can be made subservient to the gratifying of those Passions, then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go further than a thousand of those who want it. Of which it would be easie to give more than one Instance amongst our present Ministers. But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the Romans had more Wit than *Cæsar*, and none of the French than *Richelieu*.

Before I conclude, I must give you a Caution; which is, that by the word Block-head, I do not mean one that is stupid, but that I apply that word according to the language of you Men of Wit, to one who thinks but a little: And that on the other side, by a Man of Wit, I do mean every

40 *Letters on several Occasions.*

ry Coxcomb whose Imagination has got the Ascendant of his little Reason; but a Man like you, Sir, or our most ingenious Friend in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well-match'd Pair; the first like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always Beautiful and always Charming, yet is at all times Decent, and at all times Chast; the second like a prudent and well-bred Husband, who in every Sway shews his Complaisance, and whose very Indulgence shews his Authority.

*I am, Dear Sir, your most humble Servant*

JOHN DENNIS

*To Mr. Dryden.*

*Sir,*

**T**HO' no man writes to his Friend with greater Ease, or with more Cheerfulness, than my self; and tho' I have lately had the Presumption to place you at the Head of that small Party, nevertheless, have experienc'd, with Grief, that in writing to you, I have not found my old Facility.

Since I came to this Place, I have taken up my Pen several times, in order to write

*Letters on several Occasions.* 41

you, but have constantly at the very beginning found my self damp'd and ditalbled; upon which I have been apt to believe that extraordinary Esteem may sometimes make the mind as Impotent as a violent Love does the Body, and that the vehement Desire we have to exert it, extreamly decays our Ability. I have heard of more than one lusty Gallant, who, tho' he could at any time, with Readiness and Vigour, possess the Woman whom he lov'd but moderately, yet when he has been about to give his darling Mistress, whom he has vehemently and long desir'd, the first last Proof of his Passion, has found on a sudden that his Body has jaded and grown resty under his Soul, and gone backward the faster, the more he has spurr'd it forward. Esteem has wrought a like Effect upon my Mind; my extraordinary Inclination to shew that I honour you at an extraordinary rate, and shew it in words that might not be altogether unworthy Mr. Dryden's Perusal, incapacitates me to perform the very Action which it incites me, and Nature sinks in me under the fierce Effort. But I hope you will have the Goodness to pardon a Weakness that proceeds from a Cause like this, and to consider that I had pleas'd you more if I had honour'd you less. Who knows but

42 *Letters on several Occasions.*

but that yet I may please you, if you encourage me to mend my Fault? To which, you know but the Place I am in, Charity would engage you, tho' Justice could not oblige you: For I am here in a Desert, depriv'd of Company, and depriv'd of News in a Place where I can hear nothing at all of the Publick; and what proves it ten times more a Desert, nothing at all of you: For all who are at present concern'd for the Country's Honour, hearken more after your Preparatives, than those for the next Campaign. These last may possibly turn to our Confusion, so uncertain are the events of War; but we know that whatever you undertake, must prove Glorious to *England* and tho' the *French* may meet with Success in the Field, by you we are sure to Conquer them. In War there are a thousand unlook'd-for Accidents which happen every Day, and Fortune appears no where more like her self; but in a Combat of Wit, than more Humane Contention, and the more Glorious Quarrel, Merit will be always sure to prevail: And therefore, tho' I can but hope that the Confederate Forces will give Chase to *De Lorge* and *Luxemburg*, I am very confident that *Boileau* and *Racine* will be forced to submit to you. Judge therefore, if I, who very much love my Country,



*Letters on several Occasions. 43*

country, and who so much esteem you,  
wait not with a great deal of Impatience  
to hear from you.

*I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant.*

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*To Mr. Dryden.*

*Dear Sir,*

YOU may see already by this presumptuous Greeting, that Encouragement gives us as much assurance to Friendship, as imparts to Love: You may see too, that a friend may sometimes proceed to acknowledge Affection, by the very same Degrees by which a Lover declares his Passion. This last, at first, confesses Esteem, and owns no Passion but Admiration: But soon as he is animated by one kind Excession, his Look, his Style, and his very Behaviour are altered; but as Sovereign Beauties know very well, that he who confesses he admires and Admires them, implies that he Loves them, or is inclin'd to Love them; the Person of Mr. Dryden's exalted Genius, can discern very well, that when we Esteem him highly, 'tis Respect restrains us from saying no more. For where great Esteem is without Affection, 'tis often attended

#### 44 *Letters on several Occasions.*

tended with Envy, if not with Hate which Passions detract, even when they commend, and Silence is their highest Panegyric. 'Tis indeed impossible that I should refuse to Love a Man, who has so often given me all the Pleasure that the most insatiable Mind can desire; when at any time I have been dejected by Disappointments, or tormented by cruel Passions, the Recourse to your Verses has calm'd my Soul, or rais'd it to Transports which make it condemn Tranquility. But tho' you have so often given me all the Pleasure I was able to bear, I have reason to complain of you on this account, that you have confin'd my Delight to a narrower compass: *Suckling*, *Cowly*, and *Denham*, who formerly ravish'd me in every part of them, now appear tasteless to me in most; and *Wallington* himself, with all his Gallantry, and all the admirable Art of his Turns, appears in your quarters Prose to me. Thus 'tis plain that your Muse has done me an Injury; but she has made me Amends for it: for she is like those extraordinary Women, who, besides the Regularity of their charming Features, besides their engaging Wit, have secret unaccountable enchanting Graces, which tho' they have been long and often enjoy'd, make them always New, and always Desirable.

Desirable

*Letters on several Occasions.* 45

able. I return you my hearty Thanks  
for your most obliging Letter. I had been  
very unreasonable if I had repin'd that the  
your arriv'd no sooner: 'Tis allowable  
grumble at the delaying a Payment, but  
murmur at the Deferring a Benefit, is to  
impudently Ungrateful beforehand. The  
commendations which you give me, ex-  
ceedingly sooth my vanity: For you with  
breath can bestow or confirm Reputation;  
whole numberless People proclaims the  
praise which you give, and the Judgment  
of three mighty Kingdoms appear to de-  
pend upon yours. The People gave me  
some little Applause before; but to whom,  
when they are in Humour, will they not  
give it? and to whom, when they are Fro-  
ward will they not refuse it? Reputation  
with them depends upon Chance, unless  
they are guided by those above them: They  
are but the Keepers as it were of the Lot-  
tery which Fortune sets up for Renown;  
upon which Fame is bound to attend with  
Trumpet, and Sound when Men draw  
Prizes. Thus I had rather have your  
approbation than the Applause of Fame:  
your Commendation argues good Luck,  
that Mr. Dryden's implies Desert. What-  
ever low Opinion I have hitherto had of my-  
self, I have so great a Value for your Judg-  
ment,

46 *Letters on several Occasions.*

ment, that, for the sake of that, I shall be willing henceforward to believe that I am not wholly Desertless ; but that you may find me still more Supportable, I shall endeavour to compensate whatever I want of those glittering Qualities, by which the World is dazzled, with Truth, with Faith, and with Zeal to serve you ; Qualities which, for their Rarity, might be Objects of Wonder, but that Men dare not appear to admire them, because their Admirations would manifestly declare their want of them. Thus, Sir, let me assure you, that tho' you are acquainted with several Gentlemen whose Eloquence and Wit may capacitate them to offer their Service with more Address to you, yet no one can declare himself with greater Cheerfulness, or with greater Fidelity, or with more profound Respect than my self,

*Sir, Your most, &c*

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*Mr. Dryden to Mr. Dennis.*

*My Dear Mr. Dennis,*

**W**HEN I read a Letter so full of Commendations, as your last, cannot but consider you as the Master of

*Letters on several Occasions.* 47

st Treasure, who, having more than enough for your self, are forc'd to Ebb out on your friends. You have indeed the st Right to give them, since you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the Reflection of her Mother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the Modern Writers may enter into Comparison with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critick, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid Comendation at this time of Day at least for me. If I undertake the Translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will shew at least, that no Man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern Tongue: Neither will his Machines be of any service to a Christian Poet. We see how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Tasso*, and by *Crivello*. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for example, I would raise a Storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only Difference of calling him Prince of the Air, what Intention of mine would there be in this? who would not see *Virgil* thorough me, only



48 *Letters on several Occasions.*

only the same Trick play'd over again by a bungling Jugler? *Boileau* has well observed, that it is an easie matter, in a Christian Poem, for God to bring the devil to Reason. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines, in my Preface to *Juvenal* where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur's* Conquest of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conquest of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies, and Kingdoms, are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man must be deeply conversant in the Platonick Philosophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reasonably expect that no Poet of our Age will presume to handle those Machines, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be Ingrateful enough, not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confess'd thus much of our Modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rym*——, that our English Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients. And notwithstanding our Irregularities, so is our Tragedy. *Shakespeare* had a Genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. *R*—— that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may so call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You see what

access this learned Critick has found in the World, after his Blaspheming *Shakespeare*. Almost all the Faults which he has discover'd are truly there; Yet who will read Mr. *Rym*——, or not read *Shakespeare*? For my own part, I reverence Mr. *Rym*—'s Learning, but I detest his Ill Nature and Arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but *Shakespeare* has not. There is another part of Poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal Foot with the Ancients; and that which we call Pindarique; introduced, but not perfected, by our Famous Mr. *Cowley*: And of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Masters: You have the Sublimity of Sense as well as of Language, and know how far the Boldness of Poetry may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode; and reduce it either to the same Measure which *Pindar* us'd, or give new Measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast tract of Land newly Discover'd. The Soil wonderfully Fruitful, but Unmanur'd, overstock'd with Inhabitants, but almost all savages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Industry. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who fell then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a sober, and a witty Answer to a

50 *Letters on several Occasions.*

bad Poet, who told him, *It was an ea-  
thing to write like a Madman.* No, said  
*'tis very difficult to write like a Madman*  
*but 'tis a very easie matter to write like a Fe-*  
Otway and He are safe by Death from  
Attacks, but we poor Poets Militant (I  
use Mr. Cowley's Expression) are at the  
Mercy of wretched Scriblers : and when  
they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they  
fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State  
and Religion. For my Principles of Re-  
gion, I will not justifie them to you  
know yours are far different. For the  
same reason, I shall say nothing of my Prin-  
ciples of State: I believe you in yours  
follow the Dictates of your Reason, as I  
mine do those of my Conscience. When I  
thought my self in an Error, I would  
tract it; I am sure that I suffer for the  
and *Milton* makes even the Devil say, *T*  
*no Creature is in love with Pain.* For  
Morals betwixt Man and Man, I am  
to be my own Judge ; I appeal to the  
World if I have Deceiv'd or defrauded  
Man: And for my private Conversation  
they who see me every day, can be the  
Witnesses, whether or no it be Blame-  
and Inoffensive. Hitherto I have no  
son to complain that Men of either Party  
shun my Company. I have never been

*Letters on several Occasions.* 51

impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noble  
men: My Visits have indeed been too rare  
to be unacceptable; and but just enough  
to testify my Gratitude for their Bounty;  
which I have frequently received, but al-  
ways unask'd, as themselves will Witness.  
I have written more than I needed to you  
on this Subject: For I dare say, you justify  
it to your self. As for that which I first  
intended for the principal Subject of this  
Letter, which is my Friend's Passion, and  
his Design of Marriage, on better conside-  
ration I have chang'd my Mind: For ha-  
ving had the Honour to see my dear Friend  
*Wycherley's* Letter to him on that Occasion,  
and nothing to be added or amended. But  
as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confess I  
love my self so well, that I will not shew  
how much I am inferior to him in Wit and  
Judgment, by undertaking any thing after  
him. There is *Moses* and the Prophets in his  
Council. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell  
us, made *Tiresias* their Umpire, in a certain  
marry Dispute, which fell out in Heav'n  
between them: *Tiresias* you know had been  
both Sexes, and therefore was a proper  
Judge; our Friend Mr. *Wycherley* is full as  
competent an Arbitrator: He has been a  
Bachelor, and Marry'd Man, and is now  
a Widower. *Virgil* says of *Ceneus*,



52 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Nunc vir nunc Fæmina Ceneus,  
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figura*

Yet, I suppose, he will not give any large Commendations to his middle State; nor as the Sailor said, will be fond, after a Shipwreck, to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good Wind, as being his; and,

*My dear Mr. Dennis, your most Affectionate and most Faithful Servant*

JOHN DRYDEN

*Written for my Lady C——, to her Copy  
W. of the Temple. By Mr. Dennis.*

*After she had received from him a Copy  
Verses on her Beauty.*

*Cousin,*

I Received yours with the Verses inclosed and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Meen, which you have so generously bestow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verses, I went to my Glass: But, Jesu! the Difference! That I bought it to Flatter me, yet compar'd



*Letters on several Occasions.* 53

you I found it a Plain Dealer: It shew'd  
immediately, that I have been a great  
deal more beholding to you, than I have  
been to Nature; for she only Form'd me  
not Frightful; but you have made me Dis-  
tasteful. But as you have been a great deal  
 kinder than Nature has been to me, I think  
myself oblig'd, in Requital, to be a good  
deal more Liberal than Heav'n has been to  
you, and to allow you as large a Stock of  
Beauty as you have giv'n me of Beauty: Since  
an honest Gentleman as your self, has  
stretch'd his Conscience to commend my  
Person, I am bound in Gratitude to do Vi-  
olence to my Reason, to extol your Verses.  
When I left the Town, I desir'd you to fur-  
nish me with the News of the Place, and  
the first thing I have receiv'd from you, is  
a Copy of Verses on my Beauty; by which  
you dextrously infer, that the most extra-  
ordinary piece of News you can send me,  
is to tell me, that I am Handsom. By  
such ingenious Inference, you had infalli-  
bly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you,  
if your Verses had not stood up in your Justi-  
fication. But tell me truly, Cousin, could you  
think that I should prove so easie a Crea-  
ture as to believe all that you have said of  
me? How could you find in your Heart to  
make such a Fool of me, and such a Cheat

54 *Letters on several Occasions.*

of your self ; to intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to Truck my little stock of Wit and Judgment, for a meer Imagination of Beauty ; when the real thing too, falls so infinitely short of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it ? For, Cousin, there is this considerable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty : That Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unless it has weaken'd their Reason ; and never feel the force of Wit, unless their Judgment are sound. The principal time in which those of your Sex admire Beauty, is between Seventeen and Thirty ; that is after they are past their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgment. And now, Cousin, have not you been commending a pretty Quality in me, to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Understanding : Besides, how frail, how transitory is it ! Nature deprives us of it before Thirty, if Diseases spare it till then : But which constant Proceeding, she seems to imply, that she gives it us as a Gift to please us in the Childhood of our Reasons ; and takes it from us, as a thing below us, when we come to Years of Discretion. Thus, Cousin, have you been commending

*Letters on several Occasions.* 55

quality in me, which has nothing of true merit in it, and of which I have no greater share, than to keep me from being Scandalous. So that all I could have got by your Kindness, if I had parted with my judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit, and ridiculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I say in good part, I would advise you to engage no further in Poetry: but rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind your *Cook* upon *Littleton*. Rather Pettifog than Flatter: For if you are resolved to be a Cheat, you will shew at least some conscience, in resolving rather to chouse the people of their Money, than to bubble them of their Understandings. Besides, Cousin, you have not a Genius which will make a Great Poet, and be pleased to consider, that a small Poet is a Scandalous sight; that indifferent Verses are very bad ones; and that an insipid Panegyric upon another, is a severe Libel upon your self. Besides, there will start up a Satyr the day, and then Woe be to cold Rhimers. Old *England* is not yet so barren, but there will arise some generous Spirit, who, besides Stock of Wit and good Sense, which are no very common Qualities, will not

56 *Letters on several Occasions.*

only be furnished with a sound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent; but with a true Taste for Eloquence and Wit, which is scarce any where to be found, and which comprehends, not only a just Discernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticism. Such a Satyrist as this Cousin, must arise, and therefore you had best take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to Divert you, and not Afflict you.

*I am, &c*

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*To Mr. ———, at Will's Coffee-house in Covent-garden.*

**I** Received your Panegyrick upon Puns, which I so approve of, that I am resolved to get it Printed, and bound up with *Erasmus* his Praise of Folly. Yet to confess a Truth, I was something dissatisfied to see Quibbling commended with so much Wit: For nothing can be writ with more Wit, than your Letter to the reserve of the Quibbles; which I suppose you inserted amongst so many things which are so finely said, lest these should have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me.



nt pray, after this Panegyrick upon Quib-  
es, give me leave to ask you the same  
question that the *Lacedæmonians* ask'd the  
phister, who harangu'd in the praise of  
*Hercules*: By the way, did you ever expect  
hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules*?  
here's a Simile for you, *I think*, as *Novel*  
ys, *that's New*. You, who are cry'd up  
so great a Wit, tell me, without Envy,  
uld you ever have thought upon that?  
t to return to my Question: Here you  
ve spent a great deal of time in the De-  
nce of Quibbles. Who said a Word a-  
inst them? The Devil a Syllable did I  
ention of them in mine. It is true, I cited  
nest Mr. Sw——, but it is a hard Case,  
he Quoting an Author, must be constru-  
the Condemning his Works: I have a  
eat Respect and Kindness for Mr. Sw——,  
I have for all who have any Excellence.  
d truly, I think, that for the Management  
Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man a-  
e comes near him. And let me tell you,  
for all your new Emulation, he is a bet-  
Quibbler than you. But it is high time  
give over Railery: For if you were my  
ther a thousand times, let me die if I  
uld not rigorously examin that part of  
ur Letter which pretends to defend Quib-  
ng. You say that I am too Nice, and  
that



58 *Letters on several Occasions.*

that my Aversion has something in it, that is very like Affectation: But here you must give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you: Can a Man be justly accus'd of Niceness or Affectation, because he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extremely foolish; you know it is foolish enough, you reply; but it is a foolish thing that diverts. And do you think this knowledge of it will excuse the Folly? Give me leave to resume the aforementioned Simile: Suppose a Fellow who breaks Wind, should say to the Company while they are cajoling their offended Noses with Snuff, Look you Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very nasty, but Begad it is very Diverting. Would the Excuse, think you, be current? A Quibble diverts: Right; and so does a Hobby-horse, which in my Mind, for those who can be diverted without Reason, is the better Bawble of the two. A Quibble diverts: Jesu! That this should be spoken at *Will's*? Can there be a more damnable Satyr upon Wit, than that so many Gentlemen who have so very much of it, should be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? But, for God's sake, what do you mean when you say a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh, I warrant: Why

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*Letters on several Occasions.* 59

greatest Coxcomb about the Town shall  
do you in Laughing at any time. Na-  
re, who has dealt impartially with her  
children, and who has given them but  
no Distinctions from Beasts, Reason and  
laughter, has, where she has bestow'd the  
more of the One, conferr'd the less of the  
other : And therefore a Coxcomb will  
laugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, say you,  
is a sign of a Fool. Well, my dear Friend, I  
owe so much Kindness for thee, that out  
of thy own Mouth thou shalt not be  
excus'd : For if a Quibble is not Wit, it is  
nothing. But it is at as great a distance  
from wit, as an Idol is from the Deity ;  
and I will no more believe nauseous Equi-  
vals to be Wit, because some Sots have  
ador'd them, than I will believe Garlick  
to be God, because the *Aegyptians* ador'd  
it. Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of  
Folly and Ignorance in an English Man, to make Wit  
a Quibble, than it was in the *Aegypti-*  
ans to make a God of their Garlick. But  
I will return from whence I digress'd ; I have  
never appear'd so much a Stoick, but that  
I have been as much for Diversion as any  
Man : But then am I for the Diversion of  
reasonable Men, and of Gentlemen. If  
there be any Diversion in Quibbling, it is  
the Diversion of which a Fool and a Porter  
is

60 *Letters on several Occasions.*

is as capable as is the best of you. And therefore *Ben. Johnson*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or Tankard-bearer, is sure to introduce him Quibbling. But if Punning be a Diversion, it is a very strange one. There is as much Difference between the silly Satisfaction which we have from Quibble, and the ravishing Pleasure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do? you cry. Men of the greatest Parts are no more to be found with wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. What look you, Sir, as the first Step to Wisdom is to be freed from Folly; so the first Approach to Wit, is a contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will rather have patience till such time as you have, or take good Sence in the lieu of it. If you are not in a Condition to delight, we will be contented to be Instructed; we will make your Instruction nourish our Company, so turn even that to Delight. Now there is something noble in right Reason, and consequently something delightful. Truth is so divinely beautiful, that it must please eternal

*Letters on several Occasions. 61*

ternally ; but Falshood is base, and must  
shock all generous Minds, and every Equi-  
vocal is but ambiguous Falshood, that is the  
infinitesimal, the basest of Falshood.

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*To Walter Moyle Esq;*

*Dear Sir,*

**T**HO' you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you credit for another; tho' perhaps you may little desire to run into Debt this way: But this is for two Reasons that I give you the trouble of this: For, in the first place, I am taking a turn for a little time into the country, and I design that the Prevention of this, should make some Amends for the delay of my next. In the Second place, I have made some provision of Scandal, which I am willing to make use of, before it grow stale upon my hands. Just after I writ my last, I threw my self into a detached Party, which march'd from *Will's* *Namur*; with the same Design that the Volunteers went to *Brest*, to keep out of the Fray, and be Spectators of the Action. They however, before they were come to Blows, went amongst the Tents, and had some Discourse



## 62 Letters on several Occasions.

Discourse with Major-General R—, whom I found to be Father to Mr. Bays his *Partbenope*. For the Major-General is a very honest Fellow, who sells Ale by the Town Wall: We had the Satisfaction to see that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carried on as Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noise than *Mischief*. On *Monday* last, which was the Second of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to see two very ridiculous Sights. The first was a *Baw* carted for an Action which had some Relation to that memorable Day: for she was convicted of being an Accomplish'd setting Fire to an Ancient and Venerable Pile of the City; that is, she was found Guilty of being instrumental in the Clapping an Alderman. I stood in a Bookseller's Shop to see her pass, which Bookseller was packing up some Scoundrel Authors, to send them away to the Plantations. These Authors are Criminals, which being sentenc'd to be Burnt here, have at last found Grace, and got off with Transportation. You remember the terrible Noise that we heard at P——, which, as it sprung from a ridiculous Occasion, that of my Lady Mayorefs's Gossiping, has had a comical Consequence. For the Common

Cou

*Letters on several Occasions. 63*

Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayoress is dispens'd during the Wars, from seeing those Children born in the City, which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being present at one of their Wife's Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Last Night I took a turn in the Cloisters, where I was entertain'd with great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig, upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two. For I heard a great deal of Unintelligible Language address'd to a great many Invisible Faces. As if, because the Women had resolv'd not to be seen, the Men had determin'd not to be Understood; and had in revenge eclips'd the Light of their Understanding by Fustian, as the others had obscur'd the Lustre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made use of White and Red to attract, but within these thirty years black has succeeded, and the Devil found more Tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither time nor place for any more: you shall have the rest by the next Opportunity.

*Tours, &c.*

64 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*To Mr. Congreve.*

*Dear Sir,*

**I** Have now read over the *Fox*, in which tho' I admire the Strength of *Ben. Johnson's* Judgment, yet I did not find it so accurate as I expected : For first the very thing upon which the whole Plot turns and that is, the Discovery which *Mosca* makes to *Bonario* ; seems to me, to be very unreasonable. For I can see no Reason why he should make that Discovery which introduces *Bonario* into his Master's House. For the Reason which the Poet makes *Mosca* give in the ninth Scene of the third Act , appears to be a very absurd one. Secondly, *Corbaccio*, the Father of *Bonario* is expos'd for his Deafness, a Personal Defect ; which is contrary to the end of Comedy-Instruction : For personal Defects cannot be amended ; and the exposing such can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the Misery of Human Nature and into what he may fall himself without any Fault of his own. Thirdly, The Play has two Characters, which have nothing to do with the Design of it, which are to be look'd upon as Excrescencies. Last

*Letters on several Occasions.* 65

The Character of *Volpone* is inconsistent with himself: *Volpone* is like *Catiline*, *Alieni appetens, sui profusus*; but that is only a Double of his Nature, and not an inconsistency. The inconsistency of the Character appears in this, that *Volpone* in the fifth Act behaves himself like a giddy Coxcomb, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he had manag'd so Craftily in the first four. In which the Poet offends, first, against that Golden Rule which *Horace* gives for the Characters,

*Servetur ad imum,  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*

And, Secondly, Against Nature, upon which the Rules are grounded: For so strange an Alteration in so little a time, is not in Nature, unless it happens by the Accident of some violent Passion; which is not the case here. *Volpone* on the sudden behaves himself without common Discretion, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he had manag'd with so much Dexterity for the space of three Years together. Why does he disguise himself? Or, why does he repose the last Confidence in *Isabella*? Why does he cause it to be given out that he's dead? Why, only to plague



66 *Letters on several Occasions.*

his Bubbles. To plague them, for what  
Why only for having been his Bubbles. So  
that here is the greatest Alteration in the  
World, in the space of twenty four Hours  
without any apparent Cause. The Design  
of *Volpone* is to Cheat, he has carried on  
Cheat for three Years together, with Cunning  
and with Success: and yet he, on a sudden,  
in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot  
but know must endanger the ruining all.

*I am, Dear S I R,*

*Your most humble Servant.*

*To Mr. Congreve.*

*Dear Sir,*

**I** Will not augment the Trouble which  
I give you, by making an Apology  
not giving it you sooner. Tho' I am heartily  
sorry that I kept such a Trifle as  
Inclos'd, and a Trifle writ Extempore, long  
enough to make you expect a Labour'd Letter.  
But because in the Inclos'd I have  
spoken particularly of *Ben. Johnson's* Plays  
I desire to say three or four words of  
of his Plays more generally: The Plots

*Letters on several Occasions. 67*

the Fox, the Silent Woman, the Alchymist, all of them very Artful. But the In-  
guines of the Fox and the Alchymist, seem  
me to be more dexterously perplex'd, than  
be happily Disentangled. But the Gor-  
an Knot in the Silent Woman is untied  
th so much Felicity, that that alone may  
ffice to shew *Ben. Johnson* no ordinary  
eroe. But then, perhaps, the *Silent Wo-*  
n may want the very Foundation of a  
od Comedy, which the other two can-  
t be said to want: For it seems to me,  
be without a Moral. Upon which Ab-  
dity, *Ben. Johnson* was driven by the  
gularity of *Morose's* Character, which  
too extravagant for Instruction, and fit,  
my Opinion, only for Farce. For this  
ms to me, to constitute the most essen-  
Difference, betwixt Farce and Come-  
y, that the Follies which are expos'd in  
ce, are Singular; and those are par-  
lar, which are expos'd in Comedy.  
ese last are those, with which some part  
an Audience may be suppos'd infected,  
d to which all may be suppos'd obnoxious.  
t the first are so very odd, that by reason  
their monstrous Extravagance, they can-  
be thought to concern an Audience;  
cannot be supposed to instruct them.  
the rest of the Characters in these

68 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Plays, they are for the most part true, and most of the Humorous Characters Masterpieces. For *Ben. Johnson's* Fools, seem to shew his Wit a great deal more than his Men of Sence: I admire his Fops, and but barely esteem his Gentlemen. *Ben.* seems to draw Deformity more to the Life than Beauty: He is often so eager to pursue Folly, that he forgets to take Wit along with him. For the Dialogue, it seems to want very often that Spirit, that Grace, and that noble Railery, which are to be found in more Modern Plays, and which are Vertues that ought to be inseparable from a finish'd Comedy. But there seems to be one thing more wanting than all the rest, and that is Passion, I mean, that firm and that delicate Passion, by which the Soul shews its Politeness, ev'n in the midst of its Trouble. Now, to touch a Passion, the surest way to Delight; for nothing agitates like it: Agitation is the Health and Joy of the Soul, of which it is so entirely fond, that even then, when we imagine we seek Repose, we only seek Agitation. You know what a famous Modern Critick has said of Comedy:

*Il faut que ses Acteurs badinent noblement,  
Que son Noeud bien forme se denoue aisement.*

*Letters on several Occasions.* 69

*le Paction Marchant ou la Raison la Guide,  
se perde Famma dans une Scens vuide,  
son Stile humble & doux se releue a pro-  
[pos,  
ses discours par tout fertiles en bons mots,  
ent pleius de Passions finement manies,  
les Scenes toujours l'une al'autre liee.*

leave you to make the Application to  
nson—— whatever I have said my self  
his Comedies, I submit to your better  
gment. For you, who, after Mr. Wy-  
rley, are incomparably the best Writer  
it living, ought to be allowed to be the  
t Judge too.

*I am Tours, &c.*

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*Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis,*

*concerning Humour in COMEDY.*

*Dear Sir,*

You write to me, that you have en-  
tertained your self two or three days  
with reading several Comedies of several  
Authors; and your Observation is, That  
there is more of Humour in our English  
Writers, than in any of the other Comick  
Writers, ancient or Modern. You desire to

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know



70 *Letters on several Occasions.*

know my Opinion, and at the same time my thought of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our English Writers, in that particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I must at the same time confess that what I take for true Humour, has not been so often written even by them, as is generally believed: And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a Dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoyn'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were difficult, as to define Wit; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several Humours of Men, were a Work endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententiae*, might have been more properly interpreted

*Letters on several Occasions. 71*

interpreted of Humour ; since there are many  
men of the same Opinion in many things,  
who are yet quite different in Humours.  
But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit  
or what Humour is, yet we may go near  
to shew something, which is not Wit, or  
not Humour ; and yet often mistaken for  
both. And since I have mentioned Wit  
and Humour together, let me make the first  
distinction between them, and observe to  
you, that *Wit is often mistaken for Humour.*  
I have observed, that when a few things  
have been wittily and pleasantly spoken  
by any Character in a Comedy, it has been  
very usual for those, who make their Re-  
marks on a Play, while it is acting, to say,  
*such a thing is very humorously spoken ; There*  
*is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus  
the Character of the Person speaking, may  
be, surprisingly and pleasantly, mistaken  
for a Character of Humour ; which indeed  
is a Character of Wit : But there is a great  
difference between a Comedy, wherein  
there are many things humorously, as they  
call it, which is pleasantly spoken ; and  
one, where there are several Characters of  
Humour, distinguish'd by the particular  
and different Humours, appropriated to the  
several Persons represented, and which na-  
turally arise from the different Constitu-

72 *Letters on several Occasions.*

tions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of Humorous Things, does not distinguish Characters ; for every Person in a Comedy, may be allow'd to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected ; and even a Fool may be permitted to stumble on 'em by chance. Tho' they make a difference betwixt Wit and Humour ; yet I do not think that Humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit should be adapted to the Humour. As for Instance, A Character of a Splenetick and Peevish Humour, should have a Satyrical Wit ; a Jolly and Sanguine Humour, should have a Facetious Wit: The former should speak positively ; the latter carelessly : For the former observes, and shews things as they are ; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and speaks things as he would have them ; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As Wit, so, its opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humour*.

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities and talking Impertinencies, Roaring aloud and Laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion ; this is a Character of Humour.

*Letters on several Occasions.* 73

Is any thing more common, than to have pretended Comedy, stuff'd with such Gro-  
sque Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things,  
that either are not in Nature, or if they  
are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance;  
and consequently as such, should be stifled,  
and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*,  
that Mankind may not be shock'd with an  
appearing Possibility of the Degeneration  
of a God-like Species. For my part, I am  
willing to Laugh, as any Body, and as  
easily diverted with an Object truly ridicu-  
lous: But at the same time, I can never care  
for seeing things, that force me to enter-  
tain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't  
know how it is with others, but I confess  
privately to you, I could never look long up-  
on a Monkey, without very mortifying  
reflections; Tho' I never heard any thing  
to the contrary, why that Creature is not  
originally of a distinct Species. As I  
don't think Humour exclusive of Wit, nei-  
ther do I think it inconsistent with Folly;  
but I think the Follies should be only such,  
as Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and  
not Follies intirely abstracted from both  
Humour and Nature.

Sometimes *personal Defects are misrepre-  
sented for Humours.*

I mean, sometimes Characters are bar-  
barously



74 *Letters on several Occasions.*

barously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very Ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes by shewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. Johnson's Fox, have justly excepted against this Immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true Humour in Comedy.

*External Habit of Body, is often mistaken for Humour.*

By External Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in some received Characters; (but undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dress differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession or Education. I cannot think that a Humour, which

*Letters on several Occasions. 75*

ly a Habit, or Disposition contracted by use or Custom; for by a Disuse, or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off, or diversifi'd.

*Affectation is generally mistaken for Humour.*

These are indeed so much alike, that, at distance, they may be mistaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation in another; and nothing more common than for some to affect particular ways of saying and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire, and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a character of Affectation, shews Humour at the Second-hand; he at best but publishes a translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the best, so it may be most proper to explain them, by particular Instances from some author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of the Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Custom, and Affectation from Industry.

Hu-

76 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impression.

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Tho' here I would observe by the way, that a continued Affectation, may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Morose* in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to Instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce. And you have your self hinted some Dislike of it, for the same reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man naturally Splenetick and Melancholy ; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamour: Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discompos'd and startle at the Cutting of a Cork, or Scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the same Humour, that makes such or any other

*Letters on several Occasions. 77*

ther Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Morose*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot hear any Discourse or Conversation, above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humour, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience, would have sided with the character, and have condemn'd the Author, for exposing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented, to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this exactness of Quantity, were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it in Humour; what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length, from the extempore Discourse of the wittyest Men upon Earth he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpose:

The Character of *Sir John Daw* in the same Play, is a Character of Affectation:

He



## 78 *Letters on several Occasions.*

He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraso* in the Eunuch of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of *Plautus*: They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now such a boasting of Valour in Men who were really Valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such-like, who make use of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do but to collect a few proper Phrases and

Term

*Letters on several Occasions. 79*

Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very successful ; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour ; since they require little more, than good Memory and superficial Observation. But true Humour cannot be shown without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples ; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers : But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject : and I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit ; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it ; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either : I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any*

80 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only ; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguished from those of other Men.*

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance ; it is a Colour, Taste and Smell, diffused thro' all ; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion ; which tho' it may be disguised by Art yet cannot be wholly changed : We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it, are never so various, and the Diversions never so many. Diffimulation, may by degrees, become more easie to our Practice ; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem : It will always be in some proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour : and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes, one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently will ask the Question, *Why are you not*

? *Why are you not gay, pleasant, and cheerful?*  
? Then instead of answering, could I ask  
ch one, *Why are you not Handsome? Why have*  
*you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?*  
ature abhors to be forc'd.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus*  
and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at  
this Day: Some weep, and others laugh at  
the same and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: but I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of Anger which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the Humour of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing happen'd to please him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks an addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief, and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different: But here



82 *Letters on several Occasions.*

the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, one thinks something should be observed of the Humour of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess, have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in the Sex, to let Humour have its course; or may be by reason of their natural Coldness Humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male-sex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diversity of Humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford an endless Matter, for the support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of Humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar Humour; yet every Man has it not

*Letters on several Occasions.* 83

quantity, to become remarkable by it: or, many do become remarkable by their Humours; yet all those Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what Humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory scenes, and by opposing other Humours to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong judgment, sometimes, Mens Humours may be opposed when there is really no specific difference between them; only a greater proportion of the same, in one than t'other; occasion'd by having more Flegm, or Phlegm, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their Humours derive their source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this subject; tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure, will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is entirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see my private Essay, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the

84 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Scarcity of true Humour, and the difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Publick View.

I don't say, but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations and those other Qualities which I have endeavoured to distinguish from Humour: but I would not have such imposed on the World for Humour, nor esteem'd of equal value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humour. Therefore every Poet must be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such One deserves to be broke, who makes a false Muster; who does not shew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, at which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our English Comick Writers, than in any other

*Letters on several Occasions.* 85

thers. I do not at all wonder at it, for I  
ok upon Humour to be almost of English  
rowth; at least it does not seem to have  
and such Encrease on any other Soil: And  
that appears to me to be the reason of it,  
the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liber-  
which the common People of *England*  
joy. Any Man that has a Humour, is  
der no Restraint, or fear of giving it  
ent; they have a Proverb among them,  
which, may be, will shew the Bent and Ge-  
us of the People, as well as a longer  
discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall*  
*have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with  
em, and their Practice is agreeable to it.  
believe something considerable too may  
ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh,  
and the Grossness of their Diet in general.  
at I have done, let the Physicians agree  
at. Thus you have my Thoughts of Hu-  
mour, to my Power of Expressing them in  
little Time and Compass. You will  
kind to shew me wherein I have err'd;  
and as you are very capable of giving me In-  
struction, so I think I have a very just  
title to demand it from you; being, with-  
out Reserve,

*Your real Friend and humble Servant,*

W. CONG REVE

F f f 3

To



*To Mr. Congreve, at Tunbridge.*

*Dear Sir,*

**M**R. *Moyle* and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of, had sprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge Water* is good for the Spleen, it may be said in some manner to cause Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. *Moyle* and I are not of the number of Things that plague you: However, I am so sensible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I should be ungrateful, if I should complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. *Moyle* tells me that you have made a favourable mention of me, to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls—— But then to mortifie the Old Man in me, or indeed rather the Young he assur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my self obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindness as so much the greater because I am sensible, that I do not deserve it. And I could almost wish that your good Qualities were not quite so numerous, that

*Letters on several Occasions. 87*

might be able to make you some Return  
Specie: For Commending you now, I  
you but Justice, which a Man of Ho-  
ur will do to his Enemy; whereas you,  
partial Praise, have treated me like a  
friend. I make no doubt, but that you  
me the Justice to believe that I am per-  
tly yours; and that your Merit has en-  
g'd me, and your Favours oblig'd me to  
all my Life-time,

*Dear Sir, Your humble Servant,*

J. DENNIS.

---

*Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis.*

*Dear Sir,*

It is not more to keep my Word, than to  
gratifie my Inclination, that I write  
you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd  
I was never forgetful of you, nor of my  
promise. Indeed I waited in Expectation  
something that might enable me to re-  
turn the entertainment I received from  
your Letters: but you represent the Town  
agreeable to me, that you quite put me  
out of Conceit with the Country; and my  
designs of making Observations from it.

F f f 4

Be-

## 88 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propos'd to my self the Satisfaction of Communicating the Pleasures of the place to you: But if I keep my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters; since I must own I have met with nothing else so truly Delightful. When you suppose the Country agreeable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it should be so, that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were, to beg a Basket from my friends in *Coven-garden*. After all this, I must tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable: but the greater part, is of that sort, who at home converse only with their own Relations; and consequently when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance, but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better, or worse, I Would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profess my self an Enemy to Detraction; And who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the

*Letters on several Occasions.* 89

ence of any manner of News, as I might  
rink to you without naming a Health ;  
or I intend only my Service to you. I wish  
or you very often, that I might recommend  
you to some new Acquaintance that I have  
made here, and think very well worth the  
sleeping ; I mean Idleness and a good Sto-  
mach. You would not think how People  
eat here ; every Body has the Appetite of  
an Ostrich, and as they drink Steel in the  
Morning, so I believe at Noon they could  
digest Iron. But sure you will laugh at me  
for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance ;  
when, to your Knowledge, the greatest part  
of my Business, is little better. Ay, but  
there's the Comfort of the Change ; I am  
idle now, without taking Pains to be so,  
or to make other People so ; for Poetry is  
neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I  
know not whether these Waters may have  
any Communication with *Lethe*, but sure  
I am, they have none with the Streams of  
*Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those  
wicked Writers of Lampoons, could crowd  
together such quantities of execrable Verses,  
charg'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly  
been sent from this Place. But I am half of  
opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-*  
*Hippocrene* : What if we should get a quan-  
tity of the Water privately convey'd into  
the



90 *Letters on several Occasions.*

the Cistern at *Will's* Coffee-house, for an Experiment? But I am Extravagant— Tho' I remember *Ben Johnson* in his Comedy of *Cynthia's* Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours I am of Opinion, that something very Comical and New, might be brought upon the Stage, from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing New should appear there, let me have an account of it, for tho Plays are a kind of Winter-fruit, yet I know there are now and then some Wind-falls at this time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the time, when the Sun breeds Insects; and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears, of Summer-flies, small Poets. Cuckows have this time allow'd 'em to Sing, tho they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of *St. Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births. Methinks the days of *Bartholomew-fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactor

*Letters on several Occasions.* 91

Poetry, are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different time of Year) of the Roman *Saturnalia*, when all the Scum, and Rabble, and Slaves of Rome, by a kind of Annual and limited permission, were suffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and Profane the days of *Ju-lee*, with vile Buffoonery, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-letter, and run into Length like a Poet in a dedication, when he forgets his Patron to think of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuses (as Excuses generally go) should add to the fault. Besides, I would have no appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that

*I am your real Friend,*

*and Humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

**Letters**

# Letters of LOVE

Written by —

*Dear Madam,*

**N**OT believe that I Love you: You cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, consult my Eyes, consult your own. You will find by yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recal to mind what happen'd last Night: That at least was a Lover's Kiss. Its Eagerness, its Fierceness, its Warmth, express'd the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetness, and its melting Softness express'd him more. With Trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul I revish'd it: Convulsions, Pantings, Murmurs shew'd the mighty Disorder within me: The mighty Disorder encreased by For those dear Lips shot through my Heart and thro' my bleeding Vitals, delicious Passion, and an avoidless, but yet a charming Ruin

*Letters on several Occasions. 93*

mine. What cannot a Day produce? The  
night before, I thought my self a Happy  
man. In want of nothing, and in fairest  
expectation of fortune: Approv'd of by  
men of wit, and applauded by others?  
pleased, nay charm'd with my friends, my  
dearest Friends; Sensible of ev'ry de-  
licate Pleasure, and in their turns possessing  
it. But Love, Almighty Love! seems in  
a Moment to have remov'd me to a prodigi-  
ous Distance from every Object but you  
alone: In the midst of Crowds I remain in  
solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of  
my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing  
but you. I appear transported to some For-  
eign Desert with you, (Oh that I were real-  
ly thus transported!) where, abundantly  
supplied with every thing in thee, I might  
live out an Age of uninterrupted Extasie.  
The Scene of the World's great Stage,  
seems suddenly and sadly chang'd. Un-  
usually Objects are all around me, excepting  
thee: The Charms of all the World ap-  
pear to be translated to thee. Thus in this  
pleasing, but oh, too pleasing State! my Soul can  
rest upon nothing but thee: Thee it Con-  
templates, Admires, Adores, nay, Depends  
on; Trusts in you alone. If you and Hope  
forsake it, Despair and endless Misery at-  
tend it.

*Dear*



94 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Dear Madam,*

**T**His I send by the Permission of a  
 vere Father, I will not say a cru-  
 one, since he is yours. What is it that  
 has taken so mortally ill of me? That I do  
 for his Daughter, is my only Offence. And  
 yet he has refused to let me take ev'n my  
 Farewell of you. Thrice happy be the  
 Omen! may I never take my Farewell  
 thee, till my Soul takes leave of my Body.  
 At least, he cannot restrain me from Loving  
 No, I will love thee in spite of all Oppo-  
 sition. Tho' your Friends and mine prove  
 equally averse, yet I will love thee with  
 Constancy that shall appear to all the  
 World, to have something so noble in it  
 that all the World shall confess, that it de-  
 serv'd not to be Unfortunate. I will for-  
 sake even my Friends for thee: My be-  
 nest, my witty, my brave Friends; who have  
 always been till I had seen thee, the dearest  
 part of Mankind to me. Thou shalt sup-  
 ply the place of them all with me. Thou  
 shalt be my bosom, my best-lov'd Friend  
 and at the same time, my only Mistress  
 and my dearest Wife. Have the Good-  
 ness to pardon this Familiarity. 'Tis the  
 tenderest leave of the faithfulest Lover  
 and here to shew an Over-respectfulne-  
 would

*Letters on several Occasions. 95*

ould be to wrong my Passion. That I  
ve thee more than Life, nay, even than  
lory, which I courted once with a burn-  
g Desire, bear Witness all my unquiet  
ays, and every restless Night, and that  
rrible Agitation of Mind and Body,  
hich proceeded from my fear of losing  
ee. To lose thee is to lose all Happiness;  
ormenting Reflection to a sensible Soul!  
ow often has my Reason been going up-  
it? But the sons of Reason would be but  
o happy upon the loss of thee: Since all  
e Advantage that I could draw from its  
esence, would be to know my self Misera-  
e. But the time calls upon me: I am  
lig'd to take an odious Journey, and leave  
ee behind with my Enemies. But thine  
all never do thee harm with me. Adieu,  
ou dearest, thou loveliest of Creatures!  
o Change of Time or Place, or the Re-  
onstrances of the best of Friends, shall  
er be able to altar my Passion for thee.  
but one quarter so kind, so just to me,  
d the Sun will not shine on a happier  
an than my self.

*Dear*

96 *Letters on several Occasions.*

*Dear Madam,*

**M**ay I presume to beg Pardon for the Fault I committed? So foolish a Fault, that it was below not only a man of Sense, but a Man; and of which nothing could ever have made me Guilty, but the Fury of a Passion with which none but your lovely self could inspire me. May I presume to beg pardon for a Fault which can never forgive my self? To purchase that Pardon, what would I not endure? You shall see me prostrate before you, and use me like a Slave, while I kiss the dear Feet that trample upon me. But if my Crime be too great for Forgiveness, as indeed it is very great, deny me not one departing Look; Let me see you once before I must never see you more. Christ! I want Patience to support that accursed Thought. I have nothing in the World that is dear to me, but you. You have made every thing else indifferent: And can I resolve never to see you more? In spite of my self I must always see you. Your Form is fix'd by Fate in my Mind, and is never to be removed. I see those lovely piercing Eyes continually. I see each Moment those ravishing Lips which I have gaz'd on still with Desire, and still have touch'd with Transport; and

which

*Letters on several Occasions. 97*

which I have so often flown with all the  
rory of the most violent Love. Jesus!  
from whence, and whither am I fallen?  
from the Hopes of blissful Extasies to black  
Despair! From the Expectation of immor-  
tal Transports, which none but your dear  
God can give me, and which none but he  
who loves like me, could ever so much as  
think of, to a Complication of cruel Passi-  
ons, and the most dreadful Condition of  
human Life. My Fault indeed, has been ve-  
ry great, and cries aloud for the severest Ven-  
geance. See it inflicted on me: See me de-  
spair and die for that Fault. But let me not  
be Unpardon'd, Madam; I die for you, but  
in the most cruel and dreadful manner.  
The Wretch that lies broken on the Wheel  
of Pain, feels not a quarter of what I endure.  
My boundless Love has been all my Crime;  
My swift, ungrateful, barbarous Return of it!  
Permit me to take my eternal Leave of you;  
When I have done that, how easie will it  
be to bid all the rest of the World Adieu.

---

*Dear Madam,*

THIS is the third Letter that I have  
sent you since I came hither: Those  
which went before it were all the Over-

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flowings



98 *Letters on several Occasions.*

flowings of a Heart more full of Passion than ever was Man's before. It is impossible for me to be distant from you, but I must send to you by every occasion. And yet you can resolve to take no Notice of all my Tenderness: Yes, my dearest, inhumane Creature you can. You have been sick, nay dangerously sick, and have never sent to me. Have I left all the World for you, and could you resolve to leave the World without me; Nay, without so much as giving me the least Notice of it? Christ! Could you resolve to leave me to Despair and to endless Misery, without expressing the least Concern for me! And can I persist in loving one so ungrateful! Is there such another ungrateful Creature alive! No, there is not so ungrateful a Creature, but there is not one so Charming.

---

*Dear Madam,*

**C**AN you be angry still with your poor Penitent? You cannot have a ill Nature, sure? Yes, but you can, you can, since he could have the Presumption to be angry with you. But, my Dearest, there is this Difference betwixt your Anger and mine; Mine was caus'd by the Cruelty

*Letters on several Occasions.* 99

our suppos'd Infidelity ; and yours by the  
kindness of your Lover's Resentment : for  
I had not been fond of thee to the last de-  
gree, I had not been so incens'd against you.  
Yet even when I was most so, I could  
sooner have pluck'd out an Eye, than have  
resolved to have parted with thee : Nay, I  
could sooner have torn out both Eyes, if the  
loss of both would not have for ever de-  
priv'd me of the dear, the ravishing sight  
of thee. But if you still think that my An-  
ger had Guilt in it, and that I ought to  
suffer for it, the means to punish me with  
most Severity, and to make me my own  
tormenter, is to tell me, you love me :  
When I shall curse my self and my Rage,  
and feel all the Plague of Remorse for ha-  
ving offended thee : I shall look upon my  
self as the basest, the most ungrateful of  
men for abusing thy Goodness, and thy  
arming Tenderness. I shall believe that I  
can never humble my self enough, and ne-  
ver suffer enough to deserve Forgiveness.  
Thus, Madam, you have your Revenge in  
your Power. It is a false Modesty which  
restrains you from taking it : In order to  
which you have nothing to do, but to prove  
your self tender, and to shew your self  
grateful. If you must be ashamed, blush at  
your Cruelty ; blush at your Inhumanity :

G g g z

But

100 *Letters on several Occasions.*

But Gratitude is Reason, and Love is Nature; never be ashamed of those. Do but consider, there was a time, when I was happy in your Esteem; yes, there has been a time, in which I was thought not altogether void of Reason by you: How then can you blush at the owning a Passion, which you command with an absolute Sway, at the very time that it Tyrannizes over me?

---

*Dear Madam,*

**M**Y Friend's Stratagem gave me an opportunity of seeing you, by finding Fault with you. It must proceed from Design or Madness if I find fault with thee. Thy lovely Face is the very same that kindled all my Blood in a flame; and I am sure my Heart can never be alter'd. How I trembled in my Breast when I saw you last, and by its trouble confess'd its Conqueror. How it has burnt ever since with redoubled Fury! When I shall be free from this Flame, Heaven only knows, for the Hour of my Death Heaven only knows; 'Tis a Flame that has incorporated with that of my Life, and both will go out together. In vain I voke my Reason to resist my Senses: My Reason finds you more lovely than my

*Letters on several Occasions.* 101

id before; shews me all the Graces of thy  
cautious Mind, and grows pleas'd and  
rides it self in its own Captivity. You ac-  
se me, they say, of some extraordinary  
crime: A Crime against whom? Against  
you whom I love! Against you, for whom  
could die! Strange Accusation! Yet at the  
same time you refuse to see me, you refuse  
to receive my Letters: And must I be con-  
demn'd Unheard? Robbers are allow'd to  
speak before they are sentenc'd; Murderers  
have the Privilege to plead for their Lives;  
and shall the tenderest Love be denied  
the Privilege which is granted to the black-  
est Malice? I have been guilty of nothing  
but too much Love, if too much Love be a  
fault. Why have you given Credit to my  
enemies, before you have heard me? I may  
be convinc'd of an Error, but I can  
never be convicted of a Crime against you.  
No Man must be mad, nay, desperately  
mad, who can design to injure himself; and  
you art, by much, the better, the dearer  
part of me. Give me leave to see you  
once more before I depart: Let me see  
that Face which has undone me,  
that charms me even in Ruine:'

*O Face industriously contriv'd by Heaven,  
To fix my Eyes and captivate my Soul!*

Ggg 3

Nay,



102 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Nay, I will see you, if it be but to upbraid you with your barbarous Wish: If at the time that you made it, you had struck a Dagger in my Heart, you had given it a gentler Wound.

The only Wish that I have to make, is to be happy in thee; if that succeeds not, I have another, and that is, to lie at rest in my Grave.

*The End of the Love-Letters.*

---

To Walter Moyle, *Esq*; at Bake, in Cornwall.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are so intent upon being Burgeſſs of *Bodmyn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-garden*: At laſt I received an agreeable Letter from you. You had beſt have a care of talking in *Cornwall* at the rate that you write to your Friends. If you do, the Corniſh Men may not think you rightly Qualified to Reſent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a Critical Correſpondence between us: But Idleneſs on your ſide, and ill Humour

mine, have baulked a very hopeful Design. But an Accident has lately happened, which obliges me to provoke you: For there has just been a Play acted, called, *The Mock-marriage*, the Author of which, whose Name I have forgot, asserts, dogmatically, in his preface, That he who writes by Rule shall only have his Labour for his Pains. I know not what this Author can mean by this: For, whom does he pretend to persuade by this fine Assertion? Not Mr. *Moyle*, and he at least. We know indeed very well, that a Man may write regularly, and yet fail of Pleasing; and that a Poet may please in a Play that is not regular. But this is eternally true, That he who writes regularly *cæteris Paribus*, must always please more, than he who transgresses the Rules. Nothing can please in a Play but Nature; no, not in a Play which is written against the Rules: and the more there is of Nature in any Play, the more that Play must Delight. You know the Rules are nothing but an Observation of Nature: For Nature is Rule and Order it self. There is not one of the Rules, but what might be us'd to evince this. But I shall be contented with shewing some Instances of it, even in the Mechanical Rules of the Unities: And first for that of Place; It is certain that it is in Nature im-

possible, for a Man who is in the Square in *Covent-garden*, to see the things, that at the same time, are transacted at *Westminster*. And then for that of Time, a reasonable Man may delude himself so far, as to fancy that he sits for the space of twelve Hours, without removing, eating or sleeping; but he must be a Devil that can fancy he does it for a Week. What I have said may evince a Necessity of observing the Unities of Time and of Place, if a Poet would thoroughly write up to Nature. And then the Unity of Action follows on course. For, that two Actions that are entire, and independent, should happen in the same short space of time, in the same little compass of place, begin together, go on together, and end together, without obstructing or confounding one another; this indeed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature it is highly improbable. Well then since the Rules are nothing but Nature itself, and nothing but Nature can please, and since the more that any Play has of Nature, the more that Play must Delight, it follows that a Play which is regularly written, *cæteris Paribus*, must please more than a Play which is written against the Rules, which is a Demonstration. Rules may be said to be a Play; what Symmetry

*Letters on several Occasions.* 105

of Parts is known to be to a Face? The Features may be regular, and yet a great Air may be wanting: And there may be a commanding or engaging Air, in a Face whose Features are not regular. But this all the World must allow, that there can never be seen any Sovereign Beauty, where Air and Regularity of Features are not united. Thus is Reason against this Author; but the mischief is, that Experience is against him too: For all your Dramatick Poets must confess, that the Plays which they have writ with most Regularity, have been they which have pleased most. I must trouble you with another Dramatical Criticism, but not till the next Opportunity.

*I am yours, &c.*

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*Mr. — to Mr. Congreve.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Came home from the Land's End Yesterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. Dennis, and one from you, with a humorous Description of *John Abassus*, A Country Poet. since the dubbing of *Don Quixote*, and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capitol,



106 *Letters on several Occasions.*

tol, there has not been so great a Solemnity as the Consecration of *John Abassus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of Poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of Consecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the same with Devoting a Man to the *Di Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durst assist at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing out-right. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part I would have rather sat there than in the House of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one Hour or two at all the ridiculous things that have happen'd at *Will's* Coffee-house since I left it, 'tis the merriest Place in the World: Like *Africa*, every Day it produces a Monster; and they are got there just as *Pliny* says they are in *Africa*, Beasts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another and beget Monsters. Present my humble Duty to my new Lord, and till him, that I am preparing an Address to Congratulate his Accession to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, she might have sent out a hundred *Hues and Crys* before she would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Course not to be apprehended for a Poet, for I went down clad like a Soldier.

*Letters on several Occasions. 107*

with a new Suit of Cloaths on, and, I think  
there could not have been a better Disguise  
for a Poet, unless I had stol'n Dr. B——'s  
coat. Mr. Dennis sent me down P——  
——'s *Parodie*. I can say very little of  
the Poem; but as for the Dialogue, I think  
was the first time that M—— suffered any  
body to talk with him: though indeed here  
he interrupts Mr. Boileau in the midst of  
the first word. My humble Service to Mr.  
Sycherley. I desire you would write me  
some News of the Stage, and what Pro-  
cesses you have made in your Tragedy.

*I am your affectionate Friend  
and Servant.*

---

*Mr. Congreve to Mr.——*

*Dear Sir,*

Can't but think that a Letter from me  
in London, to you in C——, is like  
some ancient Correspondence between an  
Inhabitant of Rome and a Cimmerian: May  
my way of Writing may not be so mo-  
stly compared with Roman Epistles; but  
the Resemblance of the Place will justifie  
the other part of the Parallel: The subter-  
raneous

108 *Letters on several Occasions.*

aneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ* help a little; and while you are at *B*— let *B*— be *Cumæ*, and do you supply the Place of *Sibylla*. You may look on this as Railery, but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you, in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will. You wish your self with us at *Will's* Coffee-house; all here wish for you, from the President of the Grave Club, to the most puny Member of the Rabble; they who can think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa*: that is not sensible of your Absence; even the worst natured People, and those of least Wit lament it; I mean, half Criticks and Quiblers. To tell you all that want you I should name all the Creatures of *Covent-garden*, which like those of *Eden-garden* would want some *Adam* to be a Godfather and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may justly compare our *Covent-garden*, to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho' I believe we may have Variety of strange Animals equal to Paradise, yet I fear we have not amongst us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the Disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-house been in

*Letters on several Occasions.* 109

his Days; for sure he would have described some who frequent it; which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age it does him a Service, for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monsters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monster to the Coffee-house, that was never seen therebefore. So you may come back again, in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be suspected for a Politician, than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wished for by every body, but most wanted by your

*Affectionate Friend and Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

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*To Mr. Congreve, at Tunbridge.*

*Dear Sir,*

**M**Y Business and my Thanks for your Kindness, you will find in the Inclos'd, which I had sent by the last Post, had not an accident hinder'd it. All the  
Re-



110 *Letters on several Occasions.*

Return that I can make you at present is, to acquaint you with such News as we have. Our Friend Mr—— went last *Friday* to the Bath: He promis'd to write to me from that place; but it would be unreasonable indeed to expect it. For *W*—— takes up his Afternoons, and his mornings I suppose, are spent in Contemplation at the Cross Bath. Most of your Friends of the Coffee-house are dispers'd: Some are retreated into the Country in hopes of some Favours, which they expect from the *Muses*; two or three of them are retir'd in Town to ruminate on some Favours, which they have receiv'd from their Mistresses.

So that the Coffee-house is like to grow into Reputation again. For if any one gives it the scandalous Denomination of the Wits Coffee-house, he must call it so by Antiphrasis, because there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who set up for Wits at home, and endeavour to pass for Wise at the Coffee-house: for they hold their Tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-house is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Warehouses, *alias*, their Closets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vend

*Letters on several Occasions.* I I I

ing it. But you are of the Number of those happy Few, who so abound in Hereditary Possessions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry some of it about you to be liberal to your Friends of that which you sell to Strangers. Mr. — bables eternally according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himself; which he certainly does, if no body minds him any more than I do: He has been just now enquiring, what sort of Distemper the Spleen is; an infallible sign that he is the only Man in *Covent-garden*, who does not know he is an Ass. To make him sensible what the Spleen is, I could find in my Heart to shew him himself, and give it him. If any thing restrains me from being reveng'd of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Consideration that it will make him wiser: This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted some new Plays; but had there been more of them, I would not scruple to affirm, that the Stage is at present a Desert and a barren Place, as some part of *Africa* is said to be, though it abounds in Monsters. And yet those prodigious Things have met with Success: for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monster, because he is incapable of knowing a Man.

While

112 *Letters on several Occasions.*

While you drink Steel for your Spleen at *Tunbridge*, I partake of the Benefit of the Course; for the Gayety of your Letters relieves me considerably: Then what must your Conversation do? Come up and make the Experiment; and impart that Vigour to me which *Tunbridge* has restor'd to you.

*I am your most humble Servant,*

JOHN DENNIS.

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*Mr. — to Mr. Dennis.*

**N** *Amur* taken, and a Letter from Mr. *Dennis*, were two of the most agreeable Surprizes I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conquest will cost us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleasure. *A—* has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miss this Opportunity to mortifie the Day of Thanksgiving, and scribble away the Publick Joy. The Devil take *Will's* Coffee-house: I could be the easiest Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for some of the Company there; who are now the greatest Enemies I have in the World.

world

worse than the Company from which I am just now stol'n to write this Letter. Among the rest is a Country Gentleman who dictates Politicks abundantly, for with us, as well as at old *Rome*, we take Dictators from the Plow, but ours are such as ought never to remove their Hands from it.

*I am yours, &c.*

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*Mr. --- to Mr. Dennis.*

**W**Hile you are happy in the Politicks of the Grave Club, and the Two Covent-garden Clubs. Puns of the Rabble, you have no regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left *London*, I fained an hundred agreeable melancholy Pleasures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I detest being alone, and question whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satyr. Of this, I am sure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the —; and Man rather than be alone, chose a Wife. Whatever advantage I have lost by my Country Life, I believe, I have gain'd the Gift of Prophesie in the Wilderness, for I foretold the Poem with which *A--* has visited us.

*I am yours, &c.*  
*Mr.*

Hh



*Mr. — to Mr. Dennis.*

**T**O your Business hereafter, but first, let's have a Dance, as Mr. Bays says. When I came home from the West, where I had passed a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humor. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the first, and enclosed in the last, *viz.* A's Poem. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a Dutch Child. I read it over in great hast, in hopes to be pleased at last with the End of it, but this is the first time I ever dislik'd his Conclusion. For he threatens strange things. I hope, 'tis only *in terrorem*, if not, I hope God in his Goodness will send us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, since the Devil was Dumb there never was such a Poet.

F I N I S.